00097959

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016

OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH

Engraved by Hawksworth.

SOFONISBA ANGOSCIOLA.

From an original Painting by herself in the Gallery at Althorp.

London, Pub.d by Sherwood, Gilbert & Piper, Paternoster Row, Nov.r 20, 1827.

Time's Telescope

FOR

1828;

OR,

A Complete Guide to the Almanack:

CONTAINING AN EXPLANATION

OF

97959

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF BRITISH HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES; EXISTING AND OBSOLETE RITES AND CUSTOMS,

AND

CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY.

IN EVERY MONTH;

COMPRISING REMARKS ON THE PHENOMENA OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES:

AND

EXPLAINING THE VARIOUS

APPEARANCES IN THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOMS.

London:
PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1828. NNh26

528.2
Tim/Tim
97959

Advertisement.

re not egotists, but selfism *is now so much the that we hope we shall stand excused, if for e follow the multitude, and briefly tell our s, according to the rule of most prefatory an- ements, what are the merits of our volume. then, courteous reader, that in* Time's Tele- for 1828, *we promise you a* Bijou *that shall be of reposing in a covering of blue Turkey or lorocco, whichsoever you please;—a* Souvenir *all remind you of by-gone times, of early loves, atured friendships;—an* Amulet *that shall away care and sorrow from your brow;— ge* of Friendship, *which you may safely pre- an admired female, or a promising youth just g into the bloom of manhood;—a* Winter's *for your Christmas parlour or your New Fête;—a* Forget-Me-Not, *which shall bloom e year round;—and a* KEEPSAKE, *worthy of ance by all who deserve such a mark of esteem.*

, as for Pictures—*do not our numerous* poetical *s offer many a glowing scene, which, like that ted in Gray's Plano-Convex Mirror, were it d on canvass, would make the fortune of the who should succeed in fixing the vivid colours e poet's high imaginations?*

uch is Time's Telescope; *or rather such have we mpted to make it: we do not aim to rival those bril- t and coruscant gems, in the shape of* 'Etrennes,'

which are now found on the table of almost every drawing-room and boudoir; *we do not court public favour by a luxurious display of pictorial embellishments; but we lay claim to the merit of* usefulness: *and though our labours may not be rewarded with those Danäe showers of the precious metal which attend the footsteps of other annual aspirants to fame and fortune, we are contented with gleaning some of the scattered coin—multiplied, in our estimation, by the* 'golden opinions' *of the wise and good, the 'Saint and the Sage.'*

The accounts of French Customs, *interspersed throughout our volume, are now for the first time presented to the* English *reader, and will be found highly curious and attractive. 'To spare a perpetual repetition by one general acknowledgment,' we have reserved it for this place to state, that, for the whole of these interesting sketches, we are indebted to the very learned and entertaining 'Memoirs of the Celtic (now the* Antiquarian) *Society of Paris;' the volumes of whose Transactions we should, probably, never have seen but for the* kindness *of an accomplished Scholar and Antiquary of the day, whose liberality of feeling, and urbanity of manners, need not be heralded to those who have the honour and the pleasure of his acquaintance.*

LONDON,
Nov. 17, 1827.

Notices of *Time's Telescope for* 1827.

'This publication has the credit of being the *first* which aspired to a literary character as an annual work, in connexion with the present season of the year. Having now enjoyed a large share of public favour for *fourteen* years, it is scarcely necessary to enlarge on its utility.—Amid more splendid publications, which are gaining ground in our country, and which reflect credit on the intelligence and taste of the public, Time's Telescope will continue to occupy its sphere of *utility:* here none of them can cope with it. We may take up the Forget-me-Not, the Literary Souvenir, and the Friendship's Offering, when we need amusement; we may be delighted with their literary character, and their splendid embellishments; we may take up the Amulet when we are in a more serious mood; but if we want a *never-failing companion throughout the year*, capable of interesting, informing, and improving us, adding to our stores of knowledge, and directing us how to enlarge them still more from the abundant resources of Nature, commend us to Time's Telescope.'—*Spirit and Manners of the Age*, vol. ii, p. 351.

'For seven years we have not failed to direct the attention of our readers to this worthy contemporary, whose various labours will justify every praise we have bestowed upon them. It is, indeed, an honest, solid, instructive, pleasing, and meritorious annual, with all the useful information belonging to almanacks, without their silly predictions and nonsensical signs. Its astronomical notices are ample, and its tide-tables, &c. valuable. In literature, miscellaneous, original, and selected poetry, alternating with biographies of persons of note who have died within the year; botanical illustrations, and pieces of natural history; applicable excerpts from works recently published; and a mass of other matters—which it would take us almost a year to specify—it is well furnished. We shall, therefore, only repeat, that this is an excellent and agreeable volume, like all those which have preceded it. A series of papers on Scottish Botany, by Mr. Andrew Kerr Young, of Paisley; a description of remarkable British Insects, by Mr. Curtis; and some notices in Ornithology, by Mr. Jenyns, in the present year, are particularly worthy of praise, and replete with interest.'—*Literary Gazette, November* 25, 1826.

'This is a work that may be safely put into the hands of youth, and is calculated at once to minister to their innocent gratification, and to promote in them a love of reading and knowledge.'—*Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine, January* 1827.

'If we applaud, and justly so—admire, and with propriety, the numerous very pretty annuals which, under the appellations of Forget-me-Not, Souvenirs, Friendship's Offering, Amulets, &c., come most appropriately as Christmas memorials, or New-year's gifts, surely we ought, in veneration and gratitude, to still hold in our remembrance a work which may be almost delineated as the PARENT, or, if not that, the *elder brother* of these. We allude to Time's Telescope, a yearly volume which, whilst it contains for the studious, the scholar, the philosopher, that which may be termed the *useful*, certainly offers to the light-hearted, the cheerful, and the general reader, much that will be called the *sweet*. In short, it is a happy admixture of gaiety and gravity; and if not so pretty in appearance,

and so elegant in embellishments, as those other natty productions we have mentioned, it is still worthy of a place in any library, and may profitably wile away an occasional half hour.'—*The World of Fashion, February* 1827.

'For several successive years it has been our pleasing duty to announce the appearance of this interesting annual; the later volumes of which exhibit as much variety, talent, and information, as their earliest predecessors; whilst that under our present notice is, by no means, unworthy to be associated with the most talented and interesting portions of the series. In looking over this volume, we feel surprise at the variety and novelty of its contents. We know, with Solomon, that of the making of books there is no end; but to render the books so made, useful and interesting to the public—rich in interest and good sense—is, we also know, a matter of difficulty and rare occurrence. The Editor of Time's Telescope seems, however, to have appropriated to himself the merit of producing a work which, even as it advances in age, displays the freshness of youth, and seems well calculated to defy even the ravages of old Time.'—*Ladies' Monthly Museum, January* 1827.

'It is a work embodying much information, which is pleasantly arranged, and diversified by the introduction of lighter matter, so as to form an interesting and entertaining miscellany. For young people we think, Time's Telescope is particularly adapted; and it possesses one advantage over that class of works which *are once read and laid aside for ever*, that it serves for reference throughout the year.'—*Quarterly Juvenile Review*, No. 1.

'Fourteen years have elapsed since the commencement of this publication, and each succeeding twelvemonth has enhanced its fame, and realized the hopes of its projectors. Rich in varied talent, and glowing with general knowledge, we can almost imagine that we behold a smile of self-complacency on its title-page, as if fully aware of its claims to regard. Those claims we will not question or deny, for we well know its optical beauties have suited the eye of the public; and Time's Telescope is now a standard instrument of pleasure and instruction. From so often treading over the same ground, we anticipated somewhat of sameness and mannerism; but we are happy to observe, that the editor has avoided all re-iteration, and like a skilful traveller, has made his journey easy to himself, and pleasant to his companions: nor has he forgotten his former fame and wantonly thrown industry aside; but has used, if possible, additional energies,—enlisted on his behalf eminent contributors, and arranged the proceeds in a manner worthy the materials and the renown of the work.'—*Literary Chronicle, Nov.* 25, 1826.

'This is the fourteenth impression of Time's Telescope, and seems to deserve all the praises that have been bestowed on its predecessors. A miscellany of this kind must always contain something worth looking at. It falls chiefly into the hands of young people; and innumerable little matters of curiosity, or even of real utility, are thus presented to them, which otherwise would scarcely ever be heard of, and which, but upon some particular impulse, are seldom inquired about.'—*Monthly Magazine, January* 1827.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1827.

'We recommend this volume as an excellent manual for young persons. It has not only the negative merit of being perfectly unexceptionable as to the information and entertainment it conveys, and the language in which it is written; but it will also tend to cultivate those pure and simple pleasures which the God of Nature has so abundantly provided for inquiring minds; it will wean them more from those worldly and less intellectual pastimes, by which too often health is injured, vanity engendered, and the high bloom of an innocent heart brushed away.'—*Gentleman's Magazine, December* 1826.

'The appearance of this annual volume has more than once taught us the difficulty of describing unvarying excellence in varied phrase. As the series is, however, now domiciliated in most families, the judiciousness of its plan, and the assiduity and skill with which that plan is executed, are pretty generally known. It is, therefore, enough to say of the volume of 1827, that it is characterised by the same extent and diversity of merits which have given so many charms to its predecessors. The selection of matter is at once profound and familiar, copious and well-chosen, lively and moral. The volume before us is also, like most of the former ones (each in its turn), a decided improvement upon its predecessors.'—*St. James's Chronicle, December* 28 *to* 30, 1826.

'I am indebted to this excellent publication for many poetical illustrations, taken from recent or living authors, which I should not otherwise have had an opportunity of seeing. I know of no work so well calculated to spread and improve a taste for Natural History in these kingdoms as Time's Telescope; and I would most strenuously recommend it to the attention of every student and lover of nature.'—*Drummond's First Steps to Botany*, p. 295, Second Edition.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1826.

'In the present volume, we have all the characteristic excellencies of its predecessors, with some manifest indications of the improving effect of competition. The scientific departments of Astronomy and Natural History, in which this publication stands alone, are executed with the same industry and judgment as hitherto: the antiquarian and biographical notices, in which too, we believe, Time's Telescope has no rival, are at least as rich and as interesting as those from which the public has derived so much pleasure and profit, in former volumes of this delightful work. While the poetry and general literature have assumed a tone of excellence which fully supports the contest with the many admirable annual volumes that now grace our lighter literature; and, taken altogether, we must still regard Time's Telescope as at once the most instructive and the most permanently interesting volume of its class which the father of a family can lay upon his parlour-table.'—*St. James's Chronicle, December* 29-31, 1825.

'The present volume of this various and useful work, is, like its predecessors, extremely well executed.'—*Literary Gazette, November* 19, 1825.

'We are always happy, at this season of the year, to welcome another volume of this entertaining collection, in which the *utile et*

dulce are ever sure to be judiciously blended.'—*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xcv, part II, p. 541.

'Thirteen years have now elapsed since the publication of this very interesting and instructive work was commenced; and during this period it has been deservedly popular among all classes of readers. It contains an endless and delightful variety of scientific matter, anecdotes, biographical sketches, poetry, historical facts, and so forth. Of the present volume it is a sufficient recommendation to say, that it is worthy of its predecessors. It is rich in original poetry, and is decidedly *Protestant* in its character. In narrating the occurrences of particular days, the editor has given considerable prominence to the murderous exploits of the Church of Rome. For this peculiarity in his work he has our cordial thanks, as well as for the other parts of his useful compilation.'—*Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine, January* 1826.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1825.

'Without attempting those expensive ornaments and that external appearance which distinguish some of its contemporaries, the utility and various intelligence of Time's Telescope, aided by the contributions of Poetry, Natural History, and other judicious concomitants to Almanack lore, have placed it high in the scale of popularity: it has thus become so well known to the public, that it would be superfluous to describe the present annual volume. Suffice it to say, that it equals its precursors, and is full of miscellaneous and entertaining notices, adapted to almost every day of the coming year.'—*Literary Gazette, Nov.* 27, 1824.

'This publication, since first it challenged public attention, has gradually increased in its powers of pleasing: it mingles the useful with the agreeable so tastefully, that it is a gift equally acceptable to youth, manhood, and old age. The volume before us, besides presenting to the view much new information (of a biographical and historical nature), abounds in apposite quotations from esteemed authors, together with much that is original and beautiful; and throughout the work are scattered, with no sparing hand, "gems of poesy," some light and imaginative, others clad in the garb of "sober sadness," but placed with such discernment, that each forms a contrast to the other.'—*European Magazine, Dec.* 1824.

'Time's Telescope has this great advantage over all the annual volumes to which its example has given rise, that it is not a book to be read during the holidays and laid aside on Twelfth Day: its excellent plan, which, as we have frequently had occasion to say, is followed up with the utmost skill, provides something for almost every day in the year, which cannot be so well read upon any other, and thus economises through the year a rich fund of delightful recreation.'—*St. James's Chronicle, Jan.* 6, 1825.

'The caution with which the Editor guards against the introduction of any matter that may be injurious to morality, and the judgment with which he selects his subjects, entitle him to public respect,

id his work to public patronage. There is, indeed, amusement of all kinds, and for all ages, in this Annual Repository. The testimonies of the several Reviews, Magazines, and Public Journals, in favour of the former volumes, are equally applicable to the present. Time's Telescope is indeed, as stated, A GUIDE TO THE ALMANACK, and every thing relating to each month of the year is introduced to illustrate every important circumstance or character with which each month is respectively connected.'—*Sun, Jan.* 1825.

'This work is really what it has been pronounced to be, a "felicitous conception;" and, notwithstanding the pretensions of its more showy competitors for public favour, most of whom have taken a few lenses from Time's Telescope to fit up their instruments with, it holds a distinguished place among the various *Etrennes* of the New Year. It happily combines the useful with the agreeable, and is well fitted to assist in forming the taste and guiding the conduct of youth of *both sexes*, as well as to instruct and amuse those of maturer years.'—*New Monthly Mag., Dec.* 1824.

'Time's Telescope for 1825 is, in all respects, worthy a niche beside its highly patronized ancestors. The *philosopher of nature* will here behold the shifting scenery of earth's fair form delightfully pictured before him. He may be led, month by month, through the delightful changes of the seasons, even by his fireside; and when he is roaming through the real beauties of existence, he will find it a most valuable *vade-mecum* and instructor. The *horticulturist* will realize much gratification, if not instruction, in perusing a new feature of this production, namely, a "Treatise on Culinary Vegetables," so ably and judiciously written as to render it peculiarly interesting to every one who either delights to convert his little garden into an Eden of promise and fruitfulness, or who prides himself in the choice vegetable viands of his table. The *florist*, likewise, may turn to its pages for amusement and profit, and that not in vain; indeed, it were a matter of some labour to prove to whom the work would not be interesting, beneficial, and companionable. The account of the various fasts and festivals of the church, and the explanation of old manners and customs, must be peculiarly interesting to all classes of readers.'—*Suffolk Chronicle, Jan.* 4, 1825.

'This volume must be seen and perused before it can be duly appreciated. It is a publication which youth will peruse with delight, reaping at the same time lasting advantage; while mature years will refer to it with pleasure, either to refresh the memory, in quest of new information, or as the means of awakening agreeable recollections; and we do with confidence state, that, at present, we do not recollect a production of the press, of equal size, in which the *utile* and the *dulce* are more agreeably and judiciously blended. We do, therefore, most sincerely and heartily recommend TIME'S TELESCOPE; not only to parents, guardians, and instructors of youth, but also as a proper volume for the family parlour, and the gentleman's library.'—*Stirling Journal, March* 24, 1825.

'We do not hesitate to pronounce the plan of this work a "felicitous conception;" but as it is much easier to plan than to execute, we must do the Editor the justice to say, that he deserves unqualified praise for industrious research and judicious selection. The numerous poetical flowers, with which it is both ornamented and enriched, evince the purity of his literary and moral taste. Like the bee, he has roved abroad and at home, collecting his treasures from the rich blossoms in the cultivated garden, and the wild flowers in the pathless desert; always, with becoming candour and modesty, acknowledging the field from whence he culled his sweets; by which, those who are pleased with his banquet, know the sources from which he catered. He deserves still higher praise, for the pure and exalted strain of rational piety which pervades the work; the sublime notions of the Great First Cause, which are every where inculcated; and throughout the whole an obvious tendency to render the wisdom and goodness of the Deity conspicuous, in his works of creation and providence.

'To decorate the path which leads to the Temple of Knowledge with evergreen shrubs, and amaranthine flowers, of endless variety, and of pleasing fragrance, which stimulate the senses to still farther exertion, yet without one blossom of a noxious quality, is so highly laudable, that he who can accomplish this, to use the phrase which was once prostituted, "deserves well of his country;" and is the friend of all ranks, from the monarch on his throne, to the peasant in his cottage; for Knowledge is the hand-maid of Wisdom, who makes peaceable subjects and good members of society.

'Now, we do think that Time's Telescope has a direct tendency to promote all this; for amidst the almost infinite number of publications, of miscellaneous information, and for inciting a spirit of inquiry and deeper investigation in youth, without aught that can contaminate the mind, we know not one better adapted than that of which we write; no one that a father could with greater safety place in the family parlour; or a friend present in its season, with more satisfaction and credit to himself. *In all schools and seminaries of education, where English books are awarded as prizes for meritorious application, Time's Telescope should have a place among those distributed; and we have no hesitation in saying, that, nine times out of ten, it would be highly esteemed.*

'But it is also deserving of a place in the libraries of "grave and reverend seniors," as a book of reference, in Chronology, Biography, Antiquities, and obsolete Customs, and in almost every branch of Natural History: while he who formerly delighted to climb the airy steep, or brush the dewy lawn, rejoicing in "each rural sight, each rural sound," now confined to his elbow chair, with his gouty foot resting on a cushioned stool, will wipe his spectacles, and in perusing the Naturalist's Diary, alternately smiling and sighing, will think of the joys and friendship of auld lang syne; and like the Greenwich or Chelsea pensioner, reading a narrative of the campaigns in which he served, will, for a moment, live his youthful days again.'—*Literary Olio*, No. 12.

'Time's Telescope is really so meritorious a work, that we cannot refuse it the meed of a willing gift,—unfeigned praise. Like its ten predecessors, this eleventh annual volume is an entertaining and well-selected miscellany from the good things of past literature, together with original productions of congenial character.'—*Literary Gazette, Nov.* 20, 1823.

'This work displays the same pleasing variety as was exhibited in the former volumes. It is one of those delightful books which is always welcome to us.'—*Literary Chronicle, Nov.* 29, 1823.

'This useful and agreeable little work, which is at once an *annual* and a *perennial* in the garden of periodical literature, has now reached the eleventh year of its revival, and yet still appears under a new aspect. It is "another yet the same"—"an old friend with a new face"—and yet the better, instead of the worse on that account.'—*New Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1, 1824.

'We have more than once noticed the former volumes of this very agreeable miscellany, and we must do the ingenious Editor the justice to repeat, that his eleventh volume is by no means inferior in point of merit or variety to its predecessors. The work is, indeed, kept up with great spirit, and no pains have been spared to render it as useful as it is entertaining.'—*Eclectic Review, Jan.* 1, 1824.

'This volume, like its ten elder brethren, cannot fail of proving a most acceptable annual present. The Editor deserves commendation for considerable tact in selecting what is not only entertaining at the moment, but useful in affording solid information—and, what is highly praiseworthy, likely to lead the mind from Nature up to Nature's God.'—*Gentleman's Magazine, December* 1823.

'The number of Time's Telescope for the ensuing year is quite equal to its predecessors: there is no work of the kind with which we are acquainted, that contains such a variety of apposite and interesting matter: it is a work at once remarkable for ingenuity and industry.'—*Times, Nov.* 22, 1823.

'We have given the title-page of this work almost at full length, in order that those of our readers who were not induced by our account of the two preceding volumes (for 1822 and 1823) to form a personal acquaintance with it, may at once perceive its nature! and may be prepared, by a bill of fare so very inviting to the mental appetite, for that feast of varied information and entertainment which it provides. The *execution*, we can assure them, does justice to the *plan* of this very interesting publication; and continues to be highly creditable to the elegant taste and literary diligence of the respectable compiler. We cordially renew our former recommendations of it, especially to young persons of education and intelligence.'—*Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine, January* 1824.

'This annual repository is replete with useful and pleasing historical and antiquarian illustrations of the Calendar.'—*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, art. CALENDAR.

'It is not merely an erudite and intelligent companion to the Almanack of the year, but it brings before its readers many important

novelties in science; while the present volume is enriched by an able view of Physical Geography, and particularly by some curious facts resulting from the New Voyage of Discovery in the Arctic Regions.'—*Monthly Magazine, Dec.* 1, 1823.

'The character of Time's Telescope is maintained by undiminished and even improved excellence. We have still the same judicious selection of the subjects, best calculated to afford innocent amusement at the present hour, adorned and rendered valuable by those moral and religious principles which lay the foundation of enduring virtue and happiness.'—*St. James's Chronicle, Jan.* 10, 1824.

'We have, for some years past, annually called the attention of our readers to this entertaining and instructive publication; and we have, on former occasions, borne our testimony to its merits in terms so unequivocal and decisive, that we may be allowed to excuse ourselves, in the present instance, from saying more in its favour, than that the volume before us ably supports the high honours which have been gained by its predecessors.'—*New Evangelical Magazine, Ja* 1824.

'*C'est le onzieme volume d'un ouvrage qui se public annuellem sous ce titre. Un choix bien fait des meilleurs morceaux de litteratu qui ont paru dans l'année, et quelques productions originales qui manquent pas de merite, recommandent ce livre aux lecteurs curieux suivre et de comparer les progrès que font les Anglais dans les b lettres avec ceux de leurs voisins.*' — Revue Encyclopedique, Aoû 1824.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1823.

'If the times are not better, still it must be owned that their Telescope is improving annually. Indeed, we think this little work deserves peculiar credit for its constant variety, whilst still preserving the original plan on which it started.'—*New Monthly Magazine, December* 1822.

'We have now had the gratification of approving the design and execution of this useful annual work for ten succeeding years; and can safely assert that the present volume is inferior to none of its predecessors. Novelty has been so studiously considered, that each volume is almost entirely a new work. The poetical selections are numerous and judiciously introduced.'—*Gentleman's Magazine, December* 1822.

'We are acquainted with no annual work which has united so many suffrages in its favour as Time's Telescope. The present publication does not derogate from the character of its predecessors, but is indeed an agreeable and instructive miscellany.'—*Literary Gazette, December* 7, 1822.

'This ingenious work is really worthy of public attention.'—*John Bull, December* 27, 1822.

'This publication will convey, to young persons of intelligence and education, much entertaining and useful information, without that

corrupting admixture of unsound principles, or improper allusions, by which so large a portion of the current literature of our times is unhappily debased.'—*Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine, Jan.* 1823.

'This is an entertaining and instructive annual work.'—*Courier, December* 24, 1822.

'We have often had occasion to notice the periodical appearance of this useful work: in the variety and amusing quality of its contents, we know few works which can bear a comparison with Time's Telescope. We notice, with particular commendation, the poetical taste of the Editor, who has selected from the fugitive verses of the day many very beautiful and interesting specimens. The scientific department is got up with the same fidelity and cleverness which distinguished the former numbers of Time's Telescope.'—*Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1823.

'This is a very amusing book, and full of information on a variety of common-place topics, which people have in their mouths every day, and yet contrive to be profoundly ignorant of to the latest hour of their existence. History, antiquities, obsolete rites, biography, and a naturalist's diary, are only the prominent features of the work, which is as varied as it is amusing.'—*Museum, June* 7, 1823.

'The sustained excellence and improving reputation of this agreeable and highly useful series, afford a gratifying illustration of the extent, depth, and richness, of the resources of English literature; and of the sure reward which attends the exercise of industry and judgment in exploring them. The present volume fully supports the character of its predecessors; and saying this, we are not aware that we could give it a higher praise.'—*St. James's Chronicle, December* 10, 1822.

'Of all the annual publications of the present day, numerous as they are, there is not one that we long so much to see as Time's Telescope; for there is none, from which, in times past, we have derived greater pleasure and profit. Its reputation is now so fully established, that it stands in no need of any recommendation from us, or it should certainly have it. We scarcely know a work in which the *utile* and the *dulce* are more happily blended.'—*New Evangelical Magazine, December* 1822.

'This is a well-conducted annual work.'—*Morning Post, December* 19, 1822.

'Dr. Herschel, with his gigantic telescope of forty feet, could only examine the heavens, and trace the planetary orbs in their course; the author of Time's Telescope does much more, for he not only searches the starry heavens with microscopic ken, but spreads the whole earth before us, and penetrates to "the waters under the earth." Indeed, he unfolds the whole book of nature, and revels in its choicest productions. Time's Telescope has now attained a standing of ten years, during which time it has progressively increased in merit and reputation, presenting the same interesting variety, the same novelty, and the same good taste, which first distinguished it. In short, it is a book which no person who wishes for amusement or information on a variety of subjects should be without.'—*Literary Chronicle, December* 7, 1822.

'This is an entertaining and instructive annual work.'—*Bell's Weekly Messenger, December* 29, 1823.

'Time's Telescope has certainly been furnished this year with an additional number of lenses, bright, clear, and achromatic; so that we are enabled to view, with distinctness and pleasure, the various objects that are set before us. Of the *natural pictures* here held up to view we can scarcely speak in too warm terms of commendation. The Introduction on the habits, economy, and uses of British Insects, is original and amusing; and the description of Astronomical Instruments is concise and clear. With the Ode to Time, by Mr. Barton, we have been greatly pleased, and indeed the whole volume is one which we can cordially recommend. The Editor is entitled to the highest praise for his laborious collections in poetry, biography, and the facts of natural history; the last is, at all times, a pleasing and delightful study, and which cannot be too much pressed upon the attention of youth. In a word, this is the best volume of Time's Telescope which has yet appeared.'—*London Journal of Arts, December* 1822.

'We have repeatedly recommended this work to our readers, who have a taste for scientific studies. The present volume contains a vast variety of interesting matter.'—*Supplement to Evangelical Magazine for* 1822.

'For the tenth time we meet this truly interesting compilation, which seems to improve with every recurring year, and may be justly said to afford a high intellectual treat to all who possess a love for literature and science. We know not a volume, indeed, even in the present productive state of the Periodical Press, which is so well calculated as this, to excite in the youthful and ingenuous mind a vivid and durable impression of the value of time, and of the beauty, sublimity, and utility, of the mighty works of God. It is evidently the production of a man of great ingenuity and research; for he has contrived, notwithstanding an apparent necessity for repetition in some of the details, to give to each succeeding volume, and through every department of its contents, the charm of variety and the impress of novelty; a result which he has been enabled to obtain through a very happy use of the almost inexhaustible treasures which are to be found in the mines of Philosophy and Natural History, in the delightful stores of Biography and Literary Anecdote, and in the curious *minutiæ* of Manners, Customs, and Superstitions. With these he has mingled copious and judiciously selected illustrations from our best poets, living as well as dead; a feature in the work which stamps it with a lively and endearing interest, and which appears, indeed, in the volume before us, with singular attractions for our Suffolk readers, as it includes some highly finished effusions from the moral pen of one who resides amongst them (Mr. B. Barton), and who, whether regarded as a poet or a man, may be correctly said to reflect honour, not only on the sect to which he more peculiarly belongs, but on the country which has given him birth.'—*Suffolk Chronicle, December* 14, 1822.

'This work blends instruction with amusement, and presents a compilation of topics extremely well adapted to excite its younger

readers to further research, and to create in them a desire of scientific and useful knowledge: it will amply repay a careful perusal.'—*Monthly Censor, March* 1823.

'The season which brings to us almanacks, souvenirs, diaries, and all the other thousand red and blue-vested remembrancers of Time, is again come round, and has duly brought to us one amongst those remembrancers, which we value far beyond its fellows, because it is of a more intellectual nature—we mean Time's Telescope. This work, which has now reached a tenth volume, does not, like many works which have been long continued, exhibit any signs of decay. On the contrary, it is carefully edited, and has received some improvements. In such a volume as this, where the same ground must be yearly travelled over again, it is no small merit to have avoided a wearisome sameness, and to have introduced so much of novelty. The selections, whether of prose or of poetry, are made with judgment, and combine utility with amusement.'—*Supplement to Arliss's Pocket Magazine, December* 1822.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1822.

'To look back with advantage, and forward with pleasure, is the sum and substance of human happiness. Fortunate is he who can do so; and still more fortunate is he who has this little work to assist him in his retrospect and prospect, thereby giving an additional value to the time present. Whatever his pursuit, however multifarious his researches, he cannot fail of finding here both information and amusement, united to a degree of novelty and variety by no means to be expected in an annual publication of this kind. In this selection, good taste is evident; recapitulation has been avoided as far as possible, without omitting necessary information; whilst the author, without seeming to infringe in the slightest degree upon its contemporary utility, has with ingenious propriety rendered it specifically adapted to its place in the regular series of which it forms the ninth volume.'—*New Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1822.

'With the return of this period of the year, we have to notice the recurring volume of Time's Telescope for the year 1822; for the character of which it might be sufficient to refer to our remarks on the previous volumes. We find the same industry and ingenuity displayed in the selection of anecdotes and facts appropriate to particular days, and the same good taste in the choice of the poetical pieces, thickly interspersed through the pages. It is unnecessary to say more of a work which has now passed several times under our notice, and whose merits are so fully substantiated as to leave the critic no further duty to perform.'—*Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1822.

'We should have called this work *Time's Kaleidoscope* instead of Time's Telescope, for at every turn of a page it presents the reader with a new and agreeable combination of form, colour, and material. But, while it resembles, it also surpasses that curious instrument, inasmuch as its express object and tendency is to blend instruction with amusement, and to make the one as attractive as the other. We

observe that the pages of this useful miscellany are diligently enriched from the leading publications of the times, which are referred to in a manner honourable to the parties quoting them, and valuable to readers who may wish additional information on the subjects thus brought to their notice. Taken altogether, Time's Telescope is one of the best productions to be put into the hands of youth which our teeming press sends forth. It leads by easy roads to instructive studies; it is exceedingly various; it is full of hints for thinking, and it is honest and unprejudiced. From the child of five years of age to the mature of fifty, it will afford both entertainment and intelligence.' —*Literary Gazette, Dec.* 1, 1821.

'When so many attempts are made to corrupt the minds of the rising generation, through the medium of elementary books of instruction, it affords us pleasure to be able to recommend an attractive work, which is entirely free from the taint of bad principles. Time's Telescope is an agreeable miscellany, worthy of the attention of all classes of readers, but particularly of intelligent young persons, to whom it will convey much useful and entertaining information on the various subjects mentioned in its title. The whole is interspersed with numerous anecdotes, antiquarian references, historical facts, and poetical selections; admirably calculated to excite a taste for knowledge, and to render its acquisition easy and agreeable. We have looked through the volume, and are happy to find that, in a literary *melange* of so much extent and variety, there is so little to which persons of serious religion can object, and so much which they will cordially applaud.'—*Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine, January* 1822, *No.* 1, *Vol.* 1, *N. S.*

'The style of this book is uniformly neat and appropriate. The information which the Editor gives on each subject is correct; it is ample, without being prolix: and it is occasionally enlivened by good extracts from our best poets. One thing more must be said of Time's Telescope,—it is a *safe* book; it may be put into the hands of youth, without the fear of its exciting an improper idea; and this is a quality of which the value must be felt by every parent and preceptor.'—*Arliss's Pocket Magazine, Dec.* 1821.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1821.

'Time flies so rapidly, that a *Telescope* becomes necessary to look at him when past, and is not less amusing to examine him as he approaches. *Time* also is that which we can never *reform*, but still we may improve it: and if it be a mark of wisdom to make the most of our time, it must be allowed that the Editor of the work before us has equally succeeded; for he has not only improved the past to make it useful for the present, but has also made the most of the future, by showing that *almost every day in the year is good for something.* He who wishes to know why one day is more remarkable than another? Why he must eat mince-pies at Christmas, or Pancakes on Shrove Tuesday? Why he must eat goose at Michaelmas, or be made a goose of on All-Fools-Day?—he who wishes to turn his Telescope on human events, or on the Heavens?—he who wishes to be

directed, agreeably to the season, in his observations of nature, enlivened and illustrated by apt quotations from our best poets; or who, in short, wishes to know what time *was* and *will* be, cannot fail of gratifying his curiosity by a reference to this useful little parlour-window book. It has been before the public for some years, and is now considerably improved in arrangement, as well as in quantity; so that those possessed of former volumes will find that the present is far from being a twice-told tale. In short, we wish it, and our readers, a happy new year!'—*Sun, December* 20, 1820.

'To young persons, either in town or country, this volume will be very acceptable, as it will furnish them, in one case, with much novel and amusing instruction; and in the other, will prove an agreeable guide to many of those pursuits which are the peculiar charm of a country residence. We know not any publication of a similar nature in which there is a better union of pleasure and amusement.'—*Monthly Magazine, January and July* 1821.

'Time's Telescope blends something of the character which belongs to the Literary Pocket Book with that of a general Almanack; but at the same time possessing features different from either of these and peculiar to itself, and being altogether much more useful and compendious than both.'—*Baldwin's London Mag., Feb.* 1821.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1820.

'Time, not the world's Time, with wings besprinkled with cards, dice, and "at homes,"—but the Time of the Astronomer, the Naturalist, and the Historian, again opens his annual *Magazin des Nouveautés;* and we can safely assure those who may wish to become purchasers, that all the articles in this literary bazaar are well selected, and of the first quality. This pleasing volume is well adapted for Schools, either as a class-book, or the reward of merit.'—*Gentleman's Magazine, Dec.* 1819.

'This elegantly printed volume is admirably calculated for the important purpose of forming the taste and correcting the judgment of the rising generation. The *respectable place which this book occupies in some established seminaries,* will, doubtless, recommend it generally to the attention of such as are engaged in the business of instruction.'—*Antijacobin Review, December* 1819.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1819.

'While this annual companion and guide retains the respectable character which now belongs to it, no parlour window, school room, or private study, can well dispense with its presence.'—*New Monthly Magazine, Feb.* 1819.

'Time's Telescope presents us with a new view of the ensuing year. To give variety to an almanack has long been considered as impossible; yet this ingenious little work, by means of recent or passing events, by an appropriate new selection of Poetical Illustrations, and by a new Introduction, offers an amusing novelty, without departure from its original plan.'—*Literary Gazette, Dec.* 12, 1818.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1818.

'We cordially recommend this volume to the attention of persons of every age and taste, but particularly to the inquiring youth of both sexes.'—*Antijacobin Review for December* 1817.

'Time's Telescope for 1818 deserves the same praise, and is entitled to the same support and encouragement, which the former volumes have received from the public.'—*British Critic for December* 1817.

Notice of Time's Telescope for 1817.

'We have already noticed the preceding volume of this amusing and instructive performance; and we have now little to add to or deduct from the encomiums which we deemed it our duty to pass on the contents of that part; the plan being still the same, and the execution and arrangement as nearly as possible on the same model. We shall not consider it as requisite for us to continue our report of this annual publication.'—*Monthly Review for August* 1817.

Notice of Time's Telescope for 1815.

'We never met with a compilation better calculated for the use of families, and to serve as a portable companion for young persons, than this elegant little volume, which abounds with valuable information on subjects of general interest, and with a pleasing variety of rational entertainment. The book is written in a popular style; the articles are selected with great judgment from the best authorities; and while the scientific illustrations tend to quicken curiosity, the reflections interspersed with the extracts, occasionally given from the most charming of our poets, will increase the delight afforded by contemplating the works of Nature, and raise the mind to a devout admiration of the Divine Author.'—*New Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1815.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1814.

'This work contains a great variety of very useful information, conveyed in a most pleasing manner. We cannot hesitate to pronounce that it will be popular. It deserves to be so; and it has too many attractions, for every kind of taste, to be overlooked. It will form a delightful as well as instructive present for young persons at Christmas.'—*British Critic for December* 1813.

'We cheerfully give to Time's Telescope our warmest recommendation as a pleasing and *safe* book for the rising generation.'—*Eclectic Review for February* 1814.

'This is a most useful and entertaining little work.'—*Rev. T. Pruen's Illustration of the Liturgy.*

TIME'S TELESCOPE

FOR

1828.

JANUARY.

THE first and coldest month of the year, whose zodiacal sign is Aquarius, or the Water-Bearer, derives its name from Janus, a deity represented by the Romans with two faces, because he was acquainted both with the past and future.

Remarkable Days

In JANUARY 1828.

1.—CIRCUMCISION.

THIS festival commemorates the circumcision of our Lord on the 8th day of his nativity. It was first observed in the year 487. This is also *New Year's Day*. 'Every man,' says Elia, 'hath two birthdays: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which, in an especial manner, he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birth-day hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand any thing beyond the cake and orange. But the birth of a new year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or peasant. No one ever regarded the First of January with in-

difference.. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.'

When we look back on hours long past away,
And every circumstance of joy or woe
That goes to make this strange beguiling show,
Called life, as though it were of yesterday,
We start to learn our quickness of decay.
Still flies unwearied Time;—on still we go,
And whither?—Unto endless weal or woe,
As we have wrought our parts in this brief play.
Yet many have I seen whose thin blanched locks
But ill became a head where folly dwelt,
Who, having past this storm with all its shocks,
Had nothing learnt from what they saw or felt:
Brave spirits! that can look, with heedless eye,
On doom unchangeable, and fixt eternity.

Table Book.

The practice of making *New Year's Gifts* existed among the Romans; they sent little presents to their friends as auguring happiness throughout the year: they were called *strenæ*, whence their goddess *Strenua* and the French word *etrennes*. But the joy manifested by the Romans at the renewing of the year degenerated into debauchery, disguisings, and indecent farces, which continued for several days; and these follies were practised throughout the whole Roman empire. The Gauls were consequently infected by their dangerous example, and their proceedings were afterwards so scandalous, that they called forth the censures of the church, which proscribed the customs of the calends of January, as celebrated by indecencies unworthy of Christians;—such is the origin of the *Feast of Fools*, practised in the churches at the time of the winter solstice.

The first day of January in *France*, and in most Catholic countries, is devoted to congratulatory and complimentary visits, the performance of which is considered so indispensable in society, that the omission of them is frequently the cause of great coolness, and even enmity, among friends. On *New Year's Day*, which is called *le jour d'etrennes*, parents bestow portions on their children, brothers on their sisters, and husbands make presents to their wives. In *Paris*, carriages may be seen rolling through the streets with cargoes of bonbons, souvenirs, and the variety of etceteras, with which little children and grown-up children are bribed into good humour; and here and there pastry-cooks are to be met with, carrying upon boards enormous temples, pagodas, churches, and play-houses, made of fine flour and

sugar, and embellished in the way which makes French pastry so inviting. But there is one street in Paris to which a New Year's Day is a whole year's fortune—this is the *rue des Lombards*, where the wholesale confectioners reside. For several days preceding the 1st of January, this street is completely blocked up by carts and waggons laden with cases of sweetmeats for the provinces. These are of every form and description which the most singular fancy can imagine—bunches of carrots, green peas, boots and shoes, lobsters, crabs, hats, books, musical instruments, gridirons, frying pans, and saucepans—all made of sugar, and coloured to imitate reality. It would not, perhaps, be an exaggeration to state that the amount expended for presents on New Year's Day in Paris, for sweetmeats alone, exceeds 500,000 francs, or £20,000 sterling. Jewellery is also sold to a very large amount; and the fancy articles exported in the first week of the year to England, and other countries, is computed at one-fourth of their sale during the twelve months. In Paris, it is by no means uncommon for a man of 8 or 10,000 francs a-year to make presents on New Year's Day which cost him a fifteenth part of his income. No person able to give, must on this day pay a visit empty-handed. Every body accepts, and every man gives according to the means which he possesses. Females alone are exempted from the charge of giving. A pretty woman, respectably connected, may reckon her New Year's presents at something considerable—gems, jewellery, gloves, stockings, and artificial flowers, fill her drawing-room; for in Paris it is a custom to display all the gifts, in order to excite emulation, and obtain as much as possible. At the Palace, New Year's Day is a complete *jour de fête*. Every branch of the royal family is expected to make handsome presents to the king.

A curious ceremony formerly took place in the cathedral of Chartres, entitled the *Fool-Pope*, or Pope of Fools; it was held on the first four days of the year. The ministers elected every year, among themselves, a pope and his cardinals; for one would not do without the other: and the clergy who accompanied them were equally respectable with the chiefs. This grotesque assemblage officiated in the cathedral in masquerade habits, and acted in the most indecent manner; every sort of disorder being allowed. Each appeared to have but one object in view, that of distinguishing himself by the wildest extravagancies. They afterwards went through the streets and public squares in the town with the same dress, and in the same disguise, insulting and levying contributions on every one they met. In 1504, war, plague, and famine, desolated the country of Chartres, like the rest of France; and the Canons, affected by these scourges, ordered this scandalous fête to be suppressed.

LINES *on the* NEW YEAR.

While midnight's chime beats deep and drear
The pulses of the parting year,
I will not hail another's birth
With reckless and unseemly mirth;
By me its welcome shall be said,
As in the presence of the dead.

A smile, the new-born year to greet,
A silent tear to that gone by;
As blending in our bosoms meet
The dreams of hope and memory.
Again I hail each inmate gay,
Assembled in the festal room—
But some, alas! are far away,
Some sleeping in the tomb!

A narrower circle seems to meet
Around the board—each vacant seat
A dark and sad remembrance brings
Of faded and forsaken things!
Of Youth's sweet promise to the heart,
Of hopes that came but to depart:
Like phantom waters of the waste,
That glad the sight, but shun the taste.
Of bright eyes veiled in cold eclipse—
The balm, the breath and bloom of lips,
Where oft in silent rapture ours
Have clung like bees to honied flow'rs:
With their sweet voices past away,
Even like the harp's expiring lay.

But fled and gone, with all its ills,
And dreams of good—a long adieu
Unto the year beyond the hills,
And welcome to the new.
And hoping oft to meet again,
To hail the sacred season's call,
Thus, hand in hand, the bowl we drain,
'A good New Year to all.' *Literary Magnet.*

***2. 1827.—JOHN MASON GOOD, M.D. DIED, ÆT. 62.**

A memoir of this celebrated writer has already appeared in our volume for 1825, p. 127, to which we refer the reader. It remains only to complete the list of his multifarious and useful publications; in addition to the more important works before enumerated, may be added the following:—

Maria; an Elegiac Ode, 4to, 1786.—Triumph of Britain, an Ode, 1803.—A Dissertation on the Diseases of Prisons and Poor-houses, 8vo, 1795.—On the History of Medicine, so far as it relates to the Profession of an Apothecary, 12mo, 1795.—On the best Means of maintaining and employing the Poor in Parish Workhouses, 8vo, 1798. Second edition, 1805.—Address to the Members of the College of Surgeons, 8vo, 1800.—Oration on the General Structure and Physiology of Plants, compared with those of Animals, delivered at the Anniversary of the Medical Society, 8vo, 1808.—Essay on Medical Technology (to which the Fothergillian Medal was voted by the Council of the Medical Society, of which he became the Secretary), 8vo, 1810.—He also published in May, 1812, a new edition of Mason's Self-knowledge, with a Life of the Author, and notes, 12mo.

To these may be added, 'The Book of Nature,' in three vols. 8vo, being a Series of Popular Lectures on the Phenomena of Nature, formerly delivered at the *Surrey Institution*, which, many of our readers will recollect, were among the most attractive of the Prelections given at that useful establishment.

*5. 1827.—H. R. H. THE DUKE OF YORK DIED, ÆT. 63.

The memory of the Duke of York is embalmed in the perpetual gratitude of his country. As the reformer and regenerator of the British army, he brought it from a state nearly allied to general contempt to such a pitch of excellence, that we may, without much hesitation, claim for our troops an equality with, if not a superiority over any soldiers in Europe. By a succession of well-considered and effectual regulations, the Duke of York put a stop, with a firm but gentle hand, to numerous abuses, particularly to such as existed in the purchasing of commissions. Terms of service were fixed for every rank, and neither influence nor money were permitted to force any individual forward, until he had served the necessary time in the present grade which he held. No rank short of that of the Duke of York—no courage and determination inferior to that of his Royal Highness—could have accomplished a change so important to the service, but which yet was so unfavourable to the wealthy and to the powerful, whose children and protégés had formerly found a brief way to promotion. Thus a protection was afforded to those officers who could only hope to rise by merit and length of service; while at the same time

the young aspirant was compelled to discharge the duties of a subaltern before attaining the higher commissions.

In other respects, the influence of the Commander-in-Chief was found to have the same gradual and meliorating effect. The vicissitudes of real service, and the emergencies to which individuals are exposed, began to render ignorance unfashionable,—as it was speedily found, that mere valour, however fiery, was insufficient, on such occasions, for the extrication of those engaged in them; and that they who knew their duty, and discharged it, were not only most secure of victory and safety in action, but most distinguished at head-quarters, and most certain of promotion. Thus a taste for studying mathematics, and calculations applicable to war, was gradually introduced into the army, and carried by some officers to a great length; while a perfect acquaintance with the routine of the field-day was positively demanded from every officer in the service as an indispensable qualification. His Royal Highness also introduced a species of moral discipline among the officers of our army, which had the highest consequences on their character.

The private soldiers equally engaged the attention of his Royal Highness. In the course of his superintendence of the army, a military dress, the most absurd in Europe, was altered for one easy and comfortable for the men, and suitable to the hardships they are exposed to in actual service. The severe and vexatious rules exacted about the tying of hair, and other trifling punctilios (which had been found sometimes to goad troops into mutiny), were abolished, and strict cleanliness was substituted for a Hottentot head-dress of tallow and flour. The pay of the soldier was augmented, while care was at the same time taken that it should, as far as possible, be expended in bettering his food and extending his comforts. The slightest complaint on the part of a private sentinel was as regularly inquired into, as if it had been preferred by a general officer. Lastly, the use of the cane (a brutal practice which our officers borrowed from the Germans) was entirely prohibited; and regular corporal punishments by the sentence of a court-martial have been gradually diminished.

If, therefore, we find in the modern British officer more information, a more regular course of study, a deeper acquaintance with the principles of his profession, and a greater love for its exertions—if we find the private sentinel discharge his duty with a mind unembittered by petty vexations and regimental exertions, conscious of immunity from capricious violence, and knowing where to appeal if he sus-

tains injury—if we find in all ranks of the army a love of their profession, and a capacity of matching themselves with the finest troops which Europe ever produced,—to the memory of his Royal Highness the Duke of York we owe this change from the state of the forces thirty years since.

The means of improving the tactics of the British army did not escape his Royal Highness's sedulous care and attention. Formerly, every commanding officer manœuvred his regiment after his own fashion; and if a brigade of troops were brought together, it was very doubtful whether they could execute any one combined movement, and almost certain that they could not execute the various parts of it on the same principle. This was remedied by the system of regulations compiled by the late Sir David Dundas, and which obtained the sanction and countenance of his Royal Highness. This one circumstance, of giving a uniform principle and mode of working to the different bodies, which are, after all, but parts of the same great machine, was in itself one of the most distinguished services which could be rendered to a national army; and it is only surprising that, before it was introduced, the British army was able to execute any combined movements at all.

We cannot but notice the Duke of York's establishment near Chelsea, for the Orphans of Soldiers, the cleanliness and discipline of which are a model for such institutions; and the Royal Military School, or College, at Sandhurst, where every species of scientific instruction is afforded to those whom it is desirable to qualify for the service of the Staff. The excellent officers who have been formed at this Institution, are the best pledge of what is due to its founder. Again we repeat that, if the British soldier meets his foreign adversary, not only with equal courage, but with equal readiness and facility of manœuvre—if the British officer brings against his scientific antagonist, not only his own good heart and hand, but an improved and enlightened knowledge of his profession—to the memory of the Duke of York, the army and the country owe them.

The character of His Royal Highness was admirably adapted to the task of this extended reformation, in a branch of the public service on which the safety of England absolutely depended for the time. His judgment, in itself clear and steady, was inflexibly guided by honour and principle. No solicitations could make him promise what it would have been inconsistent with these principles to grant; nor could any circumstances induce him to break or elude the promise which he had once given. At the same time, his feelings,

humane and kindly, were, on all possible occasions, accessible to the claims of compassion; and there occurred but rare instances of a wife widowed, or a family rendered orphans, by the death of a meritorious officer, without something being done to render their calamities more tolerable.

During the last years of the most momentous war that ever was waged, his Royal Highness prepared the most splendid victories our annals boast, by an unceasing attention to the character and talents of the officers, and the comforts and health of the men. Trained under a system so admirable, our army seemed to increase in efficacy, power, and even in numbers, in proportion to the increasing occasion which the public had for their services. Nor is it a less praise, that when men so disciplined returned from scenes of battle, ravaged countries, and stormed cities, they reassumed the habits of private life as if they had never left them.

This superintending care, if not the most gaudy, is among the most enduring flowers which will bloom over the Duke of York's tomb. It gave energy to Britain in war, and strength to her in peace. It combined tranquillity with triumph, and morality with the habits of a military life. If our soldiers have been found invincible in battle, and meritorious in peaceful society when restored to its bosom, let no Briton forget that this is owing to the paternal care of him to whose memory we here offer an imperfect tribute.—Sir Walter Scott.

For further particulars of his Royal Highness, the reader may consult Sir Herbert Taylor's very interesting 'Narrative'; the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xcvii, part I, and the *Mirror*.

6.—EPIPHANY, *or* TWELFTH DAY.

The following is an account of this day as it is celebrated in some of the Provinces of France:—Twelfth Day, or *La Fête des Rois*, is kept twice in the year at *Commercy* and in its environs, and each time in a different way. The *first* commemoration takes place on the 5th of January, the Eve of the Epiphany. On this occasion, the family meet about six o'clock in the evening, and sit round a large table. They put into a hat or bag as many beans as there are persons:

one of the beans is red or black, and serves to designate the *king of the bean*, as he is called; the others are white. The youngest child draws the beans, and names each member of the family in succession, beginning with the eldest and finishing with the youngest: when the king of the bean is ascertained, he is congratulated by every one of the company on his accession to royalty.

The cake, which is round, is introduced before supper; it is sometimes pierced in the middle in the form of a crown, and contains a bean. It is cut into as many slices as there are persons in the family, including servants. The drawing is made in the same manner as for the bean; only, on this occasion, the share called *la part à Dieu* is drawn first, and given to the first poor person at the door who asks for it; and it is a rule not to begin to eat the cake till this portion of it has been given away. The amusements of this *first* Twelfth-day festival are cheerful without being obstreperous,—and there is nothing noisy about it, but the cry of *le roi boit*, which is repeated whenever his Majesty chooses to moisten his lips with the juice of the grape.

The seventh day after the Epiphany, that is, the Octave of this festival, is called the day of the *black kings*, or of the kings with their faces smutted. The king is drawn for with beans, but by the eldest in company—in an inverse order to that of the first drawing,—that is, beginning with the youngest, and finishing with the eldest. He, whom the fortune of the day has ordained to be king, must submit to have his face blacked, and to be otherwise disguised. They usually take a cork of a wine bottle, burn it in the candle, and with this they draw on the king's face mustachios, and other figures, in order to render the countenance as hideous as possible: towels are put upon the head, round the neck, and about other parts of the body, so as to render the figure of the king as grotesque as they can, and a never-failing subject of

laughter for the young folks of the company, who are privileged, on this occasion, to exercise their risible faculties without let or hindrance. The wine passes gaily round; the enlivening song is heard, and shouts of joy burst from the assembled company; altogether forming a picture which strikingly reminds us of the ancient *Saturnalia;* particularly if we recollect that the servants partake of the hilarities of the evening, and may be *kings* as well as their masters.

At the end of the year 1792, the Council-General of the French Commons passed an Arrêt, in consequence of which 'La Fête des Rois' (Twelfth Day) was thenceforth to be called 'La Fête des Sans-Culottes,' it being considered an anti-civic feast which made every priest that kept it a Royalist!

7.—PLOUGH MONDAY.

This is always the Monday following the Epiphany. For an account of some curious ceremonies on this day, see T.T. for 1822, p. 9.

8.—SAINT LUCIAN.

He was presbyter of the church at Antioch, and, as some affirm, a disciple of St. Peter. He flourished about A.D. 80, and founded a church at Winchester.

*9. 1827.—ELIZ. O. BENGER DIED.

Early in her literary career, Miss Benger was induced to fix her hopes of fame upon the drama, for which her genius appeared in many respects peculiarly adapted; but after ample experience of the anxieties, delays, and disappointments, which, in this age, sicken the heart of almost every candidate for celebrity in this department, she tried her powers in other attempts, and produced first, her poem on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and, afterwards, two novels published anonymously. These productions had great merit, but wanted something of regular and finished excellence; and her success was not decided till she embarked in biography, and produced,

in succession, her Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Memoirs of John Tobin, and Notices of Klopstock and his Friends, prefixed to a translation of their Letters from the German; and finally rising to the department of history, her Life of Anne Boleyn, and Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots, and of the Queen of Bohemia. All these works attained deserved popularity; and she would probably have added to her reputation by the *Memoirs of Henry IV of France*, had longer life been lent her for their completion.

*10. 1827.—JOHN JONES, LL.D. DIED;

Author of a valuable 'Greek and English Lexicon,' and several other learned and critical works.

13.—SAINT HILARY,

A pious Father of the Christian church, a native, and afterwards bishop of Poictiers, where he died in the year 367.

18.—SAINT PRISCA.

She was a Roman virgin, and put to death by order of the Emperor Claudius, A.D. 47.

*18.—SAINT ANTHONY.

Most of our readers have heard of St. Anthony and his *pigs*, and the way in which they were fed. In an order of the Police of the town of Bonneval (in France) of the 3d August 1581, made during the time of the plague, 'It is commanded that no inhabitant shall suffer his hogs to run about the streets, except when they are going to, or returning from the fields, and, at all other times, shall keep them shut up; and it is permitted to every person, who shall find them wandering about the said town, except at the said hours, to kill the same, *the two hogs which are kept by the Company of St. Anthony being always excepted out of the said order.*'—For an account of some absurd, but amusing legends respecting St. Anthony, still current in Portugal, see our last volume, pp. 7-10.

20.—SAINT FABIAN

Was the nineteenth Bishop of Rome. He was chosen to that office in the year 241, and, after being bishop thirteen years, suffered martyrdom in the Decian persecution.

21.—SAINT AGNES.

This beautiful girl was beheaded at the early age of thirteen, by order of Dioclesian. For an account of the superstitions on the Eve of St. Agnes, see our former volumes.

22.—SAINT VINCENT

Suffered martyrdom under the Dioclesian persecution, A.D. 304.

25.—CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL.

This festival was not adopted in the ritual of the Church of England till the year 1662.—Whoever wishes to become acquainted with the character of this apostle, should read Mrs. H. More's 'Essay on the Character and Practical Writings of St. Paul,' which, for depth of observation, practical instruction, and beauty of style, is, perhaps, superior to any other publication upon the subject.

*25. 1827.—REV. JOHN EVANS, LL.D. DIED;

Author of 'A Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian Religion,' of which more than 100,000 copies have been circulated; a 'Sequel' to the same; and of many other useful and interesting works eminently adapted to form the taste and improve the morals of youth.

*27. 1567.—LADY CATHERINE HERTFORD DIED.

A heart-stirring narrative of the untoward fortunes of the sister of *Lady Jane Grey* and her husband will be found in the *Second Series* of Mr. Ellis's Original Letters, (vol. ii, pp. 272-290.) The account of her last moments, or the 'manner of her departing' (as it is termed in the Harleian MS.) is singularly affecting, and must excite universal sympathy.

*29. 1820.—KING GEORGE III DIED, ÆT. 81.

In Mr. Ellis's prefatory remarks on his very interesting Series of Letters illustrative of the reign of George III, he justly observes, 'In any retrospect which future times may make, the reign of George the Third will be found as instructive to the philosopher as the historian. In duration it extended to the full limit of an ordinary life; in greatness of events it had no parallel in the ages which went immediately before it. It was marked by the loss of a vast empire upon the Western continent, and by the acquisition of sixty millions of subjects upon the Eastern side of the globe; by the dawn of restoration to the Arts; by the most important discoveries in every science; by the greatest naval, and the greatest military glory. Nor must it be forgotten that George the Third released the Judges of the land from dependence upon himself. Some of the Letters,' continues Mr. E. 'will be found of no ordinary import. None are probably of higher interest than those which depict the conduct of the Sovereign himself amid trials. The integrity of his mind, his powers of persuasion, the kindness of his heart, his decision, and his magnanimity, are every where apparent.'—See the *Second Series* of Mr. Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iv. particularly pp. 467-472.

29. 1820—KING GEORGE THE FOURTH'S ACCESSION.

30.—KING CHARLES I, MARTYR.

Among the Tracts relating to the Civil War which were given to the British Museum, by his late Majesty K. George III, in 1762, there are three which relate to the man who actually beheaded King Charles, and who after all, notwithstanding the various persons to whom this horrid deed was attributed, was, most probably, the common executioner.

The first Tract is intitled 'The Confession of Richard Brandon the hangman (upon his death-bed) concerning his beheading his

late Majesty. Printed in the year of the hang-man's downfall, 1649.' The second is intitled 'The Last Will and Testament of Richard Brandon,' printed in the same year. The third is 'A Dialogue or Dispute between the late hangman' (the same person) 'and Death,' in verse, without date. All three are in quarto. The following are the most important paragraphs of the first Tract:—

'*The Confession of the Hangman concerning His beheading his late Majesty the King of Great Brittain (upon his Death-bed), who was buried on Thursday last, in White Chappell Church-yard, with the manner thereof.*

'Upon Wednesday last (being the 20th of this instant June, 1649,) Richard Brandon, the late Executioner and Hang-man, who beheaded his late Majesty, King of Great Britain, departed this life; but during the time of his sickuesse, his conscience was much troubled, and exceedingly perplexed in mind, yet little shew of repentance for remission of his sins and by-past transgressions, which had so much power and influence upon him, that he seemed to live in them, and they in him. And on Sunday last, a young man of his acquaintance going in to visit him, fell into discourse, asked him how he did, and whether he was not troubled in conscience for cutting off the King's head. He replyed, yes! by reason that (upon the time of his tryall, and at the denouncing of Sentence against him) he had taken a vow and protestation, wishing God to perish him body and soul, if ever he appeared on the Scaffold to do the act or lift up his hand against him. He likewise confessed that he had thirty pounds for his pains, all paid him in half-crowns within an hour after the blow was given; and that he had an Orange stuck full of Cloves, and a handkircher out of the King's pocket, so soon as he was carryed off from the Scaffold, for which Orange he was profferd twenty shillings by a gentleman in White-hall, but refused the same; and afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane. About six of the clock at night, he returned home to his wife living in Rosemary Lane, and gave her the money, saying, that it was the dearest money that ever he earn'd in his life, for it would cost him his life. Which prophetical words were soon made manifest, for it appeared, that ever since he hath been in a most sad condition, and upon the Almighties first scourging of him with the rod of sickuesse, and the friendly admonition of divers friends for the calling of him to repentance, yet he persisted on in his vicious vices, and would not hearken thereunto, but lay raging and swearing, and still pointing ☞ at one thing or another, which he conceived to appear visible before him.

'About three days before he dy'd he lay speechlesse, uttering many a sigh and heavy groan, and so in a most desperate manner departed from his bed of sorrow. For the buriall whereof great store of Wines were sent in by the Sheriff of the City of London,

and a great multitude of people stood wayting to see his corpes carryed to the Church-yard, some crying out, "Hang him Rogue," "Bury him in the Dunghill;" others pressing upon him, saying, they would quarter him for executing of the King: insomuch, that the Church-wardens and Masters of the Parish were fain to come for the suppressing of them, and (with great difficulty) he was at last carryed to White Chappell Church-yard, having (as it is said) a bunch of Rosemary at each end of the coffin on the top thereof, with a rope tyed crosse from one end to the other. And a merry conceited Cook living at the sign of the Crown, having a black Fan (worth the value of thirty shillings) took a resolution to rent the same in pieces, and to every feather tied a piece of pack-thread dy'd in black ink, and gave them to divers persons, who (in derision) for a while, wore them in their hats.'

At page 7 of the Second Tract is an Account of Brandon. He is there stated to have been 'twice condemned by the Law to be hanged for having two Wives, and by the mercy of the State pardoned, as a fit instrument of their new Reformation.' 'He was the only son of GREGORY Brandon, and claimed the Gallows by inheritance.' 'The first he beheaded was the Earl of Strafford.' Page 8. 'This Squire Brandon was by the bloody Junto fetched out of his bed by a troop of Horse at their late inhuman butchery of their King; he making a show, as if he had been unwilling to do so vile and ungodly an act.' 'He said that His Majestie told him when he asked him forgiveness, that he would not forgive any subject that came to murder him.' 'His carcass was carried by four of his gibbetteers to Mary-Matt-Fellon, with great joy and hooting of the People, who pulled up all the nettles and weeds instead of rosemary, with which they strewed the ways and decked the posts, and tied about their hog's and dog's necks with black parings of cloth, crying, "Two of the rogues are gone to the Devil, (meaning Dorislaw and Gregory) and we hope the rest will follow." There is one Tench, a drum-maker in Houndsditch, that provided ropes, pullies, and hookes (in case the King resisted) to compell and force him down to the block. This rogue is also haunted with a devil, and consumes away.'—*Ellis's Original Letters*, Second Series, vol. iii, pp. 341, 342. *Note.*

For some remarkable extracts from the Newspapers of the day, and other curious particulars relative to this melancholy event, consult Mr. Ellis's Letters, vol. iii, p. 344-348.

31. 1820.—KING GEORGE IV PROCLAIMED.

Astronomical Occurrences

In JANUARY 1828.

It is with no common feelings that we again meet our youthful friends in the delightful walks of science; while such as have ranged with us through the immensity of the starry heavens, need scarcely be reminded that systems of insensible matter, whatever may be the exquisite order in which they are arranged, display only the wisdom and the power of the Almighty Architect. As recipient beings, however, we look for something more—for his goodness; and here we have one of its brightest displays.

> Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
> Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
> Man looks aloft; and, with erected eyes,
> Beholds his own hereditary skies.
>
> DRYDEN.

Obliquity of the Ecliptic.

Most of our readers are already aware, that by this expression is meant the angle which the ecliptic makes with the equator, and that this angle is subject to a small annual variation; for the nature of which we shall refer to our former volumes, and merely insert its magnitude for several epochs during the present year.

January..	1st, the true obliquity is	23°	27′	34·7″
April....	1st	23	27	35·0
July	1st	23	27	33·7
October..	1st	23	27	34·2
December	31st	23	27	33·1
The mean obliquity January 1st is		23	27	43·3

The equation of the *Equinoctial Points* for the same epochs are,

January..	1st, the equation is	+ 9·6″
April....	1st	+ 8·2
July	1st	+ 6·7
October..	1st	+ 5·4
December	31st	+ 3·8

Solar Phenomena.

The Sun enters Aquarius at 56 m. past 11 on the evening of the 20th of this month; and he rises and sets on every fifth day of the same period as in the following Table. It should be borne in mind, that these times are computed for the meridian of the Royal Observatory; and that, consequently, a slight reduction will be necessary to adapt them to other parts of the kingdom. This is made by converting the difference of longitude into time, at the rate of 15 degrees to an hour, and adding or subtracting it, as may be required. The times of his rising and setting for any of the intermediate days must also be found by proportion, as already directed.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

January 1st,	Sun rises	5	m. after	8.	Sets	55	m. after	3
6th	.....	2	.....	8	....	58	.....	3
11th	.....	57	.....	7	....	3	.....	4
16th	.....	54	.....	7	....	6	.....	4
21st	.....	45	.....	7	....	15	.....	4
26th	.....	37	.....	7	....	23	.....	4
31st	.....	29	.....	7	....	31	.....	4

Equation of Time.

What is indicated by this expression is the difference of time as given by a correct sun-dial and a well-regulated clock. The obliquity of the ecliptic, and the unequal motion of the earth in this circle, cause the Sun to be sometimes before and sometimes after mean time, and therefore the Equation of Time is employed to correct the hour as indicated by the sun-dial, and find that which should be given by the clock. This furnishes one of the most easy and direct means of regulating that valuable instrument. Referring to our former volumes for more particular information on this subject, we shall insert the equation for every fifth day: that for the intermediate periods must be found by proportion.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

	m.	s.
Tuesday, Jan. 1st, to the time by the dial *add*	3	35
Sunday..... 6th	5	53
Friday 11th	8	1
Wednesday.. 16th	9	54
Monday 21st	11	30
Saturday 26th	12	47
Thursday 31st	13	43

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon ...	2d day, at	56 m.	after 5	in the morning
Last Quarter ..	10th	15	7	.....
New Moon	17th	24	0	.....
First Quarter..	23d	45	8	in the evening

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The passage of the Moon over the meridian forms one of the most easy and familiar of astronomical observations; and we shall therefore point out some of the most convenient times for these exercises, during the present month. These epochs likewise refer to the time at the Royal Observatory, but may easily be reduced to that of any other meridian by proportion, as already directed for the Equation of Time and other phenomena.

TABLE

Of the Moon's Passage over the first Meridian.

January 9th, at	57 m.	after 4	in the morning
10th ..	43	5	.....
11th ..	32	6	.....
12th ..	25	7	.....
13th ..	21	8	.....
14th ..	20	9	.....
20th ..	10	3	in the afternoon
21st ..	0	4	.....
22d ..	48	4	.....
23d ..	36	5	.....
24th ..	24	6	.....
25th ..	11	7	in the evening
26th ..	59	7	.....
27th ..	47	8	.....
28th ..	34	9	.....
29th ..	21	10	.....

Time of High Water at London.

The Moon being the chief agent in regulating the ebbing and flowing of the Tide, we shall insert the time of high water at London Bridge, for both morning and evening of every fifth day of the month, under the head of Lunar Observations. From this may also be readily deduced the time at various other places; and though local circumstances, as winds, &c. may have some slight influence in either accelerating or retarding the precise moment, the times specified below will be sufficiently correct for general purposes.

TABLE OF TIDES.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
January 1st, at	24 m. after	1	48 m. after	1
6th ..	19	4	35	4
11th ..	53	7	27	8
16th ..	16	1	48	1
21st ..	57	4	16	5
26th ..	16	9	48	9
31st ..	31	1	54	1

If the time of high water be required for any intermediate day, it must be found by proportion, as in other instances. The epoch of the same phenomenon may also be found for the following places, simply by addition and subtraction: viz.

To the Time, as given for London, *add*	*h.*	*m.*
For Tinmouth Haven, Hartlepool, and Amsterdam	0	30
Brest, Rochelle, and Rochford	1	0
Scilly, Cape Clear, and Leith	1	45
Mount's Bay, Edystone, and Falmouth	1	55
Bridlington Pier, Humber, and Antwerp	2	0
Fowey, Looe, Plymouth, and Waterford	3	10
Dartmouth, Harborough, Hull, and Sidmouth	3	30
Torbay, Teignmouth, and Cork	3	40
Exmouth, Topsham, and Lyme	3	50
Bridgewater, Texel, and Cherburgh	4	5
Boston, Bristol, Lynn, and Weymouth	4	20
Harfleur, and without the Vlie	5	40
New York, New London, George Town, Savannah....	6	30

For the following places, *subtract*, viz.		
For Leigh, Maes, and Gouries' Gut	0	15
Gravesend, Rochester, and Rammekins	1	0
Buoy of the Nore, Flushing, Cadiz, and Yarmouth	1	20
Portsmouth, Ostend, Shoe Beacon, and Redsand	2	30
Calais, Dover, Harwich, Liverpool, and Spithead	3	10
Orfordness, Gunfleet, Shoreham, and Dieppe	4	0
Brighton, Dunkirk, and Boulogne	4	15
Needles, Cowes, Yarmouth (Isle of Wight)	4	40
St. Helens, Havre-de-Grace, and Dunnose	5	30
Poole, Dublin, and Caen	5	45

Though none of the tides this year will be so high as on some former occasions, those on the 17th of February and the 25th of September may be productive of damage on the coast, if assisted by favourable winds.

Phenomena Planetarum.

The beautiful planet Venus will be an evening star till the 27th of July, and then a morning star to the end of the year. Jupiter will be a morning star till the 29th of August, an evening star from that time till the 16th of November, and then a morning star again to the end of the year.

Phases of Venus.

Our young readers will bear in mind, that the phases of this beautiful planet, like those of the Moon, are subject to change. This arises from her various positions and distances with respect to the Earth and the Sun. Like other astronomical phenomena, however, they are subject to accurate computations, which having already been explained (see T. T. for 1819, p. 17), we shall merely insert the results for each month; while such of our readers as choose may not only verify these, but find them for any other times they please.

January 1st { Illuminated part = 11·24518
Dark part .... = 0·75482

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Having already inserted the most useful information on this subject, we shall refer to T. T. for 1818, rather than repeat it in this place. The following eclipses will be visible this month at the Royal Observatory, and are recorded in *mean* time answering to that place, and which, of course, will require a slight correction to adapt it to any other meridian.

Immersions.

First Satellite,	11th day, at	3 m.	32 s.	after 5 in the morning
	18th	56 ..	58	6 .....
	27th	18 ..	48	3 .....
Second Satellite	10th	48 ..	49	4 .....

Form of Saturn's Ring.

The apparent shape of this ring is subject to a slow variation. This induces us to insert the comparative magnitude of the two axes for every third month. The method by which this is ascertained has been given at p. 52 of T. T. for 1819, to which our readers are referred.

January 1st { Transverse axis = 1·000
Conjugate axis = — 0·444

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars[1].

January 10th,	with α in Virgo,	at 11	in the morning
15th	.. Jupiter	11	at night
12th	.. Mars	4	in the morning.

Other Phenomena.

Mars and Jupiter will be in conjunction at 4 in the afternoon of the 4th of this month, at which time the former planet will be $3\frac{1}{2}'$ south of the latter. Saturn will be in opposition at half past 1 in the morning of the 8th; and Georgium Sidus will be in conjunction at 7 in the morning of the 19th.

[1] We restrict these conjunctions to stars of the first four magnitudes.

The Naturalist's Diary

For JANUARY 1838.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though always changing, in her aspect mild;
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-weaned, though not her favoured child.
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polished dares pollute her path:
For me by day or night she ever smiled,
Though I have marked her when none other hath,
And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.
Childe Harold.

THE solar year commences in the very depth of winter, and we open our record of its various aspects under that of its unmitigated severity. We speak now, as we intend to speak, *generally*. We describe the season, not as it may be in this or another year, but as it is in the average. December may be, we think, very justly styled the gloomiest, January the severest, and February the most cheerless month in the year. In December, the days become shorter and shorter: a dense mass of vapour floats above us, wrapping the world in a constant and depressing gloom, and

Murky night soon follows hazy noon.

In January, this mantle of brumal sadness somewhat dissipates, as if a new year had infused new hope and vigour into the earth; light is not only more plentifully diffused, but we soon perceive its longer daily abode with us. In the words of the common adage, however,

As the day lengthens,
The cold strengthens.

This is the month of abundant snows, and all the intensity of frost. Yet winter, even in its severest forms, brings so many scenes and circumstances with it to interest the heart of the lover of nature and of his fellow-creatures, that it never ceases to be a sub-

ject of delightful observation; and, monotonous as it is frequently called, the very variety of the weather itself presents an almost endless source of novelty and beauty. There is, first, what is called

A GREAT STORM.—Frost, keen, biting frost is in the ground; and in the air a bitter, scythe-edged, perforating wind from the north, or, what is worse, from the north-east, sweeps the descending snow along, whirling it from the open fields, and driving it against whatever opposes its course. People who are obliged to be passing to and fro muffle up their faces, and bow their heads to the blast. There is no loitering, no street-gossipping, no stopping to make recognition of each other; they shuffle along, the most winterly objects of the scene, bearing on their fronts the tokens of the storm. Against every house, rock, or bank, the snow-drift accumulates. It curls over the tops of walls and hedges in fantastic wildness, forming often the most perfect curves, resembling the scrolls of Ionic capitals, and showing beneath them romantic caves and canopies. Hollow lanes, pits, and bogs, now become traps for the unwary traveller, the snow filling them up, and the wind levelling all to one deceitful plain. It is a dismal time for the traversers of wide and open heaths, and one of toil and danger to the shepherd in mountainous tracts. There the snows fall in amazing quantities in the course of a few hours; and, driven by the powerful winds of those lofty regions, soon fill up the dells and glens to a vast depth, burying the flocks and houses too, in brief space, beyond all hope of recovery. In some winters, the sheep of extensive ranges of country, much cattle, and many of the inhabitants, have perished beneath the snow-drifts. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, one of the most splendid specimens of the peasant-poet, has given, in his 'Shepherd's Calendar,' some exceedingly interesting details of such events, in which he was personally concerned.

The delights of the social hearth on such evenings as these, when the wild winds are howling around our dwellings, dashing the snow, or hail, or splashing rain against our windows, are a favourite theme with poets, essayists, and writers on the seasons. And, truly, it is an inspiring topic. All our ideas of comfort, of domestic affection, of social and literary enjoyment, are combined in the picture which they draw of the winter's fire-side. When Cowper exclaims, in the well-known passage commencing

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,

who does not feel his heart expand at the thoughts of his own beloved fire-side circle, and follow the poet with kindling sympathy through his ensuing apostrophe to winter, and his picture of evening enjoyment? Such is the

BRITISH FIRE-SIDE! and we love to hear our writers speaking of its pleasures in strains of enthusiasm. But we may expand the picture. We may add to the zest of its personal, and almost too selfish enjoyments, touches of generous and philanthropic sentiment, which will signally heighten its pleasures and enlarge its power of improving the heart. How delightful, whilst sitting in the midst of our family or friendly group, in the actual possession of all these pleasures, not only to contemplate our own happiness, but to send our thoughts abroad over the whole land! To think what thousands of families in this noble country are, at the same moment, thus blessedly collected round the social flame. What hearths are lit up with all the charms of kindred affection, of mature wisdom, and parental pride; of youthful gladness, gaiety, and beauty. Here rural halls and city-homes, like stars, are shining in their own spheres, in unabated warmth and splendour, though hid beneath the broad veil of wintry darkness;—the lover's evening visit,—song, wine, the wild tale told to the listening circle,—or the unfolded stores of polite

literature, making each a little paradise[1]. Then to turn from the bright side of the picture to the dark one;—to the

Huts where poor men lie,

where the elegancies and amenities of life are not casting their glow,

But frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug;

upon shivering groups, who have but little fire or clothes to defend them from its bitterness; where no light laugh rings through the room; no song is heard; no romantic tale, or mirthful conversation, circles among smiling faces and happy hearts; but the father,

Ill satisfied keen Nature's clamorous call,
Stretched on his straw, himself lies down to sleep;
While through the rugged roof and chinky wall
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap. BURNS.

Where the mother sees not her rosy and laughing children snugly consigned to their warm, soft beds, but contemplates, with a heart deadened by the miseries of to-day, and the fears of to-morrow, a sad, little, squalid crew around her, who, instead of plea-

[1] *The* APPROACH *of* WINTER;—*a* SONNET.

[Written for Time's Telescope.]

By Delta, of Blackwood's Magazine.

Autumn hath yielded; hoary Winter now
Rules like a despot on his throne of frost;
Verdure beneath the feathery snow is lost,
And whitely rears the cliff its shaggy brow.
'Tis vesper-time; and beautifully bright
Eve's courier star is sparkling in the sky:
Hover around the shadowy wings of night,
And chilly breezes through the lattice sigh.
Now let the hearth be warm, the taper clear,
And mute Attention listening, while we hear
Of him, the Prince of Denmark and his sire;
Or her, whom Romeo madly did adore;
Or of the apostate, Satan, evermore
Condemned to agonize 'mid penal fire.

sures and pastimes, know only wants and evils which oppress both soul and body; where, perhaps, illness has superadded its aggravations to the pains and languors of a poverty, which renders the indulgencies of a sick room the most hopeless of all things. These are the speculations to enhance our fireside pleasures, and to make those pleasures fruitful: linking our sympathies to the joys and sorrows of our kind, and arousing us to a course of active benevolence.

To proceed, however, to the varieties of wintry weather. This month, more than all others, shows us the

CONTINUED FROST:—A frost that, day after day, and week after week, makes a steady abode with us, till the beaten roads become dusty as in summer. It every day penetrates deeper into the earth, and farther into our houses, almost verifying the common adage, "January will freeze the pot upon the fire.' Our windows, in the morning, are covered with a fine opaque frost-work, resembling the leaves and branches of forest trees. The water is frozen in the ewer; and the small birds are hopping with half-erected feathers upon our very door-sills, driven to seek relief from creation's tyrants by the still more pressing tyranny of cold and famine. The destruction of birds, and of all the smaller animals, in a continued frost, is immense; particularly if it be accompanied with snow. —Snow is a general informer; betraying the footsteps of every creature, great and small. The poacher and the game-keeper are equally on the alert while it lies freshly upon the ground,—the one to track game, the other, vermin; and thousands of polecats, weasels, stoats, rats, otters, badgers, and similar depredators, are traced to their hiding-places, in old buildings, banks, and hollow trees, and marked for certain destruction. The poacher, particularly on moonlight nights, makes great havock with game. Partridges, nestled down in a heap on the stubbles, are conspi-

cuous objects; and hares, driven for food to gardens and turnip-fields, are destroyed by hundreds. Wood-pigeons are killed, in great numbers, in cabbage and turnip fields by day, and by moonlight are shot in the trees where they roost. Larks frequent stubbles in vast flocks, and are destroyed by gun, net, and other devices.

As if the feathered race did not suffer enough from famine and the severity of the weather, every body seems now up in arms against them. The law, with a spirit of humanity honourable to the nation, is opposed to *destroying game in a snow*, yet this is a time of peculiar enjoyment to the sportsman. Water-fowls are driven from their secluded haunts, in meres and marshes, to open streams; snipes and woodcocks to springs and small runnels, where they become accessible and easily found. In towns and villages, every mechanic and raw lad is seen marching forth with his gun, ready to slay his portion of redwings, fieldfares, &c., which now are driven to the hedge-fruit, and are become passive from cold and hunger. Let all good people who value their persons keep at a distance from suburban hedges; for such sportsmen are sure to pop at every bird which comes before them, be it sparrow, tomtit, or robin-redbreast,—nothing comes amiss, and they see nothing besides. In farm-yards, trains of corn are laid, and scores of sparrows, finches, &c. are slaughtered at a shot. Even the schoolboy is bent upon their destruction: his traps, made of four bricks and a few pegs, are to be seen under every rick, and in every garden; and with a sieve, a stick, and a string drawn through a window or a key-hole, he stands ready to pounce upon his prey. Not even *night*, with its deepest shades, can protect the birds at this cruel time. They are startled from their slumbers, in the sides of warm stacks, by a sieve or a net fixed upon a pole being placed before them. Those which roost in hedges and copses are aroused by beating the trees and bushes, at the same

time that they are dazzled by the glare of a torch, and, flying instinctively towards the light, are knocked down and secured. This is called in some counties BIRD-MOPING; and, in this manner, are destroyed great numbers of pheasants, thrushes, and blackbirds; besides innumerable small birds. With all these enemies, and these various modes of destruction, it is only surprising that the race is not totally extirpated.

One of the pleasures of frosty weather will be found in *walking*. The clear and bracing air invigorates the frame; exercise gives a delightful glow to the blood; and the mind is held in pleasing attention to the phenomena and features of the season. Every sound comes to the ear with a novel and surprising distinctness;—the low of cattle, the rattle of far-off wheels, the hollow tread of approaching feet, and the merry voices of sliders and skaters, who are pursuing their healthful amusement upon every sheet of unruffled ice. In towns, however, walking is none of the safest. From time immemorial, boys have used it, as a special privilege of theirs, to make slides upon every causeway; maugre the abuse and menacing canes of old gentlemen,—and to the certain production of falls, bruises, and broken bones. Sometimes, too, rain, freezing as it falls, or a sudden thaw and as sudden a frost, covers the ground with a sheet of the most glassy ice. Solomon says there is a time for all things, and this is the time to scatter ashes or sawdust on the footpaths.

But of all the phenomena of winter, none equals in beauty, the

HOAR-FROST:—A dense haze sets in over-night which has vanished in the morning, and left a clear atmosphere, and a lofty arch of sky, of the deepest and most diaphanous blue, beaming above a scene of the most enchanting beauty. Every tree, bush, twig, and blade of grass, from the utmost nakedness, has put on a pure and feathery garniture, which appears the

work of enchantment, and has all the air and romantic novelty of fairy-land. Silence and purity are thrown over the earth as a mantle. The hedges are clothed in a snowy foliage, thick as their summer array. The woods are filled with a silent splendour;—the dark boles, here and there contrasting strongly with the white and sparkling drapery of the boughs above, among which the birds fly, scattering the rime around them in snowy showers. There is not a thicket but has acquired a sudden character of mysterious beauty. Every tuft of grass has assumed a momentary aspect of strange loveliness; and the mind is more affected by it from its suddenness of creation, and the consciousness of its speedy departure; for hoar-frosts and gipsies are said never to stay nine days in a place: the former, indeed, seldom continues three.

Winter.—*In Six Sonnets.*

[By Delta, of Blackwood's Magazine.]

NO. I.—DAYBREAK.

Slow clear away the misty shades of morn,
As sings the redbreast on the window-sill:
Fade the last stars; the air is stern and still;
And, lo! bright frost-work on the leafless thorn!
Why, day-god, why so late? the tardy heaven
Brightens; and, screaming downwards to the shore
Of the waste sea, the dim-seen gulls pass o'er,
A scattered crowd, by natural impulse driven
Home to their element. All yesternight
From spongy, ragged clouds poured down the rain,
And in the wind-gusts on the window pane
Rattled aloud:—but now the sky grows bright.
Winter! since thou must govern us again,
Oh, take not in fierce tyrannies delight.

NO. II.—SNOW-STORM.

How gloom the clouds! quite stifled is the ray,
Which from the conquered sun would vainly shoot
Through the blank storm; and though the winds be mute,
Lo! down the whitening deluge finds its way.—
Look up!—a thousand, thousand fairy motes
Come dancing downwards, onwards, sideways whirled,
Like flocks of down, or apple-blossoms curled

By nipping winds. See how in ether floats
The light-winged mass,—then, mantling o'er the field,
Changes at once the landscape, chokes the rill,
Hoaries with white the lately verdant hill,
And silvers earth. All to thine influence yield,
Stern conqueror of blithe autumn; yearly still
Of thee, the dread avatar is revealed.

NO. III.—CLEAR FROST.

'Tis noon, the heaven is clear without a cloud;
And, on the masses of untrodden snow,
The inefficient sunbeams glance and glow:
Still is the mountain swathed in its white shroud.
But look along the lake!—hark to the hum
Of mingling crowds!—in graceful curves how swings
The air-poised skater—Mercury without wings!
Rings the wide ice a murmur never dumb;
While over all, in fits harmonious, come
The dulcet tones which music landward flings.—
There moves the ermined fair, with timid toe;
Half-pained, half-pleased: yes! all is joy and mirth,
As if, though frost could subjugate mean earth,
He had no chains to bind the spirit's flow.

NO. IV.—MOONLIGHT.

Behold the mountain peaks how sharply lined
Against the cloudless orient!—while, serene,
The silver moon, majestic as a queen,
Walks mid thin stars, whose lustre has declined.
There is no breath of wind abroad. The trees
Sleep in their stilly leaflessness; while, lost
In the pale, sparkling labyrinths of frost,
The wide world seems to slumber, and to freeze.
'Tis like enchanted fairy-land!—A chill
Steals o'er the heart, as, gazing thus on night,
Life from our lower world seems passed away:
And, in the witchery of the faint moonlight,
Silence comes down to hold perpetual sway;—
So breathless is the scene—so hushed—so still!

NO. V.—VICISSITUDE.

Oh! sweetly beautiful it is to mark
The virgin, vernal snow-drop! lifting up—
Meek as a nun—the whiteness of its cup,
From earth's dead bosom, desolate and dark.
Glorious is Summer! with its rich array
Of blossomed greenery, perfume-glowing bowers,
Blue skies, and balmy airs, and fruits, and flowers,
Bright sunshine, singing birds, and endless day!
Nor glorious less brown Autumn's witchery,

As by her aureate trees Pomona sits,
And Ceres, as she wanders, hears by fits
The reapers' chant, beneath the mellowing sky;
But thy blasts, Winter, hymn a moral lay,
And, mocking earth, bid man's thoughts point on high.

NO. VI.—CONCLUSION.

All things round us preach of death; yet *mirth*
Swells the vain heart, darts from the careless eye,
As if we were created ne'er to die,
And had our everlasting home on earth!—
All things around us preach of death; the leaves
Drop from the forest—perish the bright flow'rs—
Shortens the day's shorn sunlight, hours on hours—
And o'er bleak, sterile fields the wild wind grieves.—
Yes! all things preach of death,—we are born to die:—
We are but waves along life's ocean driven:
Time is to us a brief probation given,
To fit us for a dread eternity.
Hear, ye that watch with faith's unslumbering eye,
Earth is our pilgrimage, our home is heaven!

We have already observed, that water-fowl are driven from the marshes to the open streams in this month; the coot (*Fulica atra*) is one of these emigrants. In Norfolk, it breeds on those large pieces of water called 'Broads,' and on some of them in considerable numbers. In autumn and winter, these birds make their appearance on the rivers in vast flocks; and upon an appointed day, all the boats and guns are put in requisition, and a general attack is made upon them. On the banks of the Stour, the fowlers approach them, while sitting upon the ooze, by concealing themselves behind a screen made of bushes, which is placed upon a sledge, and driven before them.—On crossing the Stour (observe Messrs. Sheppard and Whitear) in the month of January, 1819, in a dead calm, we observed the coots floating upon the water in a semicircle. On our approach within about 200 yards, the whole body, amounting at the least calculation to several thousands, partly rose and flapped along the surface of the water, making a tremendous rushing noise. Had there been any wind, they would have risen into the air without difficulty; but there being none, they could scarcely disentangle their feet. Foxes frequent the banks of the Stour very early in the morning, to catch the wounded birds, who generally make to land, and of which there are sometimes great numbers. The larger kind of gulls often attack and devour coots. We have observed the latter, on the approach of their enemy, rush together from all quarters, and form a close, round, compact body, appearing like bees in the act of swarming. The gull kept hovering over their heads, and frequently dashed within a yard or two of them. Whenever he

flew to a distance, the coots dispersed, and again at his return flocked together; and this scene continued for more than half an hour. The coot is soon reconciled to confinement, and becomes domestic.—*Linn. Trans.* vol. xv, Part I, pp. 48-50.

In this most fierce and inhospitable of all months, besides the beautiful features we have noticed, we are, ever and anon, presented with momentary smiles and isolated instances of vegetable life, which come, as it were, to keep the heart from withering, amidst the despondency of this season of deadness. The *Helleborus niger*, or Christmas rose, expands its handsome, white chalices, undaunted by the sharpest frosts, and blooms amidst overwhelming wreaths of snow, long before that poetical and popular favourite the *snowdrop* dares emerge from its shrouding earth. The *rosemary* also blooms this month,—a plant alike esteemed and employed by our ancestors in festive and funereal ceremonies. The old chorus with which the boar's-head, garnished with rosemary, was introduced, has been rendered familiar to all ears by the pleasant pen of Geoffrey Crayon; and its use, in the decoration of coffins, has derived a melancholy interest from that of H. K. White[1].—Mr. Bowring, in his 'Specimens of the Polish Poets,' has the following beautiful poem on the subject of the 'Rosemary:'

The ROSEMARY WREATH.

It is not gold that I entreat,
I would not have thy riches, sweet!
I supplicate no gems from thee,
I want no rings of brilliancy;
But give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

When thou didst plant those flow'rets, thou
Didst pledge the wreath to bind my brow;
The wreath is woven, now convey
The wreath to me as thou didst say:
Come, give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

[1] See T.T. for 1814, p. 23. *note*.

It will not, cannot make thee poor;
But, lovely maid! I'll give thee more
Than its most precious price;—I'll buy
The bargain, though thou prize it high.
But give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

They cost thee nought, those simple flowers;
Some maids must give, with garlands, dowers:
Yet I will give a dower to thee,
And take the wreath, so give it me;—
Yes, give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

If not for love, nor friendship's sake
A *present* of the wreath thou'lt make,
I'll *give* thee for thy garland now
The Turkish turban on my brow.
So give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

'Twill fade ere long, the summer sky
Will blast its bloom—its flowers will die:
Though suns be cool, and winds should sleep,
Soon autumn's chill will o'er it creep.
Come, give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

Thou wilt not stain thy virtue, maid!
No shame thy footsteps shall invade,
Though thou didst wear a wreath of truth,
And gav'st it to a faithful youth.
So give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

O is it not a praise, a bliss,
For such a trifling gift as this—
A few frail flowers that soon must die,
To find a friend—eternally!
Then give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

In the cheerless months of winter, when our fields are no longer attractive, and present to the eye only the melancholy aspect of decayed nature, the *sea-shore* offers to the botanist a rich field for contemplation. At all seasons, the sea-girt rocks are luxuriantly mantled with sea-weeds, and every storm scatters upon the beach some new object of his admiration.—See our last vol., p. 21, for an interesting ar-

ticle on the *Algæ*, or sea-weeds, by MR. ANDREW KERR YOUNG, of Paisley, forming the first of a series of papers on *Scotian Botany*, for every month in the year. Consult also *Drummond's First Steps to Botany*, second edition.

Mild, and even sunny days, sometimes break the sullen monotony of January, which the country people look upon less with a pleased, than a foreboding eye,—denominating them *weather-breeders*. Whilst they are present, however, whatever consequences they may be chargeable with, they are extremely grateful. Gnats will even be seen to issue from their secret dormitories, to dance in the long-withheld rays of the sun. We have seen the leaves of the primrose shooting up vigorously beneath warm hedges at such times; and moles, feeling the ground released from its frosty bondage, begin to burrow and throw up their heaps of fresh and crumbling mould. Earth-worms also may be sometimes observed.

The WORM.

[From the German of Overbeck.]

Thou tiny worm, that scarce can hold
Thy feet upon the frozen mould,
How void of heat, how dark and dead
Are all the fields around thee spread!

No balmy drops of summer dew
Thy mother's bosom now renew;
How rudely blows the bitter storm
That freezes thee, thou hapless worm!

And more than that, the frost hath rent
The twig o'er yonder cottage bent,
Where thou would'st oft thy travels cease,
And rest, with all the world at peace.

Upon thy now deserted bed
Thou stretchest forth thy feeble head;
To spare thy life thy only prayer,
While now thy little all they share.

And long before the morning red,
Poor hapless wormling, thou art dead!
The gracious God, that passes none,
He only knows where thou art gone.

For ever die! for when at rest
No after-storms distract thy breast;
No bitter winds, instinct with hail,
Thy lonely dwelling can assail.

But HE who gave thee being's bliss,
Can well secure far more than this;
The bosom that thy life sustains
Still room enough for thee contains.

Like thee we all depart away,
Each to his lair at close of day;
The gracious God, who passes none,
HE only knows where we are gone.

The wise departs with willing mind,
And care and sorrow leaves behind:
For HE who placed us here below,
No poorer by his gifts can grow.

The seed *must* perish ere it bloom—
Why should I dread to meet my death?
Rejoice! rejoice! beyond the tomb,
Day follows on this fleeting breath[1]!

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY received its name from the word *Februa*, because the expiatory sacrifices so called took place in this month. The sign for February is *Pisces*.

Remarkable Days

In FEBRUARY 1828.

2.—PURIFICATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY, Or, *Candlemas Day*. See our former volumes.

3.—SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

The words Septuagesima, Sexagesima, and Quinquagesima (seventieth, sixtieth, and fiftieth), were

[1] See a pleasing little volume, lately published, entitled 'Stray Leaves, including Translations from the Lyric Poets of Germany.' We recommend our readers to collect these *stray leaves*, and place them in their poetical *hortus siccus*; they are worth the trouble, and the cost is too trifling to be mentioned.

first applied to denote these three Sundays, when the season of Lent was extended to a fast of six weeks, that is, thirty-six days, not reckoning the Sundays, which were always celebrated as festivals.

HYMN *for this* DAY.

[By Bishop Heber.][1]

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker—'Help, Lord! or we perish!'

Oh Jesus! once tossed on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger—'Help, Lord! or we perish!'

And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
Arise in thy strength thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer—'Help, Lord! or we perish'!'

3.—SAINT BLASE,

Bishop of Sebasta, in Cappadocia, and beheaded in the year 289: he is the patron saint of the woolcombers.

5.—SAINT AGATHA.

She was a native of Sicily, and martyred by order of Quintianus, A.D. 251.

*6. 1684.—KING CHARLES II DIED.

Of the illness which immediately preceded the death of Charles the Second, a very full and curious detail, in Latin, is preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, together with copies of the prescriptions administered (two of them signed by no fewer than fourteen physicians), and an account of the appearances of his Majesty's body when opened; the whole completely removing the suspicion that the king was taken off by poison.—See this account in

[1] 'Hymns written and adapted to the weekly Church Service of the Year, by the Right Reverend Reginald Heber, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta;' a volume of beautiful devotional poetry, which should be in the possession of every family in the kingdom.

Mr. Ellis's Letters, *Second Series*, vol. iv, pp. 74-76. Charles II. received the rites of the Romish church the day before his death, and Father Hudleston's account of the death-bed scene of the king is full of interest: but for this also, and other particulars, we must refer our readers to Mr. Ellis's fourth volume, pp. 76-80.

*8. 1586.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS BEHEADED.

The following is the identical narrative of the execution of the Queen of Scots, which was forwarded from Fotheringay to the Court: various accounts have been dressed up from this document by several writers; but it is here given accurate and entire, and, though long, we are sure it will be acceptable to our readers.

First, the said Sc. Q. being caryed by two of Sir Amias Pauletts gentlemen, and the Sherife going before her, cam most willingly out of her chamber into an entery next the Hall, at which place the Earle of Shrewsbury and the Earle of Kente, commissioners for the execucion, with the two gouvernors of her person, and divers knightes and gentlemen did meete her, where they found one of the Sc. Q. servauntes, named Melvin, kneeling on his knees, who uttered these wordes with teares to the Q. of Sc. his mistris, 'Madam it wilbe the sorowfullest messuage that ever I caryed, when I shall report that my Queene and deare Mistris is dead.' Then the Qu. of Sc. shedding teares, aunswered him, 'You ought to rejoyce rather then weepe for that the end of Mary Stewards troubles is now come. Thou knowest Melvin that all this world is but vanity, and full of troubles and sorowes; cary this mesuage from me and tell my frendes that I die a true woman to my religion, and like a true Scottish woman, and a true French woman. But God forgive them that have long desired my ende; and he that is the true Judge of all secret thoughtes knoweth my mynde, how that ever it hath been my desire to have Scotlande and Englande united together. Comend me to my Sonne, and tell him that I have not donn any thinge that may prejudice his Kingdom of Scotland; and so, good Melvin, farewell;' and kissing him, she badd him pray for her[1].

[1] The Earl of Kent and Mr. Beale relate this scene a little differently: they say, "At the stayre foot she pawsed to speake to Melvile in our hearinge, which was to this effecte: 'Melvile, as thou hast byn an honest servaunt unto me, so I pray thee to contynue to my sonne, and commend me unto him. I have nott impugned his Reli-

Then she turned her to the Lordes and told them that she had certayne requestes to make unto them. One was for a sum of mony, which she said Sir Amias Paulett knewe of, to be paide to one Curle her servaunte; next, that all her poore servauntes might enjoy that quietly which by her Will and Testamente she had given unto them; and lastly that they might be all well intreated, and sent home safely and honestly into their contryes. 'And this I doe conjure you, my Lordes, to doe.'

Aunswere was made by Sir Amias Paulett, 'I doe well remember the mony your Grace speaketh of, and your Grace neede not to make any doubte of the not performaunce of your requestes, for I doe surely thincke they shalbe graunted.'

'I have,' said she, 'one other request to make unto you, my Lordes, that you will suffer my poore servauntes to be present about me at my death, that they may reporte when they come into their countryes how I dyed a true woman to my religion.'

Then the Earle of Kente, one of the commissioners, aunswered, 'Madam it cannot welbe graunted, for that it is feared least some of them wold with speeches both trouble and greive your Grace and disquiett the company, of which we have had allready some experience, or seeke to wipe their napkins in some of your bloode, which were not convenient.' 'My Lord,' said the Q. of Sc. 'I will give my word and promise for them that they shall not doe any such thinge as your Lordship hath named. Alas! poor sowles, yt wold doe them good to bidd me farewell. And I hope your Mistres, being a mayden Queene, in regard of womanhood, will suffer me to have some of my owne people aboute me at my death. And I know she hath not given you so straight a commission but that you may graunt me more then this, if I were a farr meaner woman then I am.' And then (seeming to be greeved) with some teares uttered thes wordes; 'You know that I am cosin to your Queene, and discended from the bloode of Henry the Seventh, a maryed Queene of Fraunce, and the anoynted Queene of Scotlande.'

Whereupon, after some consultacion, they graunted that she might have some of her servauntes accordinge to her Grace's re-

---

gion nor the Religion of others, butt wyshe him wele. And as I forgive all that have offended me in Scottland, so I would he should allso, and beseache God that he would send him his hollye spirytt and yllumynate him.. Melvill's aunswere was that he would so doe, and at that instant he would beseache God to assist him with his spirytt. Then shee demaunded to speake with her Priest which was denyed unto her, the rather for that she came with a superstityous payre of beades and a crucifix. She then desired to have her women to helpe her, and uppon her earnest request, and sayinge that when other Gentlewomen were executed shee had redd in Cronycles that they had women allowed unto them, yt was permytted that shee should have twoe named by her selfe, which were Mris. Curle, and Kennedie.'

quest, and therefore desired her to make choice of halfe a dosen of her men and women: Who presently said, that of her men she wold have Melvin, her poticary, her surgeon, and one other old man beside; and of her women, those two that did use to lye in her chamber.

After this She, being supported by Sir Amias two gentlemen aforesaid, and Melvin carying up her trayne, and also accompanied with the Lordes, Knightes, and Gentlemen aforenamed, the Sherife going before her, she passed out of the entery into the great Hall, with her countenance carelesse, importing thereby rather mirth then mournfull cheare, and so she willingly stepped up to the scaffold which was prepared for her in the Hall, being two foote high and twelve foote broade, with rayles round aboute, hanged and couvered with blacke, with a lowe stoole, long cushion, and blocke, couvered with blacke also. Then, having the stoole brought her, she satt her downe; by her, on the right hand, satt the Erle of Shrewsbury and the Erle of Kent, and on the left hand stoode the Sherife, and before her the two executioners; round about the rayles stood Knightes, Gentlemen, and others.

Then, silence being made, the Queenes Majesties Commission for the execution of the Queen of Scots was openly redd by Mr. Beale clarke of the Counsell; and thes wordes pronounced by the Assembly, 'God save the Queene.' During the reading of which Commission the Q. of Sc. was silent, listening unto it with as small regarde as if it had not concerned her at all; and with as cheerfull a countenaunce as if it had been a Pardon from her Majestie for her life; using asmuch straungenes in worde and deede as if she had never knowne any of the Assembly, or had been ignorant of the English language.

Then on [one] Doctor Fletcher, dean of Peterborowe, standing directly before her, without the rayle, bending his body with great reverence, began to utter this exhortacion following: 'Madame the Q. most excellent Matie. &c.' and iterating theis wordes three or fowre tymes, she told him, 'Mr. Dean, I am settled in the auncient Catholique Romayne religion, and mynd to spend my bloode in defence of it.' Then Mr. Dean said, 'Madame, chaung your opinion and repent you of your former wickednes, and settle your faith onely in Jesus Christ, by him to be saved.' Then she aunswered agayne and againe, 'Mr. Deane, trouble not yourselfe any more, for I am settled and resolved in this my religion, and am purposed therein to die.' Then the Earle of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Kente, perceavinge her so obstinate, tolde her that sithence she wold not heere the exhortacion begonn by Mr. Dean, 'We will pray for your Grace, that it stande with Gods will you may have your harte lightened, even at the last howre, with the true knowledge of God, and so die therein.' Then she aunswer-

ed, 'If you will pray for me, my Lordes, I will thanke you; but to joyne in prayer with you I will not, for that you and I are not of one religion.'

Then the Lordes called for Mr. Dean, who kneeling on the skaffold staires, began this Prayer, 'O most gracious God and mercifull Father, &c.' all the Assembly, saving the Queen of Scots and her servauntes, saying after him. During the saying of which prayer, the Queen of Scots, sitting upon a stoole, having about her necke an *Agnus Dei*, in her hand a crucifix, at her girdle a pair of beades with a golden crosse at the end of them, a Latin booke in her hand, began with teares and with loud and fast voice to pray in Latin; and in the middest of her prayers she slided off from her stoole, and kneeling, said divers Latin prayers: and after the end of Mr. Deans prayer, she kneelinge, prayed in Englishe to this effecte: 'for Christ his afflicted Church, and for an end of their troubles; for her sonne; and for the Queen's Majestie, that she might prosper and serve God aright.' She confessed that she hoped to be saved 'by and in the bloode of Christ, at the foote of whose Crucifix she wold shedd her bloode.' Then said the Earle of Kent, 'Madam settle Christ Jesus in your harte, and leave those trumperyes.' Then she little regarding, or nothing at all, his H. good counsell, went forward with her prayers, desiring 'that God wold averte his wrath from this Ilande, and that he wold give her griefe, and forgivenes for her sinnes.' These, with other prayers she made in English, saying she forgave her enemyes with all her harte that had longe sought her bloode, and desired God to converte them to the truthe; and in the end of the Prayer she desired all Saintes to make intercession for her to Jesus Christ, and so kissing the crucifix, and crossing of her also, said these wordes, 'Even as thy armes, O Jesus, was spredd here upon the Crosse, so receive me into thy armes of mercy, and forgive me all my sinnes.'

Her prayer being ended, the Executioners, kneeling, desired her Grace to forgive them her death: who aunswered, 'I forgive you with all my harte, for now, I hope, you shall make an end of all my troubles.' Then they, with her two women, helping of her up, began to disrobe her of her apparell; then, She, laying her crucifix upon the stoole, one of the executioners tooke from her necke the *Agnus Dei*, which she, laying handes of it, gave it to one of her women, and told the executioner that he shold be aunswered mony for it. Then she suffered them, with her two women, to disrobe her of her chayne of pomander beades and all other her apparell most willingly, and, with joy rather then sorrowe, helped to make unready her selfe, putting on a pair of sleeves with her owne handes which they had pulled off, and that with some hast, as if she had longed to be gonn. All this tyme they were pulling off her apparell, she never chaunged her coun-

tenaunce, but with smiling cheere she uttered thes wordes, 'that she never had such groomes to make her unready, and that she never put off her clothes before such a company.' Then She, being stripped of all her apparell saving her peticote and kirtle, her two women beholding her made great lamentacion, and crying and crossing themselves prayed in Latin; She, turning herselfe to them, imbrasinge them, said thes wordes in French, '*Ne crie vous, j'ay prome pour vous,*' and so crossing and kissing them, bad them pray for her and rejoyce and not weepe, for that now they should see an ende of all their Mistris troubles. Then She, with a smiling countenaunce, turning to her men servauntes, as Melvin and the rest, standing upon a bench nigh the Scaffold, who sometyme weeping sometyme crying out alowde, and continually crossing themselves, prayed in Latin, crossing them with her hand bad them farewell; and wishing them to pray for her even untill the last howre.

This donn, one of the women having a Corpus Christi cloth lapped up three-corner-wayes, kissing it, put it over the Q. of Sc. face, and pinned it fast to the caule of her head. Then the two women departed from her, and she kneeling downe upon the cusshion most resolutely, and without any token or feare of death, she spake alowde this Psalme in Latin, '*In te Domine confido, non confundar in eternam,*' &c. Then, groping for the blocke, she layed downe her head, putting her chynne over the blocke with both her handes, which, holding there still, had been cutt of had they not been espyed. Then lying upon the blocke most quietly, and stretching out her armes cryed '*In manus tuas, Domine,*' &c. three or fowre tymes. Then She, lying very still on the blocke, one of the executioners holding of her slitely with one of his handes, she endured two strokes of the other executioner with an axe, she making very smale noyse or none at all, and not stirring any parte of her from the place where she lay; and so the executioner cut off her head, saving one litle grisle, which being cutt asaunder, he lift up her head to the view of all the Assembly, and bad '*God save the Queene.*' Then, her dressing of lawne falling off from her head, it appeared as grey as one of threescore and tenn yeares old, polled very shorte, her face in a moment being so much altered from the forme she had when she was alive, as few could remember her by her dead face. Her lippes stirred up and downe a quarter of an hower after her head was cut off.

Then Mr. Dean said with a lowde voice, 'So perish all the Queene's Enemyes;' and afterwards the Earle of Kente came to the dead body, and standing over it, with a lowde voice said, 'Such end of all the Queenes and the Gospells enemyes.'

Then one of the Executioners pulling off her garters, espied her litle dogg which was crept under her clothes, which could not be gotten forth but by force, yet afterward wold not departe from the dead corpse, but came and lay betweene her head and her

shoulders, which being imbrued with her bloode, was caryed away and washed, as all thinges ells were that had any bloode was either burned or clean washed[1]: and the Executioners sent away with mony for their fees, not havinge any one thing that belonged unto her. And so, every man being comaunded out of the Hall, except the Sherife and his men, she was caryed by them up into a great chamber lying ready for the surgeons to imbalme her.—ELLIS'S ORIGINAL LETTERS, *Second Series*, vol. iii, pp. 113-118.

10.—SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY. *See* SEPTUAGESIMA, p. 35.

*10. 1827.—W. MITFORD DIED, ÆT. 83; Professor of Ancient History to the Royal Academy; author of the *History of Greece;* an Essay on the Harmony of Language; Observations on the History of Christianity, &c. &c.

14.—SAINT VALENTINE.

Valentine was an ancient presbyter of the church: after a year's imprisonment at Rome, he was beaten with clubs, and then beheaded, in the Via Flaminia, about the year 270, under Claudius II. The modern celebration of this day is well known: consult our former volumes, particularly T. T. for 1823, pp. 41-43, where some 'elegant Valentines' are given. See also T. T. for 1826, p. 39, for a variety of curious information relative to this day.

A VALENTINE.

[By Elizabeth Trefusis.]

When to Love's influence woman yields,
She loves for life! and daily feels
Progressive tenderness!—each hour
Confirms, extends, the tyrant's power!
Her lover is her god! her fate!—
Vain pleasures, riches, worldly state,
Are trifles all!—each sacrifice
Becomes a dear and valued prize,
If made for him, e'en though he proves
Forgetful of their former loves.

[1] The Narrative in the Cottonian MS. Jul. F. vi. says, 'The bloodye clothe, the blocke, and whatsoever was else bludye, was burnt in the chimney fier.'

17.—QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY. *See* SEPTUAGESIMA, p. 35.

Sir Walter Scott has written a beautiful hymn for this day; it is inserted in Bp. Heber's Collection, already noticed, and we introduce it here as a specimen of the varied powers of this great poet and fascinating writer.

The day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?

When, shriv'lling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heav'ns together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, oh Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heav'n and earth shall pass away!

*17. 1827.—M. PESTALOZZI DIED;

Inventor of the plan of 'Interrogative Education' since known throughout Europe by his name, and author of many works on this important subject. Though of patrician birth, M. Pestalozzi devoted himself, at an early period of life, to the service of the humbler classes. Benevolence was the prevailing feature in the character of this excellent man. It burned in him with the intensity of a passion, and needed, sometimes, the sober restraints of judgment. It was as discernible in the affectionate simplicity of his ordinary manners, as in the persevering exertions, and disinterested sacrifices, which marked his long life of trial and suffering. His genius was original, profound, and fertile; rising superior to the most overwhelming difficulties, but too frequently negligent of ordinary resources. The style of his writings is vigorous, pathetic, and piquant, but unpolished and irregular; in his philosophical works, it is heavy, in-

volved, and obscure. His conversation was particularly animated, playful, and entertaining; abounding in unexpected turns of thought, with an occasional felicity of expression that made an indelible impression on the hearer's mind.

An interesting Memoir of Pestalozzi will be found in a work lately published, entitled 'Letters on Early Education, addressed to J. P. Greaves, Esq. By Pestalozzi.'

19.—SHROVE TUESDAY.

For various particulars of this day, the reader is referred to the *fourteen* previous volumes of Time's Telescope, particularly T.T. for 1827, pp. 37-40.

In Catholic countries, where the *Carnival* is celebrated, this is the last day of that festival;—a period of dinners, balls, masquerades, and popular indulgence: on the nights of the Carnival, a general confusion takes place; masters are dressed as servants, valets as masters, the military as mechanics, and workmen as soldiers; every one puts on a strange dress, and plays the incognito under the favour of a mask: but the populace engross the remainder of the fête, by carrying through the streets an image called the *Carnival* or *Shrove Tuesday;* and, feigning grief and uttering piercing cries, they throw it into the river.

We borrow, says Pasquier, many things from the Pagans; as, instead of the ancient Bacchanalia we have introduced the *Carnival,* full of insolence and bad examples. The *Bacchanalia* were festivals which the Greeks borrowed from the Egyptians, and were celebrated in honour of Bacchus, whom they believed to be the same with Osiris: one of the most essential parts of this festival, was to appear covered with the skins of he-goats, tigers, and other animals; they smeared their faces with blood or wine-lees; and the whole became a sort of masquerade, full of mad tricks and the greatest follies. Instead of wearing the skin of a he-goat, some considered it better to clothe themselves in those of the she-goat or tiger, muffling up the head with stags'-horns, and covering the face with the bark of trees, in order to imitate the flat nose and the pointed ears of the kid and the he-goat; without neglecting other appropriate ornaments. A fine, handsome, well-fed youth was selected to personate *Bacchus,* who was placed in a car; and to give an air of the marvellous to the scene, the pretended tigers drew the car, while the he-goats and the kids gambolled about them, under the form of satyrs and fawns. Those who followed and accompanied the car were called Bacchants and Bacchantes, that is, male and female mourners. Last of all,

appeared an old man, representing *Silenus*, riding on an ass, and distributing his jokes and his gibes among the surrounding populace. The Gauls worshipped the Sun under the names of Taranis, Belenos, and Mithra: those who were initiated into the mysteries of Mithra were divided into several companies, each of which had one of the celestial constellations for an emblem; and the members celebrated their festivals in processions and entertainments, disguised like lions, rams, bears or dogs, as signs of the different constellations. Thus the balls and masquerades of the French may, perhaps, derive their origin from these religious ceremonies of their ancestors.

At *La Tombe*, a small village in France, the last day of the *Carnival* is devoted to various gay ceremonies and amusements. If it so happen that, during the course of the year, a husband has ill-treated or beaten his wife, and her next neighbour has not come to her assistance, he is punished, on this day, for his negligence. Being placed on an ass with his face towards the tail, he is surrounded by a number of people, and led through the streets and neighbouring villages.

On the last day of the Carnival also, they celebrate the ceremony of the *Femmes folles*, or foolish women; but this is the case only when any one has commenced house-keeping in the course of the year. The married women (not the youngest in the village) meet together, and disguise themselves by putting the front part of their caps behind, to which rags are suspended, and by blacking their faces: thus arrayed, they proceed, dancing and singing, to the domicile of the new house-keeper. Having gained admittance, they leap, jump, and dance about, and sing couplets and songs adapted to the occasion, and to the music of the epistle at grand mass. This is a specimen.

Comme cette semaine nous serons traitées!
Le lundi du bouilli,
Le mardi du rôti,
Le mercredi du jambon,
Le jeudi un chapon,
Le vendredi du saumon,
Le samedi du poisson,
Le dimanche au matin,
Des saucisses et du boudin.

'What a treat we shall have, this week! Monday, bouilli[1]; Tuesday, roast meat; Wednesday, ham; Thursday, a capon; Friday, salmon; Saturday, fish; and on Sunday morning, sausages and black puddings.'

From this specimen our readers will be enabled to judge of the rest. The inhabitants of the house are bound to regale the actresses in this burlesque scene; and if they refuse, the women

[1] The meat of which soup has been made.

make no scruple of taking away what furniture they like, and carry it to the wine-house (cabaret), which is deposited as a pledge for the entertainment they may choose to order, and the proprietor of it must pay the cabaretier his bill before he is allowed to redeem his effects. The women say, that they come to search for the *andouille* (a kind of large sausage), and for the *groulée*, a name given to the feast formerly held under similar circumstances.

Ceremony of the Shrove-tide Ox.—At Bonneval, in the Department of the Eure-et-Loir, before the Revolution, every year on Shrove-Tuesday, he who had the killing of the meat at this time of the year, led through the streets the finest and fattest ox he could find. It was decorated with ivy and ribands; and if the animal was docile, it was ridden by a young man, holding a branch of laurel in his hand, ornamented with ribands. The procession stopped before the houses of the most respectable persons in the town, and particularly at the doors of the butcher's friends and customers; and, at each resting-place, they drank a glass of wine. When they had thus passed through the town, the animal was taken to the slaughter-house, and killed: it was afterwards cut up, and the different parts exposed to sale, with ivy leaves stuck on them.

At the small town of *Bron*, where there is a large cattle market, it was the custom to lead an ox through the streets at the time of the carnival; and the bailiff and the attorney-fiscal were to select the finest and fattest ox they could find.—For an account of the *Carnival in Portugal*, consult our last volume, pp. 33-35.

20.—ASH WEDNESDAY.

The Lent fast was called by the Latins *Quadragesima;* but whether on account of its being originally a fast of *forty days*, or only *forty hours*, has been much disputed among learned men. Bingham inclines to the opinion, that, at first, it was only forty hours.—About three centuries ago, in a small village among the Apennines, the priest was so ignorant, that, not being himself aware of the annual feasts, he never announced them to his congregation. Having gone to Terranuova one day, and seeing the priests preparing their branches of olive and palm for next day, he found he had totally forgotten to announce *Lent* to his flock. Returning eight days afterwards, he caused the palm branches to be gathered, and, addressing his congregation, said, 'To-morrow, my friends,

Palm Sunday. Easter will take place next week: we shall fast during this week only, for Lent has *come later this year, in consequence of the cold weather and bad roads.*'—An account of the austerities of the early Christians will be found in our last volume, pp. 40-44.

24.—FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

This day is called, in France, *Le Dimanche des Brandons*, or Torch-Sunday. It is the custom in the country villages, on the evenings of this day, to light bonfires in the fields, and for the children to dance and sing round them. This is also a periodical custom; the ancients, in the spring-time of the year, ran about with lighted torches, to purify themselves, and to procure repose for the shades of their relatives. The cultivators of the ground, in the course of time, turned this ceremony to a useful purpose, going through their orchards with lighted wisps of straw, for the purpose of destroying the nests of insects in their trees. But may we not suppose that this custom refers to the equinoctial season? and that it is intended to celebrate that period, when the sun begins to shed its vivifying rays on our atmosphere, and to diffuse light and warmth around us? Fire was, among the ancients, the symbol of life; and we see it used both at the winter and summer solstice, to celebrate the new course of the sun. On funeral monuments we observe an *extinguished torch;* but, on the contrary, lighted ones in the hands of Hymen and Love, because they are the sources of life: lighted candles are placed round the dead corpse by Catholics, to express that the soul has passed into another state of existence.

The name of *Brandons*, given to the first Sunday in Lent, is derived from the penitence imposed by the Catholic church on those who, during the time of the Carnival, have been engaged in unlawful diversions; as the penitent is compelled to appear at the church on the Sunday following the Carnival with a

lighted torch in his hand, to make public reparation for the scandal to which his conduct has given rise.

At *Bonneval*, and in its vicinity, it is the custom to carry firebrands on the evenings of the first and *second* Sundays in Lent. The people go into the fields, or the neighbouring roads, carrying lighted brands made of straw, which they flourish about, at the same time singing

Brandons, brûlez
Pour les filles à marier.

They afterwards meet together, and eat furmety, made with wheat or other grain.—At *La Tombe*, also, they celebrate the festival of torches; but they do not, as in other places, run over the grounds with lighted torches of straw; they do not imitate the ancient lustrations. The following is their mode of proceeding: At a short distance from the village is an ancient landmark, called the *black land-mark;* and here they light up a fire, which, according to their notions, is to preserve the approaching harvest from all injury. It is called the black landmark, because the stone is blackened by the smoke of the frequent fires near it. Here we see the remains of primitive worship, and of the respect paid to landmarks and ancient lustrations.

24.—SAINT MATTHIAS.

St. Matthias was chosen by lot into the apostolical office, in the place of the traitor Judas (Acts i, 26), and was afterwards murdered by the Jews.—See T.T. for 1825, pp. 45, 46.

*26. 1827.—WILLIAM KITCHINER, M.D. DIED.

Dr. Kitchiner was the son of an eminent coal-merchant in the Strand, who was patronized by the then minister, Lord Shelburne; and, through this nobleman's powerful influence, pursued his business on a gigantic scale, supplying most of the government offices, and many of the high tory party and fashion of the day. When he died, he transmitted the handsome fortune (between sixty and seventy thousand pounds) he had thus honourably acquired to his only son, whose benevolence was great, his good humour unbounded, and his eccentricity amusing. Perhaps none ever better knew the town; and the proof is in the *tact* with which he selected the subjects on which he wrote. His *Cook's Oracle* will probably be the

lasting *Oracle of Cooks*. A plain eater will say that there is too much of the *gourmand* in it: but, if gourmands will seek their savoury dishes, it is a benefit to have them, in some measure, regulated by an experienced physician. 'His Art of invigorating and prolonging Life,' 'Pleasure of making a Will,' and 'Traveller's Oracle and Horse and Carriage Keeper's Guide,' are all extremely useful publications. With his ample fortune, Dr. Kitchiner was still an *economist*, and those who purchase his *Housekeeper's Ledger* will enjoy *a laugh*, as well as learn how to turn their means to the best advantage. His acquirements in *astronomy* were considerable, and his book on *telescopes* proves him to have been a master in the science of *optics*. In *music* he was a proficient; and several of his songs and duets in the Opera of *Ivanhoe* evince the extent of his talents as a composer. In 1821, at the coronation, he put forth his collection of the *National Songs of Great Britain*, a folio volume, with a very splendid dedication plate to his Majesty. In 1823, he published, in quarto, a collection of the *Sea Songs of Charles Dibdin*, with a memoir of the writer prefixed. Dr. K.'s collection of music was particularly extensive and valuable. In short, whether as a philanthropist or an author; whether as a man of science or a man of the world; the death of Dr. Kitchiner must be considered a public loss.

A love of music accompanied the Doctor through life; and, to the last, he played and sang with considerable taste and feeling. Though always an epicure—fond of experiments in cookery, and exceedingly particular in the choice of his viands, and in their mode of preparation for the table—he was regular, and even abstemious, in his general habits. His dinners, unless when he had parties, were comparatively plain and simple; served in an orderly manner—cooked according to his own maxims—and placed upon the table, invariably, within five minutes

of the time announced. His usual hour was five. His supper was served at half-past nine; and at eleven he was accustomed to retire. His public dinners, as they may be termed, were things of more pomp, and ceremony, and *étiquette:* they were announced by *notes of preparation,* which could not fail of exciting the liveliest sensations in the epigastric region of the highly favoured *invités.* One of these *notes* is a curiosity in itself, and is well entitled to preservation:—

Dear Sir—The honour of your company is requested, to dine with the Committee of Taste, on Wednesday next, the 10th instant.

The specimens will be placed upon the table at five o'clock precisely, when the business of the day will immediately commence.—I have the honour to be, your most obedient servant,

W. KITCHINER, Secretary.

August, 1825.—43, *Warren-street,*
Fitzroy-square.

At the last general meeting, it was unanimously resolved, that—

1st, An invitation to ETA BETA PI must be answered in writing, as soon as possible after it is received—within twenty-four hours at latest, reckoning from that on which it is dated;—otherwise the Secretary will have the profound regret to feel that the invitation has been definitely declined.

2d. The Secretary having represented, that the perfection of several of the preparations is so exquisitely evanescent, that the delay of *one minute,* after their arrival at the meridian of concoction, will render them no longer worthy of men of taste;

Therefore, to ensure the punctual attendance of those illustrious gastrophilists, who, on grand occasions, are invited to join this high tribunal of taste—for their own pleasure and the benefit of their country—it is irrevocably resolved, 'That the janitor be ordered not to admit any visitor, of whatever eminence of appetite, after the hour at which the Secretary shall have announced that the specimens are ready.'—By order of the Committee,

WILLIAM KITCHINER, Sec.

27, 29, AND MARCH 1.—EMBER DAYS.

The *Ember Days,* as now established, are the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent; after Whit Sunday, September 14th, and December 13th, respectively.

*FEB. 1827—PROFESSOR BODE DIED, ÆT. 80; Royal Professor of Astronomy at Berlin. He was a native of Hamburgh, and early displayed a love of the mathematical sciences. The eclipse of 1766 first gave an opportunity of manifesting his astronomical knowledge, and he was only twenty-five when he was appointed, in 1772, to his professorship at Berlin, a post he held for fifty-four years. He soon became a correspondent of all the most celebrated astronomers; and published numerous works of accuracy and value. Among the principal of them are, an 'Introduction to the Knowledge of the Starry Heavens;' 'Elements of the Astronomical Sciences;' and an 'Atlas Cœlestis,' in twenty sheets, containing 17,240 stars, and 12,000 more than had been previously laid down.

*FEB. 1827.—THOMAS HOLLOWAY DIED, ÆT. 79, Historical Engraver to the King; immortalized by his plates from the Cartoons of Raffaelle, the last of which was commenced just before his death, and will be completed by his very able colleagues in this arduous work. Mr. Holloway's Plates to Dr. Hunter's Translation of Lavater (seven hundred in number) are universally known and admired.

Astronomical Occurrences

In FEBRUARY 1828.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Pisces at 37 m, after 2 in the afternoon of the 19th of this month; and he rises and sets, during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

February	Sun rises		Sets	
1st,	28 m. after	7.	32 m. past	4
6th	19	7	41	4
11th	12	7	48	4
16th	1	7	59	4
21st	51	6	9	5
26th	41	6	19	5

Equation of Time.

If the time of the day has been observed on a good sun-dial, and it is wished to ascertain what should be indicated by a clock at the same moment, the numbers must be employed as directed in the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

	m.	s.
Friday, Feb. 1st, to the time by the dial *add*	13	52
Wednesday 6th	14	23
Monday .. 11th	14	35
Saturday .. 16th	14	27
Thursday.. 21st	14	2
Tuesday .. 26th	13	20

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon,	1st day, at	4 m.	past 1	in the morning
Last Quarter	8th	55	7	in the evening
New Moon	15th	45	10	in the morning
First Quarter	22d	38	2	in the afternoon.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the first meridian of this country at the following times, which will afford good opportunities of observing her transit, should the weather prove favourable. They may also be easily reduced to any other meridian if required.

February	7th, at	22 m. after	4	in the morning
	8th	12	5	.....
	9th	5	6	.....
	10th	1	7	.....
	11th	0	8	.....
	12th	0	9	.....
	19th	25	3	in the afternoon
	20th	15	4	.....
	21st	4	5	.....
	22d	53	5	.....
	23d	4	6	.....
	24th	29	7	in the evening
	25th	17	8	.....
	26th	3	9	.....
	27th	49	9	.....
	28th	34	10	.....

Time of High Water at London Bridge for every fifth Day.

The high tide will take place at London Bridge at the following times on the specified days; and for the intermediate days, and other places, the times of full tide must be found from these, as directed under this head, in the Occurrences for last month.

TABLE OF TIDES.

	Morning.	*Evening.*
February 1st, at	17 m. after 2	36 m. past 2
6th	56 4	16 5
11th	49 9	28 10
16th	44 2	6 3
21st	51 5	15 6
26th	39 10	10 11

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

From the variation in the distance of this planet from the Earth, and her position in reference to the Sun, the breadth and brightness of her illuminated disk are continually varying. The breadths of the light and dark parts now bear the following proportion to each other:—

February 1st { Illuminated part = 10·54197
Dark part..... = 1·45803

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The following are the eclipses of the first and second of these satellites, visible at the Royal Observatory this month, as recorded in mean time corresponding to that place:—

Immersions.

First Satellite,	3d day, at	12 m.	13 s. past	5 in the morning
	12th	33 ..	57	1 .....
	19th	27 ..	25	3 .....
	26th	20 ..	54	5 .....
Second Satellite	11th	16 ..	26	4 .....

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

February 8th, with Jupiter, at 10 in the morning
13th .. β in Capricorn 8 in the evening.

Other Phenomena.

Jupiter will be in quadrature at half past 3 in the morning of the 3d of this month; and Mercury will also be in conjunction at 15 m. past 7 in the same morning. Jupiter will likewise be stationary on the 28th.

The Naturalist's Diary

For FEBRUARY 1828.

Hold! hold! what would these endless clouds be at!
These five days it has been but pour—pour—pour;
Methinks 'twill float again the ark of Noah
From its old station on Mount Ararat.
Oh! 'tis a pleasant time for cloak and hat;
And for umbrellas, laid in dozens by,
That, as one drops, another may be dry:
For cork-soled shoes, stilts, oilcase, and all that.
Out, cat! why turn thy back upon the fire?
We've rain enough, I say!—We'll try again
This weather-glass;—sweet finger, pray mount higher!
Down!—down it goes!—oh mercy!—yet more rain?
Shall the world drown? no dry spot left upon it,
And fishes swim where now I pen this sonnet?

W. HOWITT.

As we have already observed, we regard this as the most cheerless month of the year. There may be pleasant varieties of it: the latter end may, and frequently is, much more agreeable than the commencement; but, as a whole, it is as we have characterized it—at once cold, damp, and foggy. Besides the earth being saturated with a whole winter's moisture, there is, generally, abundance of rain during this month; so much so, that it has acquired the cognomen of 'February-fill-dike.' The frosts and snows which have been locking up, and burying the earth for weeks and months, are giving way; and what is so cheerless and chilling as a *great thaw?* There is a lack of comfort felt every where. In real winter-weather, when the clear frosty air sharply saluted the face by day, and revealed to the eye, at night, a scene of sublime splendour in the lofty and intensely

blue sky, glittering with congregated stars, or irradiated by the moon,—there was a sense of vigour, of elasticity, and of freshness, which made it welcome; but now,—most commonly, by day and night, the sky is hidden in impenetrable vapour—the earth is sodden and splashy with wet;—and even the very *fireside* does not escape the comfortless sense of humidity. Every thing presents to the eye, accustomed so long to the brightness of clear frosts and the pure whiteness of snow, a dingy and soiled aspect. All things are dripping with wet: it hangs upon the walls like a heavy dew; it penetrates into the drawers and wardrobes of our warmest chambers; and we are surprised at the unusual dampness of our clothes, linen, books, paper, —and, in short, almost every thing which we have occasion to examine. Brick and stone floors are now dangerous things for delicate and thinly-shod people to stand upon. To this source, and, in fact, to the damps of this month, operating in various ways, may be attributed not a few of the colds, coughs, and consumptions so prevalent in England. Pavements are frequently so much elevated by the expansion of the moisture beneath, as to obstruct the opening and shutting of doors and gates, and our gravel-walks resemble saturated sponges. Abroad, the streets are flooded with muddy water, and slippery with patches of ice and half-melted snow, which strikes through our shoes in a moment. The houses, and all objects whatever, have a dirty and disconsolate aspect; and clouds of dun and smoky haze hover over the whole dispiriting scene. In the country, the prospect is not much better. The roads are full of mire. Instead of the enchantments of hoar-frost, so beautifully described by the poets[1],—we have naked hedges,

[1] Artist unseen! that dipt in frozen dew
Hast on the glittering glass thy pencil laid,
Ere from yon sun the transient visions fade,
Swift let me trace the forms thy fancy drew!

with sallow and decaying weeds beneath them; pastures brown and wet; and sheets of ice, but recently affording such fine exercise to skaters and sliders, are half submersed in water,—full of great cracks, and scattered with straws, and dirty patches, and stones half liberated by the thaw. Let us felicitate ourselves, however, that such a joyless time is seldom of long continuance. The winds of March will speedily come piping their jovial strains; clearing the face of the blessed Heavens from their sullen veil of clouds, and sweeping away the superabundant moisture from earth and air.

The banks are partly green; hedges and trees
Are black and shrouded, and the keen wind roars,
Like dismal music wand'ring over seas,
And wailing to the agitated shores.

The fields are dotted with manure—the sheep
In unshorn wool, streaked with the shepherd's red,
Their undivided peace and friendship keep,
Shaking their bells, like children to their bed.

The roads are white and miry—waters run
With violence through their tracks—and sheds, that flowers
In summer graced, are open to the sun,
Which shines in noonday's horizontal hours.

Frost claims the night; and Morning, like a bride,
Forth from her chamber glides; Mist spreads her vest;
The sunbeams ride the clouds till eventide,
And the wind rolls them to ethereal rest.

Sleet, shine, cold, fog, in portions fill the time;
Like hope, the prospect cheers; like breath it fades:
Life grows in seasons to returning prime,
And beauty rises from departing shades. *Table Book.*

Thy towers and palaces of diamond hue,
Rivers and lakes of lucid crystal made,
And hung in air hoar trees of branching shade,
That liquid pearl distil:—thy scenes renew,
Whate'er old bards or later fictions feign,
Of secret grottos underneath the wave,
Where Nereids roof with spar the amber cave;
Or bowers of bliss, where sport the fairy train,
Who, frequent by the moonlight wanderer seen,
Circle with radiant gems the dewy green. SOTHEBY.

Oh! blithe and animating is the breath of March! It is like a cool, but spirit-stirring draught of some ancient vintage; elating, but not enervating the heart, deadening the memory of past evil, and expanding the mind with the delicious hope of future delights. Such a precious boon, however, is not exclusively permitted to March. February is often allowed to be a liberal partaker ere its close; and we have known the winds lift up their voices, in this month, with all their triumphant and sonorous energy. Nothing, perhaps, can illustrate so vividly our idea of spirit as a mighty wind,—present in its amazing power and sublimity, yet seen only in its effects. We are whirled along by its carcering torrent with irresistible power; we are driven before it, as Miss Mitford says, as by a steam engine. How it comes rushing and roaring over the house, like the devouring billows of an ocean broke loose! Then for the banging of doors—the swinging and creaking of signs—the clatter of falling shutters in the street! Then for the crash of chimnies—the toppling down of crazy gables—the showering of tiles upon the pavements, as if the bomb-shells of a besieging army were demolishing the roofs, and rendering it death even to walk the streets. Then for a scene of awful grandeur upon the shores of the glorious *ocean*. That which but an hour before was calm and sun-bright, a variety of vessels lying at anchor, or sailing to and fro in serene beauty,—*then* is become a scene of sublime and chaotic uproar; the waves rolling, and foaming, and dashing their spray over rocks, pier-heads, houses, and even over the loftiest towers and churches too—as we have seen it,—to an amazing extent,—till the water ran down the walls like rain, and the windows, at a great distance from the beach, were covered with a salt incrustation—the vessels meanwhile labouring amidst the riotous billows as for life, and tugging at their cables as if mad for their escape. Many a beautiful, many a wild, many an animated spectacle is to be witnessed on the shores of our happy isle in

such moments!—What a solemn and sublime war, also, is there in the *woods*—a sound as of vast and tempestuous seas! What poetical spirit can hear it without being influenced by incommunicable sensations, and ideas of power, majesty, and the stupendous energies of the elements!

Oh! storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong.

What picturesque ruin is there scattered around us! Trees overwhelmed—immense branches torn off—small boughs broken—and dry leaves whirled along, or quivering in the air like birds.

To the WIND *at* MIDNIGHT.

[By the late H. K. White.]

Not unfamiliar to mine ear,
Blasts of the night! ye howl, as now
My shuddering casement loud
With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe,—
The howling sweep, the sudden rush;
And when the pausing gale
Poured deep the hollow dirge.

Once more I listen; sadly communing
Within me,—once more mark, storm-clothed,
The moon as the dark cloud
Glides rapidly away.

I, deeming that the voice of spirits dwells
In these mysterious moans, in solemn thought
Muse on the choral dance,
The dead man's jubilee.

Hark! how the spirit knocks,—how loud
Even at my window knocks,—again;—
I cannot—dare not sleep,—
It is a boisterous night.

I would not, at this moment, be
In the drear forest groves, to hear
This uproar and rude song
Ring o'er the arched aisles.

The ear doth shudder at such sounds
As the unbodied winds, in their disport,
Wake in the hollow woods,
When man is gone to sleep.

There have been heard unchristian shrieks,
And rude distempered merriment,
As though the autumnal woods
Were all in morrice dance.

There's mystery in these sounds, and I
Love not to have the grave disturbed;
And dismal trains arise
From the unpeopled tombs.

Spirits, I pray ye, let them sleep
Peaceful in their cold graves, nor waft
The sear and whispering leaf
From the inhumed breast. *Literary Souvenir.*

The Brown-headed Gull.—Near the centre of the county of Norfolk, at the distance of about twenty-five miles from the sea, and two from Hingham, is a large piece of water called Scoulton Mere. In the middle of this mere there is a boggy island of seventy acres extent, covered with reeds, and on which there are some birch and willow trees. There is no river communicating between the mere and the sea. This mere has, from time immemorial, been a favourite breeding-spot of the brown-headed gull. The birds begin to make their appearance at Scoulton about the middle of February; and by the end of the first week in March, the great body of them have always arrived. They spread themselves over the neighbouring country to the distance of several miles in search of food, following the plough as regularly as rooks; and from the great quantity of worms and grubs which they devour, they render essential service to the farmer. If the spring is mild, the gulls begin to lay about the middle of April; but the month of May is the time at which the eggs are found in the greatest abundance. At this season, a man and three boys find constant employment in collecting them, and they have sometimes gathered upwards of a thousand in a day. The eggs are sold, on the spot, at the rate of fourpence a score, and are regularly sent, in considerable quantities, to the markets at Norwich and Lynn. They are eaten cold, like lapwings' eggs, and also used for culinary purposes; but they are rather of an inferior quality, and somewhat like ducks' eggs in flavour. The person who sells the eggs gives fifteen pounds a-year for the privilege of collecting them.

This species of gull never lays more than three eggs the first time; but if these are taken, it will lay again. Many of the old birds may be seen sitting in the middle of June; most of these have only one egg in the nest, but a few of them have two. Their nests are made of the tops of reeds and sedge, and are very flat at the top. The eggs vary so much in size, shape, and colour, that a person not well acquainted with them would suppose some

of them to belong to a different species of bird. Some are thickly covered with dusky spots, and others are of a light blue colour, without any spots at all. The young birds leave the nest as soon as hatched, and take to the water. When they can fly well, the old ones depart with them, and disperse themselves on the sea-coast, where they are found during the autumn and winter. By the middle of July they all leave Scoulton, and are not seen there again till the following spring.—*Linn. Trans.* vol. xv, Part I, p. 52.

Lichens, during the dearth of other vegetation, form an interesting subject for examination in this, and other winter months. See a paper on Lichens, by Mr. ANDREW KERR YOUNG, of Paisley, in our last volume, p. 54. Consult also *Drummond's First Steps to Botany*, second edition.

Towards the end of the month, we are gladdened with symptoms of approaching spring. On warm banks, the commencement of vegetation is perceptible. The sap is stirring in the trees, swelling and feeding the buds; and, in gardens, a variety of green things are peeping from the earth, and *snowdrops*[1], hepaticas, &c. are actually in bloom. In towns, it is a cheering sight, even while all without is wintry and frosty, to see as we pass, in cottage windows, tufts of crocuses and snowdrops flowering in pots; and in

---

[1] *The* SNOWDROP; *a Sonnet.*

The snowdrop, rising to its infant height,
Looks like a sickly child upon the spot
Of young nativity, regarding not
The air's caress of melody and light
Beamed from the east, and softened by the bright
Effusive flash of gold—the willow stoops
And muses, like a bride without her love,
On her own shade, which lies on waves, and droops
Beside the natal trunk, nor looks above:—
The precipice, that torrents cannot move,
Leans o'er the sea, and steadfast as a rock,
Of dash and cloud unconscious, bears the rude
Continuous surge, the sounds and echoes mock:
Thus Mental Thought enduring, wears in solitude.

Table Book.

those of wealthier dwellings, hyacinths, narcissus, &c. in glasses, displaying their bulbs and long, white, fibrous roots in the clear water below, and the verdure and flowery freshness of summer above. It is a sight truly English; it is in accordance with our ideas of home comfort and elegance. If we are to believe travellers, in no country is the domestic culture of flowers so much attended to as in our own. We trust this will always be a prevailing taste with us. There is something pure and refreshing in the appearance of plants in a room; and watched and waited on, as they generally are, by the gentler sex, they are links in many pleasant associations. They are the cherished favourites of our mothers, wives, sisters, and friends not less dear, and connect themselves, in our minds, with their feminine delicacy, loveliness, and affectionate habits and sentiments.

Leaves *and* Flowers.

[By H. M. Parker, Author of the Draught of Immortality.]

With tender vine-leaves wreathe thy brow,
And I shall fancy that I see,
In the bright eye that laughs below,
The dark grape on its parent tree.
'Tis but a whim—but, oh! entwine
Thy brow with this green wreath of mine.

Weave of the clover-leaves a wreath,
Fresh sparkling with a summer-shower,
And I shall, in my fair one's breath,
Find the soft fragrance of the flower.
'Tis but a whim—but, oh! do thou
Twine the dark leaves around thy brow.

Oh, let sweet-leaved geranium be
Entwined amidst thy clustering hair,
Whilst thy red lips shall paint to me
How bright its scarlet blossoms are.
'Tis but a whim—but, oh! do thou
Crown with my wreath thy blushing brow.

Oh, twine young rose-leaves round thy head,
And I shall deem the flowers are there,—
The red rose on thy rich cheek spread,
The white upon thy forehead fair.
'Tis but a whim—but, oh! entwine
My wreath round that dear brow of thine.

MARCH.

MARCH was so named from the god Mars, to whom Romulus had dedicated it. The sign of this month is *Aries*.

Remarkable Days

In MARCH 1828.

1.—SAINT DAVID.

DAVID, the tutelar saint of Wales, died at a very advanced age, towards the end of the sixth century. —See our former volumes.

There is a singular custom at *Bonneval*, on the 1st of March. When the young people wish to ascertain whom they shall marry, it is the practice to rise at midnight, exactly as the clock strikes twelve, on the first day of March; they then pace three steps in front of the bed, saying, 'Good morning, March—from March to March, show me, in my sleep, the wife (or husband) whom I shall marry in the course of my life.' They then walk backwards to the bed, go to sleep, and dream (of course); and to the man or woman who appears to them in their sleep, they will, some day, be united. 'I do not (says M. Le Jeune) give this as an infallible receipt; all that I know is, many people put faith in it, and some persons assure me they have used it with success.'

2.—SAINT CHAD,

Bishop of Lichfield, died in 673, the year in which Venerable Bede was born.

*5. 1827.—ALESSANDRO VOLTA DIED.

The very same day that deprived France of its celebrated mathematician and astronomer La Place, robbed Italy of its no less eminent Volta, whose discoveries in physical science are among the most important of the last century; and, are so much the more honourable to his talents, as they were all, more or less, the result of study and profound theory.

Volta's principal discoveries and inventions were as follow:—1. The perpetual Electrophorus, a description of which he wrote in June 1775. It is impor-

tant to remark this date, as the honour of the invention has sometimes been given to Wilche, of whose experiments Volta was entirely ignorant.—2. The inflammability of the air escaping from the marshes. In 1776 and 1777, Volta published some remarkable letters on this subject.—3. The Voltaic pistol and lamp. These instruments were invented in 1777.—4. The Eudiometer. This instrument, which was invented by Volta in the same year, serves to determine, with a precision until that time unknown, the proportion of the two gases, oxygen and azote, composing the atmospheric air.—5. The Condenser. This instrument, which renders sensible the smallest portions of the electric fluid, was invented by Volta in 1782.—6. The Voltaic pile, of which it may truly be said, that it has been as productive of discoveries, in natural philosophy and chemistry, as the telescope has been in astronomy, or the microscope in natural history. This astonishing invention, and the simple apparatus of which it is composed, were described by Volta in a letter written by him to Sir Joseph Banks.—His works were published at Florence, in 1816, by the Chevalier Antinori, under the title of 'Collezione delle Opere del Conte Alessandro Volta.'

*5. 1827.—THE MARQUIS DE LA PLACE DIED.

Besides numerous articles in the Transactions of the National Institute, the Academy of Sciences, and the Polytechnic School, the following works were written by La Place:—Theory of the Motion and Elliptical Figure of the Planets, 1784; Theory of the Attractions of Spheroids, and the Figure of the Planets, 1785; Exposition of the System of the World, 2 vols. 1796; Treatise on Celestial Mechanism, 4 vols. 1799, 1803, 1805; Analytical Theory of Probabilities, 1812; Philosophical Essay on Probabilities, 1814.

La Place's studies, however, were not confined to the mathematics, geometry, and astronomy: he devoted himself, with considerable ardour, to chemistry: in conjunction with Lavoisier, he invented the Calo-

rimeter; and he repeated the experiments of Monge and Cavendish, on the decomposition of water.

7.—PERPETUA.

She suffered martyrdom at twenty-two years of age, under the persecution of Severus, in the year 203.

12.—SAINT GREGORY.

Gregory, commonly called *the Great*, was elevated to the papal chair A.D. 590. Zealous for the conversion of Britain, he sent over the monk *Augustin*, with forty companions, on a mission to the Anglo-Saxons.

*14. 1757.—ADMIRAL BYNG SHOT.

Several contemporary letters which throw considerable light on the events connected with the fate of Admiral Byng, have been printed by Mr. Ellis, in his Original Letters, *Second Series*, vol. iv, pp. 378-403. The limited nature of our work precludes the insertion of the whole, and the introduction of a *part* only of the valuable information on the subject would be useless: our readers, therefore, must be satisfied with this ☞ notice; and, we are confident, if they follow up our suggestions, they will not think the space misemployed, which has been devoted to this, and other similar memoranda.

16.—MIDLENT SUNDAY.

Every year, on this day, in most of the communes of the department of the Eure-et-Loir, the young men and maidens, all in their Sunday clothes, and bedecked with ribands of various colours, meet together, and walk round the parish in which they live. Each bears a banner or flag, which is called a *banvolle*. Every two boys carry between them a *manne*, or large flat basket with two handles to it, in which they receive the 'benevolences of all well-disposed persons.' This joyous company stop before the door of the houses of the richest persons in the town, plant their banners together in the ground, and dance round them in a circle; and at the close of every dance, each seizes his banner, flourishes it in the air, and cries out *le roi boit*, 'the king drinks.' The cadence of the song which accompanies the dance is sufficiently regular, but rather *lullabyish*, and is much in the style of the nursery songs used to send children to sleep. The custom has existed for a long period of time, and was practised so lately

as 1809. The young people are particularly interested in its continuance; for, in the evening, they make a collation of the different presents put into the baskets, and the remainder of the day is spent in feasting and merriment. The parents also meet their children at this fête, which towards the close of the evening becomes public.

17.—SAINT PATRICK,

The tutelar Saint of Ireland, died about the year 460, at an advanced age: see T. T. for 1824, p. 69. In one of the islets of Loughderg, in Donegal county, there is a spot called 'Patrick's Purgatory.' This seems to have been of old a place of some celebrity, where an exhibition of the penalties of purgatory were got up in high theatric style, pretty much on what has been supposed to be the plan of the old Eleusinian or Samothracian mysteries. It is still the object of pilgrimage, and the scene of severe mortification.

The island is about half a mile from the shore, and there are two chapels on it; one for confession, and another for general worship. At what is called 'Station Time,' the place is frequented by immense numbers of persons.

Every pilgrim strips off his shoes, stockings, and hat, before he enters the chapel (some before they come into the yard), and must fancy that he is entering a place as holy as Mount Sinai. On entering the chapel door, he prostrates himself, kisses the ground, and must imagine that he receives the prior's blessing, who is at Loughderg; then crossing himself on the forehead, mouth, &c. he kneels before the cross and repeats three paters, three aves, a gloria patri, and a creed; after kissing the ground he rises, leans his shoulders against the cross, and goes through a ceremony called 'the taking up of the cross,' bawling out three times, 'I renounce the world, the devil, and the flesh;' then he kisses it, in imitation of the angel's cleansing the lips of the prophet Isaiah with a burning coal; he next repeats three paters, three aves, &c., to obtain from God the three most necessary things for rendering his station acceptable—1st, The fear of God, by which our sins are expelled; 2d, humility, by which our prayers penetrate the very clouds; and 3d, patience, by which we possess our souls. Then, after kissing the ground and the cross, he walks seven times round the chapel-floor, in honour of the seven times the Priests went round the walls of

Jericho! repeating a decade each time, in satisfaction for the sins committed during the seven days of the week. After this, he crosses himself again; bows as often as he passes by the altar, especially if the consecrated wafer be placed on it, to be adored by the pilgrims. Then he goes to one of the small circles, and walks round it outside, until he has said five paters, five aves, a gloria patri, and a creed, 'in honour of the five bleeding wounds of our Saviour;' he next struggles round the inside of it, until he finishes as many more paters, &c. 'to atone for the sins committed by the five senses;' and then repeats the same number on his knees inside and outside; then, after kissing the ground, he goes through the same repetitions and gesticulation at each of the two other smaller circles. After that, he walks round the great circle of St. Patrick, outside, until he has repeated seven decades (i. e. seven paters, seventy aves, seven gloria patri's, and one creed!) 'in satisfaction for the seven deadly sins;' then kneeling at the entrance of the circle, and kissing the ground, with more than ordinary devotion, he faces the altar and cross, and, after paying them the usual honours, he repeats five decades standing. Then he salutes the cross, altar, &c., goes round the inside of the circle on his knees, and repeats seven decades; he next proceeds to the three small circles on the opposite side, and goes round them almost in the same manner, repeating the same number of decades, and performing the same ceremonies of bowing, kissing the ground, &c. Then he goes to a place marked, 'in imitation of a stone dedicated to the Virgin Mary,' in Loughderg, which is a considerable distance from the shore, called in Irish 'Clogh Wirthe,' and must fancy, as he passes to it, that he is at Loughderg, wading through the water, and going to 'drown his sins in it, as Moses did his enemies in the Red Sea;' then he repeats three paters and three hail Mary's, &c., in honour of the Holy Trinity, that his station may be acceptable to God, through the intercessions of all the saints, to whom the various circles are dedicated. Then he goes to the altar, and kisses the steps of it, if the crowd permit him to come so near it; he then retires to some private corner, and repeats fifteen decades, and finishes what is called a *station*, which he repeats three times again during his pilgrimage. This unprofitable drudgery is continued for three, six, and, by some, for nine days and one night spent in prison; the penitents living on a single meal of bread and water each day, the prison day excepted, on which they must neither eat, drink, or sleep! To make their situation as *comfortable* as that of the parent station, they must fancy that the water of a neighbouring spring is changed into *wine!—Dublin Warder*, 1827.

An account of the usual celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Ireland, may be seen in our last volume, p. 66.

18.—EDWARD, KING OF THE WEST SAXONS,

Was stabbed at Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire, on this day, in the year 978, by order of Elfrida, his step-mother.—See T. T. for 1824, p. 69.

20.—MIDLENT THURSDAY.

Every year at *Bonneval*, on this day, to the time of the Revolution, all the children had a custom of going into the fields to look for the half-devoured carcass of a horse, or some other animal; the different parts were then tied together, and the whole was dragged through the streets of the town, amid the cries of '*La Mi-Carême, La Mi-Carême,*' (the Mid-Lent). This ceremony was called the 'dragging of the Mid-Lent;' and when night came, the carcass was hung up at the door of some person whom the youngsters had reason to dislike.

21.—SAINT BENEDICT.

An Italian devotee of great austerity of manners: he died in the year 542.

23.—FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

This was called *Passion Sunday*, as the church now began to advert to the sufferings of Christ.

25.—ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, OR LADY DAY.

For a description of some very singular customs on this day, we refer to T.T. for 1823, p. 63; T.T. or 1824, p. 71; and our last volume, p. 67.

*29. 1827.—CHARLES DIGNUM DIED, ÆT. 62;

The well known singer, and composer of several pleasing ballads; he also published, by subscription, a collection of popular vocal music. His brilliant wit and splendid conversational talents will, it is said, be long remembered by those who had the happiness of his acquaintance.

30.—PALM SUNDAY.

This day commemorates our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem: see our former volumes.—The inhabitants of the district of *Sologne* keep the

'festival of torches' on this day. In the evening, they go abroad, provided with lighted brands of straw, making the circuit of their corn-fields, and calling out, like the Bacchants of old, 'shake your torches, and burn them along the vineyards and the meadows. Mice, come out of the corn, and go and forage in the woods: if a priest comes, send him about his business; if a capucin, give him a slice of bread; if a thief, give him a good beating: shake your torches, &c.' While the procession is going its rounds, the mistress of the farm prepares the repast, of which millet forms the principal dish: she keeps the door shut, and only opens it after reiterated demands, intermixed with songs and dialogues. If the peasants who carry the torches belonging to two different farms meet, they generally have a skirmish together. The feast is concluded by the young women and men adjourning to a neighbouring wine-house, where they pass the night in drinking, singing, and dancing.

*31. 1827.— L. VON BEETHOVEN DIED.

He was born at Baun, where his father was the tenor singer in the Elector's chapel. His earliest instructions in music were received from Neefe, the court organist; and so rapid was his progress, that, at the early age of eleven, he was able to play the far-famed preludes and fugues of the great Sebastian Bach. Beethoven received a regular classical education; Homer and Plutarch were his great favourites among the ancients; and of the native poets, Schiller and Goëthe (the latter of whom was his personal friend) he preferred to all others. For a considerable time, he also studied more abstruse subjects, such as Kant's Philosophy, &c. There are not fewer than 120 of Beethoven's performances, the greater part of which are allowed to be productions of the highest order. In the loftier strains of composition he was almost without a rival. In many of his orchestral symphonies, overtures, quartettos for the violin, concertos, trios, and sonatas for the piano-forte, he may

be ranked with Haydn and Mozart. Beethoven was a fervent admirer of Handel and Mozart. Of Handel he was once heard to exclaim, 'I would uncover my head and kneel down on his tomb!' To the works of modern composers he seems to have paid but little attention: when asked about 'Der Freischutz,' his answer was, 'I believe one Weber has written it.' Of his own productions he thought his second mass was the best. In their neglect of *living* genius, the feelings of the Germans appear to assimilate but too closely with those of their brethren in this country; for, although Beethoven was allowed to languish and expire in poverty, his remains were honoured with a splendid and ostentatious funeral.

Astronomical Occurrences

In MARCH 1828.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Aries at 47 m. after 2 in the afternoon of the 20th of this month, and he rises and sets, during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

March 1st,	Sun rises 36 m. after 6.	Sets 24 m. past 5
6th	25	6	35	5
11th	16	6	44	5
16th	6	6	54	5
21st	56	5	4	6
26th	46	5	14	6
31st	36	5	24	6

Equation of Time.

To convert apparent into mean time, the numbers must be used as stated in the following Table. Those to be employed for any intermediate days, or times of the day, must be found by proportion:—

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Saturday, March	1st, to the time by the dial *add*	12	35
Thursday	6th	11	28
Tuesday	11th	10	11
Sunday	16th	8	47
Friday	21st	7	18
Wednesday	26th	5	46
Monday	31st	4	13

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon, ..	1st day, at	53 m.	after 6	in the evening
Last Quarter	9th	18	5	in the morning
New Moon ..	15th	38	9	in the evening
First Quarter	23d	2	10	in the morning
Full Moon ..	31st	18	10	.....

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will make her transit at the following times this month, which will afford favourable opportunities for observation, if the weather be fine: viz.

March 8th, at	50 m. past	4	in the morning
9th ..	55	5	.....
10th ..	53	6	.....
11th ..	52	7	.....
12th ..	50	8	.....
13th ..	46	9	.....
20th ..	50	3	in the afternoon
21st ..	40	4	.....
22d ..	29	5	.....
23d ..	17	6	.....
24th ..	5	7	in the evening
25th ..	51	7	.....
26th ..	36	8	.....
27th ..	21	9	.....
28th ..	6	10	.....
29th ..	51	10	.....

Time of High Water at London, for every fifth Day.

The following are the times of high tide at London Bridge for certain days during the present month. To find that of various other places from these, see the article in January:—

TABLE OF TIDES.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
March 1st, at	43 m.	after 1	at 6 m.	after 2
6th ..	40	4	0	5
11th ..	36	9	14	10
16th ..	24	2	48	2
21st ..	29	5	51	5
26th ..	5	10	35	10
31st ..	2	2	24	2

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The illuminated phase of this beautiful planet now increases in brightness, but diminishes in magnitude. The proportion is,

March 1st { Illuminated part = 9·78134
Dark part..... = 2·21866

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The following are the visible eclipses of these small bodies during the present month: viz.

Immersions.

First Satellite,	6th day, at	42 m.	50 s.	after 1	in the morning
	13th	36 ..	24	3	
	21st	58 ..	25	11	at night
	29th	52 ..	9	1	in the morning
Second Satellite	7th	11 ..	25	1	
	14th	44 ..	29	3	

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

March 6th, with Jupiter at 5 in the afternoon
12th .. β in Capricorn 5 in the morning.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 1st of this month. He will be stationary on the 8th, and in his inferior conjunction at 15 m. after 6 in the morning of the 18th. Mars will be in quadrature at 15 m. after 1 in the afternoon of the 5th. Saturn will be stationary on the 14th, and Mercury on the 31st. There will also be a near appulse of the planet Venus with the star ζ in Pisces, at 7 in the morning of the 3d of this month.

The Naturalist's Diary

For MARCH 1828.

Through hedge-row leaves, in drifted heaps
Left by the stormy blast,
The little hopeful blossom peeps,
And tells of winter past;
A few leaves flutter from the woods,
That hung the season through,
Leaving their place for swelling buds
To spread their leaves anew. CLARE.

STORMS of hail and rain not unfrequently occur in this uncertain month of 'many weathers,' but they are not attended with such disastrous effects as those which take place in other countries, particularly in North America. A recent traveller observes, in his Journal, under the date of March 9, 'For two days past it has rained and frozen as it fell; the trees, ships, buildings, &c. are all incrusted with icicles: the strongest branches of the trees are every minute giving way, and falling under their loads. In the country, the scene is brilliant and beautiful beyond description; the spruce, the pine, and the cedar are coated with transparencies, their limbs bending in every fantastic shape, while the rich dark green of their leaves shows to double advantage through the brilliant covering; the twigs of the yellow willow may be compared to amber set in crystal; the red maple, and large berries of the sweetbriar, seem covered with pendant diamonds; the trees at a distance appear to be laden with blossoms, white, glittering, and brilliant; but no description can convey an adequate idea of the fairy frost-work.'

On March 31, 1820, at Newcastle, Delaware State, Mr. Faux says, 'I saw the effect of the late freezing rain on the trees, which, over an extent of country

six times as large as England, has despoiled trees as completely as if chain-shot had passed through them all. The trees and shrubs are laden with ice, a weight ten times that of their own boughs. Many farmers lost nearly all their timber and orchards; a ship also was upset by the great weight of the ice adhering to her rigging.'

The cutting blasts, usually experienced in this month, and so trying to the invalid, are equally injurious to the progress of vegetation; and the 'sweet flowers' are compelled to await the smiles and tears of gentle April to encourage their growth, and to bring them to perfection. The winds of March, however, are highly beneficial in drying up the superabundant moisture of the earth; and, although they may retard the delights and the beauties of Spring, these are rendered more valuable to us, because they are less fugacious. The russet-brown dress of the hedges is now spotted with green, preparatory to their assuming the complete vesture of Spring. The leaves of the lilac begin to peep from beneath their winter clothing, and gooseberry and currant trees display their verdant foliage and pretty, green blossoms'.

'Mong withered grass upon the plain,
That lent the blast a voice,
The tender green appears again,
And creeping things rejoice;
Each warm bank shines with early flow'rs,
Where oft a lonely bee
Drones, vent'ring on in sunny hours
Its humming song to thee. CLARE.

Of the *bee*, which may be seen collecting materials for its honey on every fine day throughout the year, DR. BEVAN relates the following curious anecdotes:

' A lively description of 'Mornings in March,' from the pen of our friend W. Howitt, and a beautiful MARCH INVOCATION, by Delta, may be seen in our last volume, p. 76, and they are worth referring to.

'A snail having crept into one of M. Reaumur's hives early in the morning, after crawling about for some time, adhered, by means of its own slime, to one of the glass panes, where, but for the bees, it would probably have remained, till either a moist air or its own spume had loosened the adhesion. The bees having discovered the snail, immediately surrounded it, and formed a border of propolis round the verge of its shell, which was at last so securely fixed to the glass as to become immoveable, either by the moisture of the air from without, or by the snail's secretion from within. Maraldi has related a somewhat similar instance. A houseless snail, or slug as it is called, had entered one of his hives: the bees, as soon as they observed it, pierced it with their stings, till it expired beneath their repeated strokes; after which, being unable to dislodge it, they covered it all over with propolis.—In these two cases, who can withhold his admiration of the ingenuity and judgment of the bees? *In the first case,* a troublesome creature gained admission into the hive, which, from its unwieldiness, they could not remove, and which, from the impenetrability of its shell, they could not destroy: here, then, their only resource was to deprive it of locomotion, and to obviate putrefaction, both which objects they accomplished most skilfully and securely, and, as is usual with these sagacious creatures, at the least possible expense of labour and materials. They applied their cement where alone it was required, namely, round the verge of the shell. *In the latter case,* to obviate the evil of putrescence, by the total exclusion of air, they were obliged to be more lavish in the use of their embalming material, and to form with it so complete an incrustation or case over the "slime-girt giant," as to guard them from the consequences which the atmosphere invariably produces upon all animal substances that are exposed to its action, after life has

become extinct. May it not be asked, what means more effectual could human wisdom have devised under similar circumstances[1]?'

The melody of birds now gradually swells upon the ear. The throstle, second only to the nightingale in song, charms us with the sweetness and variety of its lays. The linnet and the goldfinch join the general concert in this month, and the golden-crowned wren begins its song. The *lark*, also, must not be forgotten.

The SKYLARK.

[By Mrs. Josiah Conder.]

With flutt'ring start, in silence, from her nest
The skylark breaks;—then steadier, upward soars,
And with melodious trill her prelude pours
To Earth, in hues of full-flushed Summer drest:
Now, poised on moveless wing, she seems to rest.
Careless what bird, beneath the airy height,
May cross her path with horizontal flight,
The measured lay she breathes:—then, like a guest
Singing to other spheres, is lost in light.
Till, fondly lured, she turns her faithful breast
Downward, through fields of blue. The warbled strain
Near and more near she swells;—then, hushed again,
Falls like a shadow from the sunny dome,
And chaunts her three wild notes to welcome home.

Literary Souvenir.

Each succeeding week pours forth fresh beauties from the lap of Flora, and furnishes the botanist with new sources of delight. Golden tufts of *crocuses*, expanding their corollas to receive the genial warmth of the sun, interspersed with pink and blue hepaticas, and the *garden daisy*, with its little tufts of crimson velvet, united with the blossoms of last month, greatly ornament our flower borders. The alpine wall-cress is still in bloom; the mezereon puts forth its leaves; and the *primrose* peeps from the retreating snows of winter.

[1] See a curious volume, entitled 'The Honey-Bee; its Natural History, Physiology, and Management,' 1827.

Daffodils, yellow auriculas, coltsfoot, with its brilliant golden and sometimes pink or silvery stars, and hounds-tongue, are in blossom about the middle of the month. The *American cowslip*, with its beautiful rose-coloured blossoms, growing in thick branches in the form of a cone, flowers in March. The charming *violet*, whose attractions have been the theme of many a poetic effusion, makes her appearance this month, but not in full perfection, for the chill winds of March are not very congenial to the expansion of so delicate a blossom.

To an EARLY VIOLET.

[*By Richard Howitt.*]

Herald of brighter hours! why from thy rest
Thus early dost thou start? Chill is the gale,
To form, like thine, so beautiful and frail.
The rook, with careful cries that seeks its nest,
Flings its broad shadow on thy dewy breast.
For sunny is the day, though like the smile
Dear woman wears, when she would fain beguile
The coldness of her fortune. Upward towers
The lark, companion of the fields with thee,
And sings unto the clouds his songs of glee!
Perchance his skyward dreams are of the flow'rs
Which gather round him in June's radiant hours;
When thou, fair comer of the spring, hast shed
Thy perfumed breath abroad, and drooped upon thy bed.

The VIOLET.

[From Servian Popular Poetry, by Mr. Bowring.]

How captivating is to me,
Sweet flow'r! thine own young modesty!
Though I did pluck thee from thy stem,
There's none would wear thy purple gem.
I thought, perchance, that Ali Bey—
But he is proud and lofty—nay,
He would not prize thee—would not wear
A flow'r so feeble, though so fair;
His turban for its decorations
Had full-blown roses and carnations.

We conclude our tributes to the violet with some pleasing reflections, extracted from 'The Spirit and Manners of the Age,' (vol. i, p. 265) one of the many

tasteful and talented hebdomadals[1] which the intelligence of modern times has produced: its superior claims to the notice of the parent, on account of its strictly moral and religious principles, must ever secure it a place in the families of those who think that the *Book of Nature* is only to be studied to advantage, by the aid of parallel passages in the BOOK OF REVELATION.

The HANDFUL *of* VIOLETS.

And shall the muse to thee her praise deny,
Thou best, tho' most diminutive of flowers?
For where can Nature, thro' her wide domains,
Boast other odours half so sweet as thine?
Tho' the striped tulip, and the blushing rose,
The polyanthus broad, with golden eye,
The full carnation, and the lily tall,
Display their beauties in the gay parterre,
In costly gardens, where th' unlicensed feet
Of rustics tread not—yet that lavish hand,
Which scatters violets under ev'ry thorn,
Forbids that sweets like these should be confined
Within the limits of the rich man's wall.

Welcome visitants! ye tell me that the wintry blasts are about to give place to the milder gales, and that the reviving spring is again re-visiting our world. My heart exults at the glad tidings. Again, I shall roam through the flowery vale, and climb the high mountain. I shall behold the happy groups of village children cull the sweet cowslips from the verdant mead. Motionless by the copse I shall pause again, whilst the nightingale pours forth her enchanting melody. The fresh leaves will shoot forth on the trees with new lustre; the fields and the hedge-rows will be again lovely; and the fine blossoms, reflecting all the vivid tints of the bow of heaven, will once more adorn our orchards and our gardens.

Eloquent instructors! ye remind me of Him, who, though enthroned on the riches of the universe, yet bids the seasons revolve in grateful succession. Ye tell me of his infinite faithfulness. He has said, that 'while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease,'—and ye are come to say, 'Behold his word is accomplished!'

And do ye not speak of his goodness? Ye do. He has not only

[1] The *Mirror* and the *Table-Book* are particularly worthy of notice.

made you beautiful, but also fragrant. The little child, and he who is hoary with age,—the vagrant boy who wanders destitute of a home, and the monarch in his palace; every age and every rank is delighted with your sweetness.

And have ye nothing to say of the divine wisdom? This shines in glorious luminaries which adorn the firmament,—in the worlds which revolve around the orb of day; in the wings of the insects which exult in his beams, and in every flower that adorns the garden or the field. There is not one of them, however insignificant and unnoticed by the eye of man,

> But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
> Of his *unrivalled* pencil.

Sweet violets! ye awaken the reflecting mind to thought,—ye bid me muse on the varied works of the Almighty hand. How manifold are his works—in wisdom he has made them all. The earth, yea, all worlds are full of his boundless riches!

But ye are not *all* the violets which his hand has formed. O no. They are innumerable. Countless multitudes of human beings, no less than myself, shall be regaled with their delicious fragrance. Who can tell where the divine benignity ends? It has no termination; it is not only immense, but infinite.

Fragrant monitors! I will not forget where ye grow. It was on yonder mossy bank, warm with the earliest beams of the opening day. Ye shone in secret,—ye were beautiful, but your charms were concealed. But ye threw abroad your delicious sweets; the little ones sought you out, they brought you to be admired in the public gaze. So, the Christian, in secret, walks humbly with his God,—so, though arrayed in the beautiful garments of the skies, 'He shines contented without being seen.' And thus, perpetually, he pours forth to the heavens the incense of his praise.

But the place where ye grew, knows you not. It will never know you any more. In a little while you will wither and die, and crumble into dust. So, man also, the monarch of the creation, languishes and expires, and soon mingles with the dust, out of which he was formed. But he has a spirit which will survive the ruins of the grave, and will live for ever. And even the mortal body shall put on immortality. The saying that is written shall, indeed, be brought to pass, 'Death is swallowed up in victory!' He, who bowed his blessed head on the cross, and died for guilty man,—he has said, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.'

As the creation wakes from its wintry sleep, and as spring arrays the world in new beauty, I will hail the change;—I will gaze on the smiling landscape, and say, there is a world of joy where there is no winter; there my father is—that delicious region

s my home—I am journeying thither;—I will exclaim with the bet,

Sweet season! appealing
To fancy and feeling;
Be thy advent the emblem of all I would crave:
Of light more than vernal,
That day-spring eternal,
Which shall dawn on the dark wintry night of the grave?

H. H. H.

If the weather be mild, the rich hyacinth, the noble descendant of the modest harebell, the sweet narcissus, delicately pale, and some of the early tulips, are now in bloom. The peach and the nectarine begin to show their elegant blossoms.

In this month, black ants are observed; the blackbird and the turkey lay; and house-pigeons sit. The greenfinch sings; the bat is seen flitting about; and the viper uncoils itself from its winter sleep. The wheatear, or English ortolan, again pays its annual visit, leaving England in September. Those birds which have passed the winter in England now take their departure for more northerly regions; as the fieldfare, the red-wing, and the woodcock.

About half past five o'clock in the morning of March, 1820, a very extraordinary migration of small birds was witnessed at Little Oakley, in Essex. The attention of the observer was arrested by an uncommon chattering of birds, and, looking up, he beheld an incredible number of small birds flying a-breast, in a line extending as far as the eye could distinguish them, and three or four yards deep. Their direction was towards the S.E., the wind favouring them; their height only a few yards from the ground. The flock was supposed to consist principally of chaffinches, linnets, twites, and bramblings. None of the two latter species were seen in the neighbourhood after that time; and there is on those shores, in the winter season, an immense quantity of linnets, more than can be bred in the neighbourhood.—*Linn. Trans.* vol. xv, part I, p. 28.

On the 20th, the vernal equinox takes place, and all nature feels her renovating sway, and seems to rejoice at the retreat of winter.

The general or great flow of *sap* in most trees takes place in this month; this is preparatory to the expanding of the leaves, and ceases when they are out. The *ash* now puts forth its grey buds; and the *hazel* and the *willow* exhibit some signs of returning life in their silky, enfolded catkins. The leaves of the thornless rose, and of the hawthorn are gradually becoming determinate. The *field daisy* is now seen scattered over dry pastures.

Bright dews illume the grassy plain,
Sweet messengers of morn,
And drops hang glist'ning after rain,
Like gems on ev'ry thorn:
What though the grass is moist and rank
Where dews fall from the tree,
The creeping sun smiles on the bank,
And warms a seat for thee. CLARE.

Many species of the beautiful family of *Gonepteryx* live through the winter, and delight us with their vernal visits: among the earliest of these heralds of Spring, is the brimstone butterfly *(G. rhamni)*, making its appearance, this month, in the neighbourhood of woods, and even sporting in our gardens when the sun's rays first begin to cheer and animate all nature; and from the eggs which are then deposited, are produced green caterpillars that feed upon the buckthorn, and again appear as butterflies in August.—A beautiful figure of the brimstone butterfly is given in plate 173 of *Mr.* CURTIS's *British Entomology*, a monthly work we have before recommended to our readers, and which deserves all the praise that has been bestowed upon it.

Some of our most beautiful butterflies belonging to the genus *Vanessa*, as *V. atalanta, Io, Polychloros*, and *Urticæ*, are seen in this month; and the *Antiopa*, or Camberwell beauty, has once been captured at this season.

In March, trouts begin to rise, and blood worms appear in the water. The clay hair-worm is found at the bottom of drains and ditches (see T. T. for 1823, p. 85), and the water-flea may be seen gliding about upon the surface of sheltered pools.—See T. T. for 1824, p. 88. Bats now issue from their places of concealment. Peas appear above ground; the sea-kale begins to sprout. The male blossoms of the yew-tree expand and discharge their farina. Sparrows are busily employed in forming their nests. Young otters are produced, and young lambs are yeaned this month. The planting and sowing of forest trees is generally concluded in March.

The equinoctial gales are usually most felt by *sea* and land at this time. Such of our readers as may reside in the neighbourhood of the magnificent ocean that bounds our happy shores, will fully participate the feelings of the anonymous poet who has written the following lines.

On HEARING *the* ROAR *of the* SEA *at* NIGHT.

Voice of the mighty deep,
  Piercing the drowsy night,
Thou scarest the gentle sleep,
  Whose pinions will not light
Where thou intrudest busy thought,
With depths dark as thy secrets fraught.

Thy mystic sounds I hear,
  Peal of unwonted things;
Of wonders far and near
  The hollow music rings,
Its notes borne wild around the world,
Where'er thy dark-blue waves are curled.

Oh, no, I cannot sleep,
  Thou vast and glorious sea!
While thou dost thus the vigil keep
  Of thy great majesty,
I think God's image near me is,
In all its awful mysteries.

Thou art a spirit, Ocean, thou!—
  Giant of earth and air,
Spanning the universe; and now,
  While making music here,

Ten thousand leagues afar thy wave
Rolling upon an empire's grave!

Thy arm that shakes me here
Thunders upon the shore
Of North, and South, and central sphere,
Fuego, Labrador;
From flaming Equinox to frigid Pole,
Belting the earth thy waters roll—

Engulphing mountains at a sweep
Beneath their angry sway,
Or raising islands from the deep
In their triumphant way,
Or murm'ring sweet round Scian isles,
In cadence soft as beauty's smiles.

'Tis midnight!—earth and air
Are hushed in lair and nest—
Thy energy from thy long birth
Hath never needed rest:
Thou dost not tire—thou feel'st not toil,—
Thou art not formed, like me, of soil.

Why dost thou thunder so?
What in thy deeps profound,
Thus as a strong man with his foe,
Gives out that angry sound?
On earth no foe can ever be,
Prince of creation, worthy thee!

Age thou hast never known—
Thou shalt be young and free,
Till God command thee give thine own,
And all is dumb save thee;
And haply when the sun is blood,
Unchanged shall be thy mighty flood.

I will not grudge my sleep
Upon thine own vast shore,
Since though I am too mean, O Deep!
To check thy angry roar,
Proud sea! the wand'rings of my mind
May leave thy depths and world behind!

New Monthly Magazine.

APRIL.

APRIL derives its name from *aperire*, to open, because the earth then appears to open to new productions. Taurus is the sign of this month, to signify, that at this season, the Sun, passing through that sign, increases incessantly in force and heat.

Remarkable Days

In APRIL 1828.

1.—ALL *or* AULD FOOLS' DAY.

FOR an account of customs on this day, poetical *jeux d'esprit*, &c. see our former volumes.

The first day of April, among the French, is occupied in making pretended keepsakes or presents, and in performing sundry pleasant tricks: each person tries to deceive the other, whether by sending packets filled with straw or other useless things, or in prevailing on persons to go to houses where they are not wanted, &c. &c. Among the most ancient people, and indeed with all, till the seventeenth century, the year commenced at the Spring Equinox; and, as we have already seen, it was the practice to make presents at the commencement of the year, consequently this custom was formerly practised on the 1st of April; but when this month became the fourth in the Calendar, the *etrennes* or gifts were carried back to the 1st of January; accordingly, in April, nothing but *pretended* presents and mock congratulations were made to deceive those who still believed that the 1st of April was the first day of the new year; hence, probably, the origin of those sleeveless errands and worthless presents which are the usual attendants of the 1st of April. The persons whose credulity is thus imposed on, are called *Poissons d'Avril*, or April Fish.

3.—RICHARD, *Bishop*.

He was consecrated Bishop of Chichester in the year 1245, and died on this day in 1253. See our former volumes, and particularly T. T. for 1824, p. 91.

3.—MAUNDY THURSDAY.

Annually, on this day, the lord almoner, or the sub-almoner, relieves at Whitehall as many poor men and as many poor women as agree with the years in the king's age. This practice was instituted by Edward III, in the year 1363.

4.—GOOD FRIDAY.

Holy Friday, or the Friday in Holy Week, was its more ancient and general appellation; the name *Good Friday* is peculiar to the English church.—Some singular customs, on this day, are recorded in T. T. for 1826, p. 69. See also our last volume, pp. 94-100, on the 'Commutation of Penances'; and on customs in Portugal and at Jerusalem.

HYMN *for* GOOD FRIDAY.

[By H. H. Milman.]

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
SON of MAN! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shiv'ring rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
SON of GOD! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry;
The ghost giv'n up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now;
SON of MAN! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
'Lord! they know not what they do!'
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
SON of GOD! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bp. Heber's Hymns.

4.—SAINT AMBROSE,

Bishop of Milan, died on this day in the year 397. For an account of his writings the reader may consult Cave and Dupin.

6.—EASTER DAY.

An account of some very curious early English customs, on this day, will be found in our volume for 1826, p. 73.

In the week preceding Easter, in *France*, baskets full of eggs boiled hard, of a *red* or violet colour, are seen in the streets, and the children amuse themselves in playing with, and afterwards eating them. In Egypt, at this period, the *cattle* and *trees* were coloured *red*, because say they, at this time, the world was once on fire. The *egg* placed on the paschal table of the Jews was a symbol of the duration of the human race, and of their successive generation; the egg entered into all the mysterious ceremonies called apocalyptic; and the Persians, who present eggs at the commencement of the new year, know that the egg is the symbol of the world; and whether the Christians, whose year commenced at Easter till 1563, have borrowed the custom of presenting eggs to children from the Persians, or from the paschal ceremonies of the Jews, there is little doubt that the red colour given to them, is derived from the Jews and the Egyptians. Throughout the country of Bonneval, on the day preceding Easter Sunday, and during the first days of that week, the clerks of the different

parishes, the beadles, and certain artisans, as those who were constantly employed in constructing the implements of agriculture, or in making or mending harness for the horses, went about from house to house, to ask for their 'Easter Eggs.' In many places, the children make a sort of feast at breakfast time on Easter Day, with *red* or *yellow* eggs. The following custom on Easter Day is general throughout France: On this day, the different mechanics, such as the smith, the wheel-wright, the shepherd, the ferryman, the miller, &c. go to their customers and ask for eggs, which are never refused; the children of the village also proceed on the same errand, and have red eggs given to them. This kind of begging is called *les roulées*, or going the rounds.

7, 8.—EASTER MONDAY *and* TUESDAY.

An account of some curious customs, on these days, in different parts of England, will be found in T. T. for 1822, p. 107: see also our volume for 1823, p. 75.

Votive Ceremony at Poitiers on Easter Monday.

A few years since, it was proposed by some pious people to re-establish a custom suspended by the Revolution, and which first took place in the year 1202, on the occasion of the 'miracle of the keys.' At first every year, and afterwards every two years, it was the custom on Easter Monday for the lady of the mayor, accompanied by all the wives of the members of the corporation (long since composed of a hundred individuals, that is, a mayor, twenty-four aldermen, and seventy-five citizens) to go, in the name of the civic body, after vespers, and to offer, with flowers, a rich new mantle to the statue of the Virgin, which they put on the image, in the presence of the Curé of Notre-Dame, and all his clergy who received the cortége at the door of the church. During the procession, a remarkable etiquette was preserved,—that of the women giving the right side to the men. In the evening, there was a grand ball and supper at the mayor's house.

Fête of the Eggs at La Motte du Pougard.—This is an ancient Druidical Barrow, situated at a short distance from Dieppe, in the midst of a plain covered with corn; the Fête was held annually, on Easter Monday, and was only abolished at the time of the Revolution. A crowd of persons of both sexes came from the neighbouring villages, and met together round the

Barrow, forming what is called, in this country, an *assembly*. A hundred eggs were put into a basket, and placed at the foot of the eminence; one of the troop, now united in a circle, took an egg, which he successively carried to the top of the mound, till they were all placed there; he then brought them back, one by one, till they were replaced in the basket. In the mean time, another man belonging to the same assembly *ran the eggs* (as it is called), that is, went as fast as legs would carry him to Bacqueville, a large village, about a mile and a quarter from the spot; and if he returned before the hundredth egg was replaced in the basket, he gained the prize of the course, consisting of a hogshead of cider, which he afterwards distributed among his friends. The whole assembly now gave themselves up to rejoicing and amusement, and danced in a ring, round the pile, representing a chain without end. The egg figured, in this rural fête, in memory of the serpent-egg consecrated by the Druids; it was also an emblem of the year, as is attested by the accounts of many religious ceremonies in different nations.

*7. 1827.—REBECCA FURY DIED, ÆT. 140!

She was a black woman, and resided at Falmouth in Jamaica; her extraordinary age has been correctly traced from the deeds of her owners. Rebecca retained her reason entire to the last.

13.—LOW SUNDAY.

It was a custom among the primitive Christians, on the first Sunday after Easter-day, to repeat some part of the solemnity of that grand festival; whence this Sunday took the name of *Low-Sunday*, being celebrated as a feast, though in a lower degree.

19.—SAINT ALPHEGE,

Archbishop of Canterbury, was stoned to death at Greenwich, A.D. 1012.

*22. 1827.—T. ROWLANDSON DIED, ÆT. 70.

It is not generally known, that, however coarse and slight may be the generality of his humorous and political etchings, many of which were the careless effusions of a few hours, his early works were wrought with care; and his studies from the human figure, at the Royal Academy, were scarcely inferior to those of the justly admired Mortimer.

From the versatility of his talent, the fecundity of

his imagination, the grace and elegance with which he could design his groups, added to the almost miraculous despatch with which he supplied his patrons with compositions upon every subject, it has been the theme of regret among his friends, that he was not more careful of his reputation. Had he pursued the course of art steadily, he might have become one of the greatest historical painters of the age. His style, which was purely his own, was most original. He drew a bold outline with the reed-pen, in a tint composed of vermilion and Indian-ink, washed in the general effect in chiaro-scuro, and tinted the whole with the proper colours. This manner, though slight, in many instances was most effective: and it is known, on indubitable authority, that Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. West have each declared, that some of his drawings would have done honour to Rubens, or any of the greatest masters of design of the old schools.

For many years (for he was too idle to seek new employment), his kind friend, and, it may justly be added, his best adviser, Mr. Ackermann, supplied him with ample subjects for the exercise of his talent. The numerous works which his pencil illustrated, are existing evidence of this. Many suggestions for plates for new editions of those popular volumes, 'The Travels of Dr. Syntax,' 'The Dance of Death,' 'The Dance of Life,' and other well-known productions of the versatile pen of the late ingenious Mr. Coombe, will long remain the mementos of his graphic humour.

23.—SAINT GEORGE,

The patron Saint of England.—See T.T. for 1821, p. 107. The King's birth-day is kept on this day, being his *name-day*, in imitation of the custom in Catholic countries.

25.—SAINT MARK.

This Evangelist wrote his gospel about the year 63. He died in the 8th year of Nero, and was

buried at Alexandria. The custom of sitting and watching in the church-porch, on St. Mark's Eve, still exists in some parts of the north of England. A curious narrative, by *Mr. Gervas Holles*, relative to this day, we extract from the *Lansdowne MSS.* in the British Museum, No. 207 *(c)*, fol. 356.

In the yeare 1634 two men (inhabitants of Burton co.Linc.) agreed betwixt themselves upon *St. Marke's Eve* at night, to watch in the Church porch at Burton to try whether or noe (according to the ordinary beleife amongst the common people) they should see the Spectra's of Phantasmes of those persons which should dy in that Parish the yeare following. To this intent (having first performed the usuall ceremonies and superstition) late in the night the moone shining then very bright, they repayred to the Church porch and there seated themselves, continuing there till neare twelve of the clock. About wch time (growing weary with expectation, and partly wth feare) they resolved to depart, but were held fast by a kind of insensible violence, not being able to move afoot. About midnight, upon a suddaine (as if the moone had beene Ecclipst) they were environed with a blacke darknes: imediately after a kinde of light as if it had beene a resultancy from torches: Then appeares comming towards the Church porch, the minister of the place with a booke in his hand, and after him one in a winding sheet, whome they both knew to resemble one of their neibours. The church dores imediately fly open, and thorough passe the Apparitions, and then the dores clap to againe. Then they seeme to heare a muttering, as it were of the buriall service, with a ratling of bones and noise of earth, as in the filling up of a grave: Suddainly a still silence, and imediately after, yo apparition of the Curate againe with another of their neibours following in a winding sheet and to a thirde, fourth and fifth, every one attended with the same circumstances as the first. These all passed away, there ensued a serenity of the Sky, the moone shining bright as at the first, they themselves being restored to their former liberty to walke away wch they did, sufficiently affrighted. The next day they kept within dores and met not together, being both of them exceeding ill, by reason of the affrightment wch had terrified them the night before. Then they conferred their Notes and both of them could very well remember the circumstances of every passage. Three of the apparitions they well knew to resemble 3 of their neibours; but the fourth (which seemed an infant) and the fifth (like an olde man) they could not conceave any resemblance of. After this they confidently reported to every one what they had done and seene; and in order designed to death, those three of their neighbours wch came to passe accordingly. Shortly after their deathes, a woman in ye towne was delivered of a childe

wch died likewise. So that now there wanted but one (the olde man) to accomplish their prædiction. Which likewise came to passe after this manner. In that winter about mid January, began a sharp and long frost, during the continuance of which some of Sir John Munson's freindes in Cheshire having some occasion of entercourse with him, dispatch away a foot messenger (an ancient man) with letters to him. This man travelling this bitter weather over the mountaynes in Derbyshire was neare fretisht with colde, yet at last he arrived at Burton wth his lrs, where within a day or two he died, and these men so soone as ever they see him, said peremptorily that he was the man whose apparition they see, and that doubtles he would dy before he returned, wch accordingly he did.

In the cause of Barker *v.* Ray in Chancery, August 2, 1827, a deponent swore that a woman named Ann Johnson, and also called 'Nanny Nunks,' went to the deponent, and said to her, 'I'll tell you what I did to know if I could have Mr. Barker. On St. Mark's Night I ran round a haystack nine times, with a ring in my hand, calling out, "Here's the sheath, but where's the knife?" And when I was running round the ninth time, I thought I saw Mr. Barker coming home; but he did not come home that night, but was brought from the Blue Bell, at Beverley, the next day.'—Some customs at Venice, on St. Mark's Day, are described in our last volume, p. 102.

CHARACTER OF K. HENRY VIII. A.D. 1519.

Whenever the Council of the Senate of Venice sent an ambassador to a foreign country, in former times, they ordered him to study and report to them upon the circumstances of the State to which he was sent, its geographical condition, population, wealth, and various relations; with all that he could learn of the personal characters, not only of the sovereign, but of the principal members of his court. The following was the description which *Sebastiano Giustiniani*, the Venetian resident in England in 1519, gave to the Council of the person and manners of King Henry the Eighth.

'His Majesty is about twenty-nine years of age,

as handsome as nature could form him above any other Christian prince; handsomer by far than the King of France. He is exceeding fair; and as well proportioned in every part as is possible. When he learned that the King of France wore a beard, he allowed his also to grow; which being somewhat red, has at present the appearance of being of gold. He is an excellent musician and composer; an admirable horseman and wrestler. He possesses a good knowledge of the French, Latin, and Spanish languages; and is very devout. On the days in which he goes to the chace, he hears mass three times; but on other days he goes as often as five times. He has, every day, service in the Queen's chamber at vespers and compline. He is uncommonly fond of the chace, and never indulges in this diversion without tiring eight or ten horses. These he has stationed at the different places where he purposes to stop. When one is fatigued, he mounts another; and, by the time he returns home, they have all been used. He takes great delight in bowling, and it is the pleasantest sight in the world to see him engaged in this exercise, with his fair skin covered with a beautifully fine shirt. He plays with the hostages of France, and it is said that they sport from six to eight thousand ducats in a day. Affable and benign, he offends no one. He has often said to the Ambassador, he wished that every one was content with his condition. "We are content with our islands." He is very desirous of preserving peace; and possesses great wealth.'

This seems the character to which Henry the Eighth was really entitled in his earlier years; and it is corroborated no where more frequently than in the Letters of Erasmus and his friends. The business of the divorce seems to have first roused the more angry passions of his nature. Wolsey perceived, and felt them, as we learn from the description of his Master which he gave, in his last moments, to Sir

William Kyngeston. 'He is sure a prince of a royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will either miss or want any part of his will or appetite, he will put the loss of one half of his realm in danger. For I assure you I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber on my knees, the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite: but I could never bring to pass to dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, Master Kingston, if it chance hereafter you to be one of his privy counsell, as for your wisdom and other qualities ye are meet to be, I warn you to be well advised and assured what matter ye put in his head, for ye shall never put it out again.'—ELLIS'S ORIGINAL LETTERS, *Second Series*, vol. i, p. 177, 178.

Astronomical Occurrences

In APRIL 1828.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Taurus at 14 m. past 3 in the morning of the 20th of this month. He will also be eclipsed on the 14th, but the eclipse will be *invisible* in this country. The conjunction will take place at 17¾ m. past 9 in the morning, in longitude 24° 23¼′, Moon's latitude being 6½′ south. He will be centrally eclipsed on the meridian at 24 m. after 9, in longitude 38° 58½′ east, and latitude 18° 26′ north. He will also rise and set, during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

April 1st, Sun rises	34	m. after 5.	Sets	26 m. past	6
6th	24	..... 5		36	6
11th	15	..... 5		45	6
16th	5	..... 5		55	6
21st	56	..... 4		4	7
26th	46	..... 4		14	7

Equation of Time.

It is well known that one of the readiest ways of regulating a clock, in many places, is by means of a good sun-dial. This is to be done by employing the numbers as directed in the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Tuesday, April 1st, to the time by the dial	*add*	3	54
Sunday 6th		2	25
Friday 11th		1	0
Wednesday 16th, from the time by the dial	*sub.*	0	16
Monday .. 21st		1	23
Saturday .. 26th		2	20

If the day be intermediate to those in the Table, or the time be any other than noon, the number to be added to, or subtracted from, the time given by the dial, must be found by proportion.

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter	7th day, at	6 m. after	12 at noon
New Moon..	14th	18	9 in the morning
First Quarter	22d	18	5 .....
Full Moon..	29th	44	10 at night.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following transits of the Moon will afford opportunities for observation this month, should the weather prove favourable: viz.

April 6th, at	57 m. after	4	in the morning
7th ..	54	5	.....
8th ..	51	6	.....
9th ..	46	7	.....
10th ..	40	8	.....
11th ..	33	9	.....
19th ..	17	4	in the afternoon
20th ..	5	5	.....
21st ..	52	5	.....
22d ..	37	6	.....
23d ..	22	7	in the evening
24th ..	6	8	.....
25th ..	51	8	.....
26th ..	36	9	.....
27th ..	23	10	.....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

The following are the times of high tide at London Bridge on certain days of this month: for other days and other places, the times must be obtained as already directed.

TABLE OF TIDES.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
April 1st, at	46 m.	after 2	4 m.	after 4
6th ..	8	6	38	6
11th ..	47	11	0	0
16th ..	25	3	42	3
21st ..	41	6	6	7
26th ..	23	11	52	11

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The following is the proportion of these phases at the commencement of this month: viz.

April 1st { Illuminated part = 8·58622
Dark part..... = 3·41378

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The following eight eclipses of the first and second of these small bodies will be visible at the Royal Observatory, this month:—

Immersions.

First Satellite	5th day, at	45 m.	58 s. after	3 in the morning
	6th	14 ..	28	10 at night
	14th	8 ..	23	0 in the morning
	21st	2 ..	25	2 .....
	28th	56 ..	31	3 .....
	29th	25 ..	1	10 at night
Second Satellite	8th	41 ..	30	0 in the morning
	15th	15 ..	26	3 .....

Form of Saturn's Ring.

The relative proportion of the two axes of this ring, at the commencement of the present month, are, viz.

April 1st { Transverse axis = 1·000
Conjugate axis = — 0·462

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

April 2d, with Jupiter at 8 in the evening
8th .... β in Capricorn at noon
29th ..., Jupiter at 11 at night.

Other Phenomena.

Saturn will be in quadrature at 30 m. past 11 in the morning of the 3d of this month; Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 14th; Georgium Sidus will be in quadrature at 10 in the morning of the 22d; and Jupiter will be in opposition at a quarter past 10 in the evening of the 29th.

To the preceding Occurrences, we shall add the following poetical description of Evening, the introduction of which requires no apology:—

EVENING.

I come, I come, when the sunbeams fall
'Neath the blue sea wave, to their crystal hall;
When the distant shadows are dark and dim,
And I hear the breath of the twilight hymn;
And the dove's low wail, and the vesper star,
Call me away from my home afar.

I come when the mists of the closing day
Have veiled the earth and the ocean spray;
When each bird and bee are gone to rest,
And the daylight fades in the glowing west,
And the flowers have folded their leaves of bloom
From the darkling night, and its hours of gloom.

I come o'er the earth—but mine hour is brief,—
I shed the young dew on each fragrant leaf;—
I lull the dark winds to a dreary rest,
And the waves flow smooth on the ocean's breast,
And the woods they whisper a tranquil sigh,
While echo repeats their melody.

All these are mine, and, ah! more than these;
But I must afar o'er the twilight seas;
For the night is come with her starry train—
The young moon is shedding her light again,
And a voice is singing from yonder dell,—
It calls me away—farewell! farewell!

Literary Magnet.

The Naturalist's Diary

For APRIL 1828.

Who has branched out, and with admirable judgment disposed, a variety of aqueducts for that immense collection of waters which float in the sky? Who distributes those pendulous floods through all the borders of the earth? Distributes them not in dreadful cataracts, or promiscuous gluts of rain; but in kindly drops and refreshing showers, with as much regularity and economy as if they were conveyed by pipes from a conduit? To WHOM shall we ascribe that niceness of contrivance, which now emits, now restrains them: sometimes drives their humid train to one place, sometimes to another: dispenses them to this soil in larger, to that in smaller communications: and, in a word, so manages the mighty fluid, that every spot is supplied in exact proportion to its want; none destroyed by an undistinguished deluge?—HERVEY.

THESE questions will find a willing response in every bosom. None but an OMNIPOTENT POWER could have devised the beautiful arrangement of this all-fructifying fluid, and have sent the blessings of water in the shape of kindly showers 'to refresh the face of the earth,' and 'fill all things living with plenteousness.' The alternate varieties of gentle rain and exhilarating sunshine greatly enhance the beauties of this month of promise—budding leaves, tender grass, and elegant blossoms, complete the landscape of Nature for April.

The SPRING SHOWER.

Away to that snug nook; for the thick shower
Rushes on stridingly. Ay, now it comes,
Glancing about the leaves with its first dips,
Like snatches of faint music. Joyous thrush,
It mingles with thy song, and beats soft time
To thy bubbling shrillness. Now it louder falls,
Pattering, like the far voice of leaping rills;
And now it breaks upon the shrinking clumps
With a crash of many sounds—the thrush is still.
There are sweet scents about us; the violet hides
On that green bank; the primrose sparkles there:
The earth is grateful to the teeming clouds,
And yields a sudden freshness to their kisses.
But now the shower slopes to the warm west,

Leaving a dewy track; and see, the big drops,
Like falling pearls, glisten in the sunny mist.
The air is clear again, and the far woods
Shine out in their early green. Let's onward then,
For the first blossoms peep about our path;
The lambs are nibbling the short dripping grass,
And the birds are on the bushes.

Knight's Quarterly Magazine.

In this month, the business of creation seems resumed. The vital spark rekindles in dormant existences; and all things 'live, and move, and have their being.' The earth puts on her livery, to await the call of her lord; the air breathes gently on his cheek, and conducts to his ear the warblings of the birds, and the odours of new-born herbs and flowers; the great eye of the world 'sees and shines' with bright and gladdening glances; the waters teem with life; man himself feels the revivifying and all-pervading influence; and his

Spirit holds communion sweet
With the brighter spirits of the sky.

The feathered tribe are now busily employed in constructing their temporary habitations, and in rearing and maintaining their young. But what admirable providence is that, observes M. Chateaubriand, which is displayed in the *nests of birds?*

Who can contemplate, without emotion, this divine beneficence, which bestows ingenuity on the weak, and foresight on the careless? No sooner have the trees expanded their first blossoms, than a thousand diminutive artisans begin their labours on every side. These convey long straws into the hole of an ancient wall, those construct buildings in the windows of a church; others rob the horse of his hair, or carry off the wool torn by the jagged thorn from the back of the sheep. There, wood-cutters cross small twigs in the waving summit of a tree; here, spinsters collect silk upon a thistle. A thousand palaces are reared, and every palace is a nest; each nest witnesses charming metamorphoses; first a brilliant egg, then a young one covered with down. This tender nurseling becomes fledged; his mother instructs him by degrees to rise up on his bed. He soon acquires strength to perch on the edge of his cradle, from which he takes the first survey of nature.

With mingled terror and transport, he drops down among his brothers and sisters, who have not yet beheld this magnificent spectacle; but, summoned by the voice of his parents, he rises a second time from his couch; and this youthful monarch of the air, whose head is still encircled by the crown of infancy, already ventures to contemplate the undulating summits of the pines, and the abysses of verdure beneath the paternal oak. Encouraged by his mother, he trusts himself upon the branch, and, after this first step, all nature is his own. And yet, while the forests rejoice to see their new guest attempt his first flight through the atmosphere, an aged bird, who feels his strength forsake him, alights beside the current: there, solitary and resigned, he patiently awaits death on the brink of the same stream where he sung his loves, and beneath the trees which still bear his nest with his harmonious posterity.

This is the proper place for remarking another law of Nature. In the class of small birds, the eggs are commonly painted with one of the colours of the male. The bullfinch builds in the hawthorn, the gooseberry, and other bushes of our gardens; her eggs are slate-coloured, like the plumage of her back. We recollect having once found one of these nests in a rose-bush; it resembled a shell of mother-of-pearl, containing four blue gems: a rose, bathed in the dews of morning, was suspended above it: the male bullfinch sat motionless on a neighbouring shrub, like a flower of purple and azure. These objects were reflected in the water of a stream, together with the shade of an aged walnut-tree, which served as a back-ground to the scene, and behind which appeared the ruddy tints of Aurora. In this little picture, the Almighty conveyed to us an idea of the graces with which he has decked all nature.

Among the larger birds, the law respecting the colour of the egg varies; it is guided by more important harmonies, in proportion to the vigour of the animal to which it belongs. We suspect that, in general, the egg is white among those birds the male of which has several females, or among those whose plumage has no fixed colour for the species. In the classes which frequent the waters and the forests, and build their nests, the one on the sea, the other in the summits of lofty trees, the egg is, generally, of a blueish green, and, if we may be allowed the expression, of the same tint as the elements by which it is surrounded. Certain birds, which reside on the tops of ancient towers and in deserted steeples, have eggs green, like ivy, or reddish, like the old buildings they inhabit. It is, therefore, a law, which may be considered as invariable, that the bird displays, in her egg, the livery of her loves, and the emblem of her manners and of her destinies. By the mere inspection of this brittle monument, we are enabled to tell to what tribe it belonged, what were its costume, its manners, and its habits; if it passed days of danger on the seas, or if, more happy, it led a

pastoral life; if it was tame or wild, and inhabited the mountain or the valley. The antiquary of the forests is conducted by a science much less equivocal than the antiquary of cities: a scathed oak, with all its mosses, proclaims much more plainly the hand that gave it existence, than a ruined column declares by what architect it was reared. Among men, tombs are the records of their history; Nature, on the contrary, fixes her impress only upon life; she requires neither granite nor marble to perpetuate what she writes. Time has destroyed the annals of the sovereigns of Memphis on their funereal pyramids; but has he been able to efface a single letter of the history engraved on the egg-shell of the Egyptian Ibis?

The arrival of the *swallow*, about the middle of this month, foretels the approach of summer. An interesting account of the cliff-swallow of America, by *Lucien Buonaparte*, may be seen in our last volume, p. 118.

After the swallow, the next bird that appears is the *nightingale*, whose praises have been chaunted by poets of every clime, and have occupied many a page in this month's Diary of our previous volumes[1]. In our climate, the nightingale seldom sings above six weeks, generally commencing the last week in April. That beautiful bird, the wryneck, next makes its appearance, preceding the *cuckoo* by a few days,—whose note that tells of the advancing Spring, and its floral pleasures, is hailed with delight by every lover of Nature.

BREATHINGS *of* SPRING.

What waks't thou, Spring?—sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the *cuckoo*'s viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Ev'n as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

[1] See a pleasing poetical tribute, by Mary Howitt, in our last volume, p. 152.

And the bright waters,—they too hear thy call;—
Spring, the awakener!—thou hast burst their sleep;
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their sudden windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And pencilling the wood anemone:
Silent they seem, yet each, to thoughtful eye,
Glows with mute poetry.

But what awak'st thou in the *heart*, O Spring?
The human heart with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art—
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?
Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track
Hope to the world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes! gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones *there!*

New Monthly Magazine.

The other summer birds of passage, which arrive this month, make their appearance in the following order: the ring-ousel; the redstart, frequenting old walls and ruinous edifices; the yellow wren, the swift, the whitethroat[1]; the grasshopper lark, the smallest of the lark kind; and the willow wren, which, as well as the house-wren, destroys many pernicious insects.

Various kinds of *insects* are observed in this month; as the jumping spider, seen on garden walls; and the webs of other species of spiders are found on the bushes, palings, and outsides of houses. The *Iulus terrestris* appears, and the death-watch beats early in the month. The wood-ant begins to construct its large conical nest. The shell-snail comes out in troops; and the stinging-fly and the red-ant appear. The mole-cricket is the most remarkable of the insect tribe seen about this time. The blue flesh-fly, and the dragon-fly, are frequently observed towards the end of the month. The cabbage butterfly, also, now appears. The black slug abounds at this season. (For the best mode of

[1] A curious account of the *whitethroat* may be seen in our last volume, p. 121.

destroying them, see T. T. for 1821, p. 129.) Of the beetle tribe now on the wing, the *Scolytus destructor* may be noticed for its extraordinary powers of injuring trees. The dung of animals, at this season, swarms with minute *Coleoptera*. *Blaps mortisaga*, supposed to be the Blatta of Pliny, is found, as early as April, in dark and damp places, in churches, cellars, kitchens, &c. It has a very fetid scent, and, like the death's-head moth, has been regarded by the superstitious as an omen of misfortune. It is most tenacious of life. *B. obtusa*, so often confounded with *B. mortisaga*, is figured in Plate 148 of Mr. CURTIS's *British Entomology*. *B. sulcata*, an Egyptian species, is employed by the Turks to alleviate pain of the ear, and to cure the sting of the scorpion. The Turkish women also cook this insect in butter, and eat it for the purpose of procuring that obesity so highly valued by their lords and masters.—For particulars of *rare* insects appearing in this month, see our last volume, pp. 124, 125.

If the weather be mild, particularly after a severe winter, it may be considered as highly congenial to vegetation and horticultural operations. Nothing can be more certain, than that a *late* spring is better than an early one: neither are exempt from the frosts of May, but these frosts do far less harm after a long and severe, than after a mild winter. The rapidity of vegetation is now astonishing and delightful; every morning marks a striking difference: and a shower operates like magic. The buds of horse-chestnuts and sycamores, and the blossoms of poplars and elms, are so far expanded as, at a little distance, to take the character of masses of colour; and this effect, though only to be successfully represented in painting by colours in oil, is one of the gayest and most charming in verdant landscape,—it has all its own beauty, and all that hope and imagination can lend to it.

One of the botanical amusements of this season, is to watch the flowering of some of the more remarkable hardy exotic trees and shrubs. Among these, the *Pyrus Japonica* and *Magnolia conspicua* may be mentioned, as of great splendour and beauty. In the nursery of Messrs. Malcolm and Gray, at Kensington, there was, in April 1827, a *Magnolia conspicua* in flower, with 1100 blossoms on it, most of them as

97953

large as the largest tulips, as white as wax, and of a honied fragrance. There are trees of the same kind at Wormlybury, Harringay, Sion Gardens, Cashiobury, and Kew, also worth seeing; and whoever has a garden, and can spare 7*s.* 6*d.*, should possess a plant.

In this month, the *sloe* puts forth its elegant flowers; a host of others follow, among which may be named the ash, ground-ivy, and the box tree. The wild and garden-cherry, the plum, gooseberry and currant trees, the sycamore, the apricot, and the nectarine, are in flower. The blossoms of the *apple* and *pear* present to the eye a most agreeable spectacle, particularly in those counties which abound with orchards. The *almond-tree*, whose blush-colour blossoms make their appearance before any leaves are seen, is among the earliest of the flowering fruit-trees, and forms a splendid ornament to the shrubbery in the months of March or April.—See a beautiful poem on this subject by *Miss Landon*, in T.T. for 1826, p. 115.

The beech, the larch, and the elm, are now in *full leaf*. The larch also exhibits its red tufts or flowers, which soon expand into cones, and the fir tribe show their cones also. Many lovely *flowers* are showered from the lap of April; among them may be named jonquil, anemoné, ranunculus, polyanthus, and the crown-imperial. The double-white, the yellow, and some others of the earlier *tulips*, are fully opened in this month; but the more illustrious varieties will not blow for some weeks.

On PLANTING *a* TULIP-ROOT.

Here lies a bulb, the child of earth,
Buried alive beneath the clod,
Ere long to spring, by second birth,
A new and nobler work of GOD.

'Tis said that microscopic pow'r
Might through its swaddling folds descry
The infant-image of the flow'r,
Too exquisite to meet the eye.

This, vernal suns and rains will swell,
Till from its dark abode it peep,
Like Venus rising from her shell,
Amidst the spring-tide of the deep.

Two shapely leaves will first unfold;
Then, on a smooth elastic stem,
The verdant bud shall turn to gold,
And open in a diadem.

Not one of Flora's brilliant race
A form more perfect can display;
Art could not feign more simple grace,
Nor Nature take a line away.

Yet, rich as morn of many a hue,
When flushing clouds through darkness strike,
The tulip's petals shine in dew,
All beautiful,—but none alike.

Kings, on their bridal, might unrobe
To lay their glories at its foot;
And queens their sceptre, crown, and globe,
Exchange for blossom, stalk, and root.

Here could I stand and moralize;
Lady, I leave that part to thee:
Be thy next birth in Paradise,
Thy life to come, eternity!

MONTGOMERY.

The yellow star of Bethlehem in woods; the vernal squill among maritime rocks; and the wood-sorrel, are now in flower. This and the wood anemoné have both white blossoms, and inhabit shady woods. The marsh-marigold flowers early in the spring, and its brilliant blossoms make a very ornamental appearance in moist meadows, and about rivers and brooks.

The hedge banks are now studded with *primroses*, the bright yellow of whose flowers, beautifully contrasted with the surrounding green of the budding trees, offers a most agreeable spectacle to the lover of Spring scenery. Other flowers which adorn our fields at this time are the checquered daffodil, the lady-smock, the hare-bell, and the cowslip.

We subjoin some observations on the different times at which flowers appear, and on their exquisite odours, from *Dr. Drummond's First Steps to Botany*[1].

The *time*, at which flowers appear, varies according to their species, and hence we have some in blow, of one kind or another, throughout the year. The hour of day, also, at which they expand is various. Some burst from their confinement in time to meet the dawn; some, as the water-lily, do not expand until noon; and others, not till the western star sweetens with her beams the soft and dewy hour of twilight. Other plants, again, expand their flowers only in the night: such is the great night-flowering Cereus, which spreads its large blossoms for a few hours, and then they close to open no more. Flowers often, however, expand and close repeatedly; and we find that their time of *shutting* is as regular as that of unclosing. In general, like

> The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
> And with him rises weeping,

they shut with his sinking beam, and open again to congratulate his morning ray. Some close regularly at mid-day, in every kind of weather, and on this account the *Goat's-beard* is vulgarly called '*John go to bed at noon*;' others shut later, of which the *Forked marvel of Peru* is an example. It is, by the Dutch, at the Cape of Good Hope, called *Vieruurs-bloem*, that is, 'four o'clock flower,' because it invariably closes at that time. The same name is also given by the Malays to another plant, but it, instead of shutting, *opens* at four in the afternoon, and as regularly closes at four in the morning.

Flowers, in general, are very sensible to changes of weather, and shut up altogether, or partially, during rain, or when the sky is

---

[1] This correct and elegant little work is entitled to the warmest commendation from every lover of botany, inasmuch as it is eminently calculated to facilitate the study of this interesting science among *young persons*. To the beginner it is invaluable; his path is here literally strown with flowers, the subject being continually enlivened and illustrated by numerous attractive wood-cuts (judiciously *interspersed with the text)*, which are not only faithfully, but beautifully executed. Dr. Drummond's Botany, indeed, has already reached a *second edition;* and, from its being adapted to the use of *both sexes*, we have no doubt, that it will very soon supersede every similar work on the subject. As Botany is, or ought to be, a branch of general instruction in most respectable seminaries, particularly in those appropriated to *females*, we strongly recommend this work to the notice of superintendants of education. We are sure, we shall have their best thanks for pointing out to them such an estimable and attractive book.

obscured by clouds. The *daisy* offers a ready example of this phenomenon. We often see it in winter, or at least in very cold weather, expanding its snow-white rays, as if regardless of the season: yet it is very sensible to impressions from dew and rain. It regularly shuts after sun-set, to expand again, however, with the morning light, as is beautifully expressed by Leyden.

> Oft have I watched thy closing buds at eve,
> Which for the parting sun-beams seemed to grieve,
> And, when gay morning gilt the dew-bright plain,
> Seen them unclasp their folded leaves again.

Should the weather become moist or rainy, the time is anticipated,

> When evening brings the merry folding hours,
> And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.

And then we may examine a whole field, and not find a daisy open; unless those, indeed, whose flowering being nearly over, have, in consequence, lost their sensibility.

Flowers are very attractive by the exquisiteness of their *odours*. The violet first emerges from the lap of winter, and breathes her sweetness to the rough March winds. This little flower has in all ages been a favourite, and, in every country where it grows, is recognised as the emblem of modesty and innocence. Shakspeare speaks of

> —— *Violets* dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath.

And, indeed, scarcely a poet can be named who has not sweetly sung of

> The *violet* blue that on the moss bank grows.

As the season advances, and the full power of vegetation awakes into action, every mead, thicket, lane, and hedge-row, gives out its perfumes, and is garnished with blossoms. But it is in *tropical* countries that the animating fragrance of flowers is most exquisite. There, in the cool of the morning, or when the day declines, and the evening dews have begun to fall, the whole atmosphere is filled with balmy odours. The fragrance of the *starry gardenia*, or *wild Cape jessamine*, when in full blow, may be perceived, in the evening, at the distance of several miles. The scent of the *swamp magnolia*, or *beaver tree*, of North America, is also, when in flower, perceived at a great distance. Kalm says the whole air is filled with it, and that 'it is beyond description agreeable to travel in the woods about that time, especially towards night.'—*First Steps to Botany*, p. 176, Second Edition.

Flowers and Fruits of Spring in Madeira.

The author of 'Rambles in Madeira and Portugal in 1826,' gives us the following account of Spring in the former country:—'*April* 3. We have lately had some days of violent rain; and the weather has not as yet settled into that genial warmth and sunshine, which, at Madeira, commonly makes a fine day a matter of course. Our garden, however, is always beautiful; and at this season, every morning reveals to me some fair shrub or flower, which I had never known before, (or, if at all, only as the denizen of an English conservatory or hot-house) putting forth its leaves or its blossoms to the sun. The Judas trees, with their swarm of pink, butterfly blossoms, are particularly conspicuous. The Solandria (grandi-flora) too is beginning to develope its large white bells, but they are neither in shape nor hue so elegant as those of the Datura; this last I am glad to see has not yet exhausted her stores. Some of the passion-flowers at present in bloom are very exquisite; especially one of the scarlet kind—the flowers of which, wreathed in the dark hair of a young Madeirense, forms one of the most effective coronals I have seen.

'You are not, however, sensible here of that change, either in the air or in the face of things, which makes spring so delightful in England,

> When April starts, and wakes around
> The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
> And lightly o'er the living scene
> Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

'There is hardly any sense of this delightful vicissitude at Madeira: *the year is one summer*, with comparatively little alteration either of temperature or hue; and I have not as yet made up my mind which system of seasons I should prefer. We have had a profusion of flowers all the winter; indeed, the tribe of roses has never been in such full and general glow as soon after we arrived in January: the trees then,

too, were laden with guavas, and oranges, and custard-apples, which now only give, in their flower, the promise of another crop next autumn. There are still bananas, however, which, I believe, last all the year; and oranges we get from the north: as for the others, their loss to me is more than compensated by the quantity of wild strawberries which they are now beginning to bring down by baskets full from the mountains, and which form a delicious addition to the breakfast table.

'Some improvement, nevertheless, in the face of the country, the spring works even here. The vines are now beginning to push their leaves, and the cornfields to look green; which gives to the lower slopes of the mountains an aspect of verdure, which, at other times, perhaps, they too much betray the want of. There is little or no change observable in the woods and hedges: few or none of the indigenous trees and bushes are deciduous. Of exotics, the chestnut is the only one seen in considerable quantities, and the plantations of this tree are very partial.

'I do not know that the native Flora has much improved since we came: the little peasant girls have for some time ceased their morning tribute of violets from the hills.'

The NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS.

Can it be true? so fragrant and so fair!
To give thy perfume to the dews of night?
Can aught so beautiful shrink from the glare,
And fade and sicken in the coming light?
Yes, peerless flower! the heavens alone exhale
Thy fragrance; while the glittering stars attest;
And incense, wafted from the midnight gale,
Untainted rises from thy spotless breast.
Sweet emblem of that faith, which seeks, apart
From human praise, to love and work unseen;
That gives to Heaven an undivided heart—
In sorrow stedfast, and in joy serene!
Anchored on GOD, no adverse cloud can dim;
Her eye, unaltered, still is fixed on Him!

Christian Guardian.

MAY.

MAY was thus named from *Maia*, the mother of Mercury. The sign of this month is *Gemini*.

Like *Maia's* son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide.

Remarkable Days

In MAY 1828.

1.—SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES THE LESS.

THE first of these martyrs was stoned to death; and the second, having been thrown from a high place, was killed by a fuller's staff.

1.—MAY-DAY.

This is the chimney-sweepers' carnival. 'I have a kindly yearning (says Elia) towards these dim specks —poor blots—innocent blacknesses.' I reverence these young Africans of our own growth; these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimnies), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.—Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny: it is better to give him twopence. If it be starving weather, and, to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.' For the last twenty years, or more,—we record it to the honour of *Montgomery*, the poet, and some worthy coadjutors—it has been the custom to give the climbing-boys of Sheffield an annual dinner on the 1st of May. From twenty-four to twenty-six attend, and their appearance and behaviour do credit to their masters. From Mr. Montgomery's *Chimney-Sweeper's Friend*, a series of representations calcu-

lated to assist 'the immediate relief of the sufferers, and the gradual abolition of this home slave-trade in little children,' we select the following beautiful poems, as much in illustration of our subject, as in furtherance of the benevolent object of the talented and philanthropic writers.

The CLIMBING BOY; *a* WORD *with* MYSELF.

[By James Montgomery.]

I know they scorn the climbing-boy,
The gay, the selfish, and the proud;
I know his villainous employ
Is mock'ry with the thoughtless crowd.

So be it: brand with ev'ry name
Of burning infamy his art;
But let his country bear the shame,
And feel the iron at her heart.

I cannot coldly pass him by,
Stript, wounded, left by thieves half dead;
Nor see an infant Lazarus lie
At rich man's gates imploring bread.

A frame as sensitive as mine,
Limbs moulded in a kindred form,
A soul degraded, yet divine,
Endear me to my brother-worm.

He was my equal at his birth,
A naked, helpless, weeping child;
And such are born to thrones on earth,
On such hath ev'ry mother smiled.

My equal he will be again,
Down in that cold, oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
Crowd, without fellowship, the tomb.

My equal in the *judgment-day*,
He shall stand up before the throne,
When ev'ry veil is rent away,
And good and evil only known.

And is he not mine equal now?
Am I less fall'n from God and truth?
Though wretch be written on his brow,
And leprosy consume his youth?

If holy nature yet have laws
Binding on man, of woman born,
In her own court I'll plead his cause,
Arrest the doom, or share the scorn.

Yes! let the scorn that haunts his course
Turn on me like a trodden snake,
And hiss and sting me with remorse,
If I the fatherless forsake.

—

HUMANITY *at* HOME.

[By John Bowring.]

I honour and I love the mind,
Whose warm and gen'rous thoughts embrace
The common interests of our kind,
Through time's long track and earth's wide space,
And, like the glorious God of day,
Sheds o'er the WORLD its living ray.

I watch with throbbing heart the zeal,
Whose all-incorporating plan
Can teach a million souls to feel
For all that's man's—for all that's MAN;
And ev'ry human title blend
In those of BROTHER and of FRIEND.

I've travelled many a country far,
Through Finland's wild, on Afric's strand,
And there went with me, like a star,
The glory of my native land;
A star whose light, where'er I trod,
Seemed blazing with the truths of God.

But sometimes sadness came, and dwelt
Within my heart. 'Twas proud to hear
My country's name, but oh! I felt
That mis'ry dwelt unheeded THERE:
That hearts were sad, and eyes were wet;
Forgotten—how could I forget!

I would not check the nobly good,
Who, joy diffusing, widely roam;
But I would whisper, if I could,
Look round, for there are wrongs AT HOME;
And voices, though but feeble, call
On Heav'n—on thee—on me—on all!

Dost thou not hear their cry? To thee,
Who hear'st the lightest plaint of woe
That's borne across the distant sea,
Can their appeal be vain? O no!
Thou didst but want some tongue to say,
Viet's sons are here, *and these are they.*

May-Day in France.

On the night preceding the 1st of May, it is the custom to place branches of green boughs at the doors or windows of females, or persons of distinction; lovers, above all, seize this opportunity of decorating the windows of their mistresses, and sometimes take up a young tree, ornament it with ribands, and *replant* it by the side of the door; a species of gallantry as agreeable to the planter, as it is to her for whom the tree is planted. Henry II, wishing to recompense the clerks of the Bazoche for their good services, in quelling an insurrection in Guienne, offered them money; but they would accept only the permission granted them by the king, of cutting in the royal woods such trees as they might choose for the planting of May, a privilege which existed at the commencement of the French Revolution.

A similar custom prevailed among the Romans, at the beginning of May, when they celebrated the fête of Flora, the Goddess of Flowers; the young people going to the woods, and bringing back a quantity of boughs, with which they ornamented the houses. Women ran through the streets, and had the privilege of insulting every one who came in their way. And here may we not trace the custom of the *epousées* (brides) of the month of May? The epousées are the little daughters of the common people, 'dressed in their best,' and placed on a bank, or on a chair, in the streets and public walks, on the first Sunday in May; other little girls, the bride's companions, stand near, with plates in their hands, and tease the passengers for some money for their epousée. These offerings are solicited with all the importunity of children, and are rarely refused.

At *Commercy*, and in the neighbourhood of this town, it is the custom, on the night preceding the 1st of May, to plant under the windows of friends *a young tree in leaf*, and sometimes ornamented with flowers and ribands, which is called *Mai*. This May is commonly planted by the lover under the windows of his mistress, and by scholars at the door of their masters. Some mischievous persons substitute for May the carcass of an animal; but this is only the work of the spiteful few, and cannot be considered as a custom.

During the month of May, young persons of both sexes play at a game which they call *Sans-Vert*. Those who play are constantly to have about them some leaves of the hornbeam, which must not be allowed to become dry; and he who is surprised with any faded leaves, or such as have become dry, and are reduced to powder, must pay a fine. For the purpose of surprising any one, they go to them very early in the morning; in consequence of which, great care is taken to have a fresh sprig of the hornbeam in their night-cap, or near the bed. The young women have a small, long bottle filled with water, concealed in their stays, on purpose to keep the leaves fresh and green.

May Custom *in* Sologne.

Every year, on the 1st of May, the Sologneso go out to gather May before sun-rise; and when they return, they fix a small branch to the doors of their houses, stables, sheep-folds, &c., that they may drive away the snakes, adders, toads, and other venomous animals, which, they pretend, like to attach themselves to the dugs of the cows, and draw the milk from them. On the 12th of May, says M. Legier, I killed an adder in my dining-room; the May which had been placed at the door not having had sufficient virtue, or the pretty girl who had put it there not being in a state of grace at the time. It is also the custom to place a bough of May on the dung heap, to announce to the young men of the neighbourhood, that some marriageable girls are to be found at the farm-house; a ceremony which the rustic damsels never forget to practise on the 1st of May.

May Custom *in* Bonneval.

On the first day of May, long before sun-rise, the young men, in every village, are accustomed to go into the neighbouring woods to cut the branches of such trees as are covered with foliage;—on their return to the town, they place before every house, in a conspicuous situation, as many branches as there are daughters living there. When there are only young children, the boughs are but small; and when the girls are marriageable, they are commonly larger and finer than in other places. If this village fête takes place on a working day, the young people meet together on the following Sunday, 'to dance the May,' which is done in the following manner: One of the company carries a large *May* or bough, consisting of several branches, which are covered with ribands; the others follow with violins, drums, and such other instruments as they can procure; they then walk through the streets, stopping at the door of every house over which any May has been placed, and commence a serenade, and a dance; usually receiving some money, which serves to defray their expenses.

As *May* and *milk-maids* are often associated in our recollections of this agreeable season, '*The Song of the Maids of Rozel*' will, perhaps, not be considered out of place in a chronicle of May-doings in France. It is one of the few really *Norman* songs now to be met with; the good wife, from whose lips it was taken down, archly observed, that it was sung at milking time by the girls of the village, 'when they think their lovers are on the other side the hedge.' For the following faithful and spirited translation of this

song, we are indebted to our kind friend and correspondent, Mr. J. H. WIFFEN.

Walking one eve in vacant mood
Beside a green and pleasant wood,
I heard a shepherd-girl essay
Some new romantic roundelay.

She saw me come, that maiden fair,
And checked at once her rural air;
'Sing on, sing on,' I cried, 'sweet bird,
Renew th' enchanting strain I heard.'

'How can I sing,' she cried, 'alas!
When I've this dreary wood to pass?
I have fear of the wolves—ah, well-away!
The frightful wolves and the beasts of prey!'

'Sing on, sing on; 'tis a false alarm,
We'll pass the forest, arm in arm;
Sing on, sing on, sweet mountain-bird,
Renew the pastoral air I heard.

'Not a living thing shall we meet with here,
But a friend who attends to his vintage near;
Sing on! sing on! from the rich, ripe, vine
We will taste a cup of his country wine.

'We will drink one cup,—we will both drink there
To all lovers' healths—to my mistress fair;
And without forgetting the one whose bliss
It is, her lovely cheek to kiss.'

3.—INVENTION OF THE CROSS.

This is the day appointed by the Romish church to celebrate the *invention*, that is, the finding of a wooden cross, fancied to be the *true cross* on which our Lord was crucified, by Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great.—See some interesting information respecting this day in our previous volumes, particularly in T.T. for 1827, pp. 133 et seq.

6.—JOHN EVANGELIST, A. P. L.

St. John was banished to the isle of Patmos, and there he remained till the death of Domitian, when he returned into Asia.

*7. 1827.—REV. DR. HAWKER DIED.

He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford; and, for the long period of fifty years previously to

his decease, he had been Vicar of Charles the Martyr, at Plymouth. As a preacher, Dr. Hawker was exceedingly popular; and, in his occasional visits to the metropolis, he drew such crowded congregations, that the limbs and lives of his auditory were frequently endangered. He was the founder of many charities and was benignant and affectionate to all. Dr. Hawker was the author of several Sermons on the Divinity of Christ, 1792; Evidence of a Plenary Inspiration, 1793; Sermons on the Divinity and Operations of the Holy Ghost, 1794; Specimens of Preaching, 1801; Life and Writings of the Rev. H. Tanner, 1807; Two Letters to a Barrister, 1808; Letter to W. Hale, in Defence of the Female Penitentiary, 1810; the Bible, with a Commentary, 1816; the Poor Man's Commentary on the New Testament, 1816, &c. &c. An Edition of his Works was published by himself in 1805, in 6 vols. 8vo.

*7. 1714.—MEMORIAL RESPECTING THE PRETENDER.

This Memorial of the Princess Sophia and the Elector of Hanover, among other things, requests that steps should be taken to drive the Pretender from the Court of Lorraine to Italy; but from a subsequent proclamation of Queen Anne, her Majesty's attempt to effect this, appears to have been unsuccessful. These circumstances seem to fix the date of one of the best songs written in the Pretender's favour.

A Song.

Bring in the bowl, I'll toast a health
To one that has neither land nor wealth:
The bonniest lad you ever saw
Is over the hills and far awaw:
Over the hills, and over the dales:
No lasting peace till he prevails.
Pull up my lads with a loud huzza,
A health to him that's far awaw.

By France, by Rome, likewise by Spain,
By all forsook but Duke Lorrain;
The next remove appears most plain
Will be to bring him back again.

Over the hills and far awaw,
Over the hills and far awaw,
The bonniest lad you ever saw
Is over the hills and far awaw.

He knew no harm, he knew no guilt,
No laws had broke, no blood had spilt;
If rogues his father did betray,
What's that to him that's far away?
Over the hills and far awaw,
Beyond those hills and far awaw
The wind may change and fairly blaw,
And blaw him back that's blown awaw[1].

*8. 1827.—REV. LEGH RICHMOND, M.A., DIED, ÆT. 57.

He was Rector of Turvey, in Bedfordshire, formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, and chaplain to his late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. He was only son of the late Henry Richmond, M.D. of Bath. While at college, he was most known for his love of music, in which he was a considerable proficient, both as a performer and a composer, and was the leading person, in a harmonic society, which published a collection of catches and glees. On taking orders, he married, and went to reside at Brading, in the Isle of Wight, as curate: he now took a decidedly religious turn, and here he composed those beautiful stories, *The Dairyman's Daughter* (which has been translated into upwards of nineteen different languages), *The Negro Servant*, *The Young Cottager*, and others; on account of which, he was chosen the principal secretary to the Religious Tract Society. He both preached and spoke extempore with great fluency and neatness, and was a very efficient advocate for that and other religious societies. We understand that his *Remains*, with a Memoir prefixed, are in progress for publication, for the benefit of his widow and family.—J. P.

[1] Ellis's Original Letters, *Second Series*, vol. iv, p. 281.

*8. 1827.—GILBERT BURNS DIED.

Gilbert Burns was born about the year 1760. He was eighteen months younger than his brother Robert, Scotland's most gifted bard. With him he was early inured to toil, and rendered familiar with the hardships of the peasant's lot; like him, too, he was much subject to occasional depression of spirits. Gilbert was the archetype of his father, a very remarkable man: his piety was equally warm and sincere; and, in all the private relations of life, as an elder of the church, a husband, a father, a master, and a friend, he was pre-eminent. His writings are deficient in that variety, originality, and ease, which shine so conspicuously even in the prose works of the poet; but they have many redeeming points about them. His taste was as pure as his judgment was masculine. He has been heard to say, that the two most pleasurable moments of his life were, first, when he read Mackenzie's story of La Roche; and, secondly, when Robert took him apart, at the breakfast or dinner hour, during harvest, and read to him, while seated on a barley-sheaf, his MS. copy of the far-famed Cotter's Saturday-night.

In 1819, Gilbert Burns was invited by Messrs. Cadell and Davies to revise a new edition of his brother's works; to supply whatever he found wanting, and correct whatever he thought amiss. He accepted the invitation; and, by appending much valuable matter to the late Dr. Currie's biography, he at once vindicated his brother's memory from many aspersions which had been cast upon it, and established his own credit as an author. On receiving payment for his labour, the first thing he did was, to balance accounts, to the uttermost farthing, with the widow and family of his deceased brother. The letter which accompanied the remittance of the money was, in the highest degree, creditable to his feelings.

11.—ROGATION SUNDAY.

About the time of the corn-harvest and the vintage, the Greeks sacrificed a heifer, and prayed to the gods for the preservation of the fruits of the earth. The victim was led three times round the harvest field; a crowd followed, forming the procession, at the head of which went the priest, crowned with oak leaves, and singing hymns. The *Sementinæ* of the Romans had the same object. They were celebrated by the country people in honour of Tullus; and we read that Cybele was in great veneration among the Gauls. When they were apprehensive of a bad harvest, they placed her statue in a chariot drawn by oxen, which made the tour of the fields and vineyards; the people preceded the goddess, singing their hymns, and the principal magistrates followed barefooted. Thus, when St. Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne, established in his diocese, in 469, a procession called des Fêtes Humiliées *(operosissima festivitas)*, afterwards called the *Gallic litanies* or minors, he did not so much introduce a new custom as change the direction of one already established. They who formed a part of this procession were to be barefooted, to wear hair-cloth, and to have their heads sprinkled with ashes; the priests were clad in black, and the crosses and relics were covered with black veils; hence it was called the *black procession*. A monk praises the Emperor Charlemagne for assisting at this procession barefooted, as did also the chief of the Gauls: the *winged dragon*, which was carried about in this procession in the last century, was also the remains of Paganism, and contributes to prove that this and many other ceremonies were adopted in opposition to the Pagan processions, in which the images of their gods were carried through the street.

At *Commercy*, in the ci-devant Lorraine, during the *Rogation week*, religious processions are made in the fields; and, at this period of the year, a little fair is held for the sale of *tarts* and cakes; hence, the fair is not only called Rogation-day Fair, but the day or fair of *Quichottes*, the diminutive of *Quiche*, which signifies, in the language of the country, a *tart*, or small piece of pastry. The cakes made for this occasion are called *craquelins* (cracknels), and are in the form of a bracelet, representing a serpent with his tail in his mouth, a symbol of the sun; others are in the shape of a half moon; and almost all of them have poppy seeds in the inside, called, in the *patois* of the country, *semegan*.

May not the use of this seed confirm the mystic character of the cake—particularly if we recollect that the poppy was the emblem of fecundity among the ancients, and that it was always added to the sheaf of corn offered to Ceres? Further, the capsule of the poppy, which is almost circular, has the top, or head of it, radiated like the sun. The little tarts are round, and notched, or festooned, at the edges.—See a further account of the observance of Rogation days in France, by M. Chateaubriand, in our last volume, p. 136.

*12. 1641.—EARL OF STRAFFORD BEHEADED.

Among what are called The King's Pamphlets in the British Museum, the collection of which, begun by a Mr. George Thomason, was continued by an especial order of King Charles the First, there is a single folio sheet, printed at London in 1641, containing

VERSES *lately written by* THOMAS EARLE *of* STRAFFORD.

Go, empty Joyes,
With all your noyse,
And leave me here alone
In sweet sad silence to bemoane
Your vaine and fleet delight,
Whose danger none can see aright,
Whilst your false splendor dimmes his sight.

Goe and insnare
With your false ware
Some other easie wight,
And cheat him with your flattering light;
Rain on his head a shower
Of Honours, Favour, Wealth, and Power,
Then snatch it from him in an houre.

Fill his big minde
With gallant winde
Of insolent applause:
Let him not feare all curbing lawes,
Nor King and Peoples frowne,
But dreame of something like a Crowne,
And climbing towards it, tumble downe.

Let him appeare
In his bright sphere,
Like Scynthia in her pride,
With star-like troups on every side;
Such for their number and their light
As may at last o'rewhelme him quite
And blend us both in one dead night.

Welcome sad Night,
Grief's sole delight,
Your mourning best agrees
With Honour's funerall obsequies:
In Thetis lap he lies
Mantled with soft securities,
Whose too-much sun-shine blinds his eyes.

Was he too bold
That needs would hold
With curbing raines the Day,
And make Sol's fiery steeds obey?
Then sure as rash was I
Who with ambitious wings did fly
In Charles his Waine too loftily.

I fall, I fall,
Whom shall I call?
Alas can he be heard
Who now is neither loved nor feared?
You, who were wont to kisse the ground
Where e're my honoured steps were found,
Come, catch me at my last rebound.

How each admires
Heav'ns twinkling fires,
When, from their glorious seat,
Their influence gives life and heat:
But O! how few there are,
(Though danger from that act be far)
Will stoop and catch a falling Star.

Now 'tis too late
To imitate
Those Lights, whose pallidnesse
Argues no inward guiltinesse:
Their course one way is bent:
The reason is, theres no dissent
In Heaven's High Court of Parliament[1].

15.—ASCENSION DAY.

From the earliest times, a day was set apart to commemorate our Lord's ascension into Heaven. On this day, *parish boundaries* are frequently perambulated, accompanied by well-known customs. For an account of an annual ceremony still practised at Tissington, in Derbyshire, on this day, consult our last volume, pp. 137-140.

19.—SAINT DUNSTAN.

St. Dunstan was born at Glastonbury in 924. He was successively Bishop of Worcester and London,

[1] See Ellis's Original Letters, *Second Series*, vol. iii. p. 288, 289, and also p. 281 et seq., for an interesting Letter of Lord Strafford's, when Viscount Wentworth.

and Archbishop of Canterbury. He died in 988. Many and ridiculous are the miracles imputed to him.

25.—WHIT-SUNDAY.

Whit-Sunday takes place of the Pentecostal feast among the Jews, and is in commemoration of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the apostles, &c. on the day of Pentecost (Acts ii). It is held seven weeks after Easter, and has, probably, been continued regularly from the apostolical age (Acts xvi).

26.—WHIT-MONDAY.

This day and Whit-Tuesday are observed as festivals, for the same reason as Monday and Tuesday in Easter.—For an account of John of Gaunt's Benefaction, see our last volume, p. 175.

26.—AUGUSTIN, *or* AUSTIN,

First Archbishop of Canterbury. He came into England in the year 596, and died on this day, A.D. 607.

*26. 1826.—THE GODIVA PAGEANT AT COVENTRY.

For a circumstantial account of this curious ceremony, see our last volume, pp. 140-143.

*26. 1827.—REV. MARK NOBLE DIED,

Rector of Barming, in Kent; a gentleman well known in the literary world, as an antiquary and historian. Residing upon his living, his leisure allowed him to write and publish a variety of works, extremely valuable, from the indefatigable industry and research which they display. The following is a list of them: Two Dissertations on the Mint and Coins of the Episcopal Palace of Durham, 4to, 1780;—Genealogical Histories of the present Royal Families of Europe, 8vo, 1781; Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell, 2 vol. 8vo, 1781;—Memoirs of the House of Medici, 1797;—Lives of the English Regicides, 2 vol. 8vo, 1797;—History of the College of Arms, 4to, 1801;—Biographical Anecdotes of England, in continuation of Granger, 2 vol. 8vo, 1809.

27.—VENERABLE BEDE.

This great ornament of his age and country was born at Jarrow, in the bishoprick of Durham, A.D. 672, and died in 735.

28, 29, 31.—EMBER DAYS. *See* p. 50.

*28. 1827.—WILLIAM JAMES DIED,

Author of that highly esteemed work, 'The Naval History of Great Britain', which occupied his unremitted attention for more than twelve years.—And here we would fain close our brief notice; but truth compels us to add—*what may be esteemed a natural consequence of a devotion to literature*—the widow and family of this indefatigable man are left in a state of hopeless destitution. The *Literary Fund Society*, to its immortal honour, has subscribed £50 towards their relief;—may this example be followed up by those who have the power and the *will*, to do not only a deed of benevolence, but an act of justice! The family of the Historiographer of the British Navy, have claims that should excite a feeling of sympathy in every bosom.

Astronomical Occurrences

In MAY 1828.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Gemini at 34 m. after 3 in the morning of the 21st of this month; and he rises and sets, during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

May 1st, Sun rises	37	m. after	4.	Sets	23	m. after	7
6th	29		4		31		7
11th	21		4		39		7
16th	13		4		47		7
21st	6		4		54		7
26th	0		4		0		8
31st	51		3		6		8

Equation of Time.

When mean or true time is required, and only apparent time can be ascertained by means of a good sun-dial, the latter may be found by using the numbers as directed in the following Table. When other numbers are required, they must be found by proportion:—

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

	m.	s.
Thursday, May 1st, from the time by the dial *sub.*	3	5
Tuesday 6th	3	36
Sunday..... 11th	3	59
Friday 16th	3	55
Wednesday .. 21st	3	42
Monday..... 26th	3	18
Saturday..... 31st	2	41

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter	6th day, at	32 m.	after	5	in the evening
New Moon ..	13th	50		9	.....
First Quarter	21st	11		11	.....
Full Moon ..	29th	17		8	in the morning.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the first meridian at the following times this month, which will affordopportunities of observation, if the weather be favourable. The times may also be readily reduced to any other meridian, by means of the difference of longitude, and the Moon's hourly motion.

May 5th, at	52 m.	after	4	in the morning
6th ..	48		5	.....
7th ..	42		6	.....
8th ..	33		7	.....
9th ..	24		8	.....
10th ..	13		9	.....
19th ..	33		4	in the afternoon
20th ..	18		5	.....
21st ..	2		6	.....
22d ..	45		6	.....
23d ..	29		7	in the evening
24th ..	15		8	.....
25th ..	2		9	.....
26th ..	52		9	.....
27th ..	46		10	.....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

The following are the times of high tide at London Bridge, for certain days of this month: for the other days, these times may be readily found by proportion, and for other places by adding or subtracting the numbers inserted for that purpose in the article for January.

TABLE OF TIDES.

	Morning.	*Afternoon.*
May 1st, at	9 m. after 3	28 m. after 3
6th ..	1 7	33 7
11th ..	0 0	23 0
16th ..	41 3	57 3
21st ..	53 6	16 7
26th ..	39 11	0 0
31st ..	38 3	57 3

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The following is the proportion of these phases at this time, from which it will be seen that her approach to the earth is diminishing the extent of her illuminated part; but this is more than counterbalanced by her increased brightness, and she therefore gradually becomes a more conspicuous object in the heavens.

May 1st { Illuminated part = 7·10371
Dark part .... = 4·89629

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

There will be 27 eclipses of the first and second of these satellites during the present month, but only the following will be visible here:—

Emersions.

First Satellite,	7th day, at 26 m. 54 s.	after 2	in the morning
	8th .... 55 .. 30	8	in the evening
	15th .... 49 .. 48	10	
	23d .... 44 .. 12	0	in the morning
	31 t .... 7 .. 16	9	in the morning
Second Satellite	3d .... 9 .. 4	0	
	10th .... 43 .. 48	2	
	27th .... 11 .. 58	9	in the evening.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

May 5th, with β in Capricorn at 5 in the evening
12th .. Mercury..... 9 .....
27th .. Jupiter ..... 3 in the morning.

Other Phenomena.

Georgium Sidus will be stationary on the 6th of this month. Venus will attain her greatest elongation on the 19th. Mercury will be in his superior conjunction at 15 m. after 4 in the afternoon of the 23d. Mars will also be stationary on the 30th, near ♆ in Sagittarius.

The following poetical mirror of simplicity and elegance is so applicable to the rising of night's fair queen, on many of the still evenings at this season, that we do not hesitate to insert it.

RISING *of the* MOON.

The Moon is rising; silence reigns
Upon the hills, and o'er the plains:
The river's rush alone is heard,
Or rustling wing of nighted bird.

Serenely through the forest boughs
The pure effulgence softly glows,
And shadows out the leaflets there,
Unmoved amid the silent air.

The wild-briar bush, in silver flower,
The hawthorn tree, the lover's bower,
Unite their perfume exquisite,
With the yellow broom, so wild and sweet.

So cloudless is the sky above,
So freshly fair the leafy grove,
So green the sward, where daisies pied,
And cowslips blossom side by side.

How beautiful is Nature's face!
How full of harmony and grace!
What countless joys does she bequeath
To all that live, and move, and breathe.

Where is the mourner? here his mind
Serenity and peace may find;
Where is the wanderer? This the road
Backward to happiness, and God!

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Naturalist's Diary

For MAY 1828.

MAY MORNING.

To-morrow, to-morrow, thou loveliest May,
To-morrow will rise up thy first-born day;
Bride of the summer, child of the spring,
To-morrow the year will its favourite bring:
The roses will know thee, and fling back their vest,
While the nightingale sings him to sleep on their breast;
The blossoms, in welcomes, will open to meet
On the light boughs thy breath, in the soft grass thy feet.
To-morrow the dew will have virtue to shed
O'er the cheek of the maiden its loveliest red;
To-morrow a glory will brighten the earth,
While the spirit of beauty, rejoicing, has birth.

Farewell to thee, April, a gentle farewell;
Thou has saved the young rose in its emerald cell:
Sweet nurse, thou hast mingled thy sunshine and showers,
Like kisses and tears, on thy children the flowers.
As hope, when fulfilled, to sweet memory turns,
We shall think of thy clouds as the od'rous urns
Whence colour, and freshness, and fragrance were wept;
We shall think of thy rainbows—their promise is kept.
There is not a cloud on the morning's blue way,
And the daylight is breaking the first of the May.

Golden Violet.

THIS is the May of the poets,—May as it *should be*—and sometimes *is;* more frequently, however, in our variable climate, particularly in backward seasons, this month puts on a very different appearance; such as is well described by Miss Mitford.

'MAY the 3d.—Cold bright weather; all within doors, sunny and chilly; all without, windy and dusty. It is quite tantalizing to see that brilliant sun carcering through so beautiful a sky, and to feel little more warmth from his presence than one does from that of his fair but cold sister, the moon. Even the sky, beautiful as it is, has the look of that one sometimes sees in a very bright, moonlight night—deeply, intensely blue, with white fleecy clouds driven vigorously along by a strong breeze—now veiling, and now expos-

ing the dazzling luminary around whom they sail. A beautiful sky! and, in spite of its coldness, a beautiful world! The effect of this backward spring has been to arrest the early flowers, to which heat is the great enemy; whilst the leaves and the later flowers have, nevertheless, ventured to peep out slowly and cautiously in sunny places, exhibiting, in the copses and hedge-rows, a pleasant mixture of March and May. And we, poor chilly mortals, must follow, as nearly as we can, the wise example of the May-blossoms, by avoiding bleak paths and open commons; following the pleasant sheltered road, where the western sun steals in between two rows of bright green elms, and the east wind is fenced off by a range of woody hills. Well! we will pursue our walk. How beautiful a mixture of flowers and leaves is in the high bank under this north hedge—quite an illustration of the blended seasons of which we spoke. An old irregular hedge-row is always beautiful, especially in the spring time, when the grass, and mosses, and flowering weeds mingle best with the bushes and creeping plants that overhang them. But this bank is, most especially, various and lovely. Shall we try to analyse it? First, the clinging white-veined ivy, which crawls up the slope in every direction, the master-piece of that rich mosaic; then the brown leaves and the lilac blossoms of its fragrant namesake, the ground-ivy, which grows here so profusely; then the late, lingering primrose; then the delicate wood-sorrel; then the regular pink stars of the cranesbill, with its beautiful leaves; the golden oxlip and the cowslip, 'cinque-spotted;' then the blue pansy, and the enamelled wild hyacinth; then the bright foliage of the briar-rose, which comes, trailing its green wreaths among the flowers; then the bramble and the woodbine, creeping round the foot of a pollard oak, with its brown folded leaves; then a verdant mass—the blackthorn, with its lingering blossoms—the hawthorn, with its swelling buds—the bushy maple—the long stems of the hazel—and

between them, hanging like a golden plume over the bank, a splendid tuft of the blossomed broom; then, towering high above all, the tall and leafy elms. And this is but a faint picture of this hedge, on the meadowy side of which sheep are bleating, and where, every here and there, a young lamb is thrusting its pretty head between the trees.'

Who will not, on witnessing such scenes as these, exclaim with the talented author of the 'Pelican Island'—

Spring-flowers, spring-birds, spring-breezes,
Are felt, and heard, and seen;
Light trembling transport seizes
My heart—with sighs between;
These old enchantments fill the mind
With scenes and seasons far behind;
Childhood, its smiles and tears,
Youth, with its flush of years,
Its morning-clouds and dewy prime,
More exquisitely touched by time.

Fancies again are springing,
Like May-flowers in the vales;
While hopes, long lost, are singing
From thorns, like nightingales;
And kindly spirits stir my blood,
Like vernal airs that curl the flood:
There falls to manhood's lot
A joy, which youth has not,
A dream more beautiful than truth,—
Returning spring renewing youth.

Thus sweetly to surrender
The present for the past;
In sprightly mood, yet tender,
Life's burthen down to cast,—
This is to taste, from stage to stage,
Youth on the lees refined by age:
Like wine well-kept and long,
Heady, nor harsh, nor strong,
With every annual cup is quaffed
A richer, purer, mellower draught.

MONTGOMERY.

The latest species of the summer birds of passage arrive about the beginning of May. Among these are the goatsucker, or fern-owl, the spotted fly-catcher,

and the sedge bird. Birds are still occupied in building their nests or laying their eggs. The parental care of birds at this period, in hatching and rearing their young, can never be sufficiently admired.—The harmony of the groves is now highly attractive to the rural wanderer; the feathered songsters exerting all their powers to sustain their part in that grand concert—the MUSIC OF NATURE.

How a certain disposition of certain sounds (it is well observed, by a writer in the *Literary Magnet*), should, through the medium of the ear, raise, depress, or tranquillize the spirits, is a problem difficult to be solved; yet, in a greater or less degree, all are convinced of its truth; and, to gratify this universal feeling, Nature seems to have mingled harmony in all her works. Each crowded and tumultuous city may properly be called a temple of discord; but wherever Nature holds undisputed dominion, music is the partner of her empire. The 'lonely voice of waters,' the hum of bees, the chorus of birds; nay, if these be wanting, the very *breeze* that rustles through the foliage is music. From this music of Nature, solitude gains all her charms; for dead silence, such as that which precedes thunder-storms, rather terrifies than delights the mind:—

> On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
> A pulseless silence, dread, profound—
> More awful than the tempest's sound!

Perhaps it is the idea of mortality, thereby awakened, that makes absolute stillness so awful. We cannot bear to think that even Nature herself is inanition; we love to feel her pulse throbbing beneath us, and listen to her accents amid the still retirements of her deserts. That solitude, in truth, which is described by our poets as expanding the heart, and tranquillizing the passions, though far removed from the inharmonious din of worldly business, is yet varied by such gentle sounds as are most likely to make the heart beat in unison with the serenity of all surrounding objects. Thus Gray—

> Now fades the glimmering landscape on my sight,
> And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
> *Save* where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
> And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds!

Even when Nature arrays herself in all her terrors, when the thunder roars above our heads, and man, as he listens to the sound, shrinks at the sense of his own insignificance—even this, without at all derogating from its awful character, may be termed a grand chorus in the music of Nature.

Almost every scene in the creation has its peculiar music, by which its character, as cheering, melancholy, awful, or lulling, is marked and defined. This appears in the alternate succession of day and night. When the splendour of day has departed, how consonant with the sombre gloom of night is the hum of the beetle, or the lonely, plaintive voice of the nightingale. But more especially, as the different seasons revolve, a corresponding variation takes place in the music of Nature. As winter approaches, the voice of birds, which cheered the days of summer, ceases; the breeze that was lately singing among the leaves, now shrilly hisses through the naked boughs; and the rill, that but a short time ago murmured softly as it flowed along, now, swelled by tributary waters, gushes headlong in a deafening torrent.

It is not, therefore, in vain that, in the full spirit of prophetic song, Isaiah has called upon the mountains to break forth into singing; 'the forests, and every tree thereof.' Thus we may literally be said to 'find tongues in trees—books in the running brooks;' and, as we look upward to the vault of Heaven, we are inclined to believe, that

> There's not the smallest orb which we behold,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim—
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

The lily of the valley opens her snowy bells, and the flowers of the chestnut-tree begin to unfold; the tulip-tree has its leaves quite out; and the flowers of the Scotch fir, the beech, the oak, and the honeysuckle, climbing round its neighbours for support, are in full bloom. All the varieties of the *strawberry*, 'plant of my native soil,' open their blossoms, their runners extending on all sides. The mulberry-tree puts forth its leaves.

The *insect* tribe continue to add to their numbers. A few butterflies that have passed the inclement season in the chrysalis state, are seen on the wing early in May. And, about the end of the month, the *Papilio Machaon*, or swallow-tailed butterfly, one of the most superb of the British insects, makes its appearance.

Our Gloucestershire correspondent, in a letter dated the 21st May, 1827, says, 'I yesterday observed the chrysalis of the eyed hawk-moth *Sphinx ocellata)* produce its fly almost before my face, thus enabling me to notice the curious mechanism for the liberation of the insect: the outer case, in most instances, splits

at the thicker end, by some effort of the internal animated creature, and it escapes through the lacerated integument; but in this instance, a perfectly formed long ovate segment burst from the thicker end, and fell detached on one side; and a dorsal suture opened and gave an unimpeded egress to the vivified insect: from the remains of a fine filmy bag, at the apex of the displaced suture, it appeared that the liberation was effected by an expansion of air in that vessel, detaching it suddenly and perfectly from the surrounding envelope: but whatever the cause might be, a provision has been made for the free birth of this creature, in our imaginations perfectly unimportant, and even unknown but to a few, that manifests to any unprejudiced mind an original design, and that the most insignificant, equally with the higher order of beings, are the impartial objects of their Creator's bounty and care.'

Towards the end of the month, the *Phalæna humuli*, called by some the *ghost-moth*, makes its appearance, and continues visible during the greater part of the month of June. The female glow-worm is now seen on dry banks, about woods, pastures, and hedgeways. For directions respecting the capture of insects in this and other months, we again refer to *Mr. Samouelle's Introduction to British Entomology*, as it is the only book where this, and a variety of other important information regarding insects can be obtained.

THE LARK.—This pleasing songster is our especial favourite; and who is there, that does not hail his notes with delight, and listen to them with rapture? Many a tribute, in the course of our lucubrations, have we offered to this interesting bird: we will yet add another—and another. Some of our readers may have already seen the following pretty sketch, as it is taken from the 'Table Book' of the ingenious Mr. Hone; but this is, *we* think, of no import; it deserves to be removed to our collection of Natural History Curiosities, and will there shine 'like a jewel new set.'

The EVENING LARK.

I love thee better at this hour, when rest
Is shadowing earth, than e'en the nightingale:
The loudness of thy song, that in the morn
Rang over heaven, the day has softened down
To pensive music.

In the evening, the body, relaxed by the toil of the day, dis-

poses the mind to quietness and contemplation. The eye, dimmed by close application to books or business, languishes for the greenness of the fields; the brain, clouded by the smoke and vapour of close rooms and crowded streets, droops for the fragrance of fresh breezes, and sweet-smelling flowers.

Summer cometh,
The bee hummeth,
The grass springeth,
The bird singeth,
The flower groweth,
And man knoweth
The time is come
When he may rove
Thro' vale and grove,
No longer dumb.

There he may hear sweet voices,
Borne softly on the gale;
There he may have rich choices
Of songs that never fail;
The lark, if he be cheerful,
Above his head shall tower;
And the nightingale, if fearful,
Shall soothe him from the bower.

* *

If red his eye with study,
If pale with care his cheek,
To make them bright and ruddy,
The green hills let him seek,
The quiet that it needeth
His mind shall there obtain;
And relief from care, that feedeth
Alike on heart and brain.

The air was cool and fitful, playing with the leaves, as not caring to stir them; and as I strayed, the silence was broken by the voice of a bird—it was the tit-lark. I recognized his beautiful 'weet' and 'fe-er,' as he dropped from the poplar among the soft grass. Evening closed over me: the hour came

When darker shades around us thrown
Give to thought a deeper tone.

High in the cool and shadowy air rose the voice of a *sky-lark*, who had soared to take a last look at the fading day, *singing* his vespers. It was a sweeter lay than his morning or mid-day carol—more regular and less ardent—divested of the fervour and fire of his noontide song—its hurried loudness and shrill tones. The softness of the present melody suited the calm and gentle hour. I listened on, and imagined it was a bird I had heard in

the autumn of last year: I recollected the lengthy and well-timed music—the 'cheer che-er,'—'weet, weet, che-er'—'we-et, weet, cheer'—'che-er,'—'weet, weet'—'cheer, weet, weet.' I still think it to have been the very bird of the former season. Since then he had seen

> The greenness of the spring, and all its flowers;
> The ruddiness of summer and its fruits;
> And cool and sleeping streams, and shading bowers;
> The sombre brown of autumn, that best suits
> His leisure hours, whose melancholy mind
> Is calmed with list'ning to the moaning wind,
> And watching sick leaves take their silent way,
> On viewless wings, to death and to decay.

He had survived them, and had evaded the hawk in the cloud, and the snake in the grass. I felt an interest in this bird, for his lot had been like mine. The ills of life—as baleful to man as the bird of prey and the invidious reptile to the weakest of the feathered race—had assailed me, and yet I had escaped. The notes in the air grew softer and fainter—I dimly perceived the flutter of descending wings—one short, shrill cry finished the song—darkness covered the earth—and I again sought human habitations, the abodes of carking cares, and heart-rending jealousies.

In this month, the orchis will be found in moist pastures, distinguished by its broad, black spotted leaves, and spike of large purple flowers. The walnut has its flowers in full bloom.

The banks of rills and shaded hedges are ornamented with the pretty tribe of *speedwells*, particularly the germander speedwell, the field mouse-ear, the dove's-foot crane's-bill, and the red campion; the two first of azure blue, and the two last of rose colour, intermixing their flowers with attractive variety. The country is now in perfection, every bush a nosegay, all the ground a piece of embroidery. The air, indeed, is enriched with native perfumes, and the whole creation seems to smile; on each tree we hear the voice of melody, and in every grove there is a concert of warbling music.

Of *birds*, there is a beautiful description in Mr. Montgomery's 'Pelican Island,' a poem to be read again and again, and every time with renewed pleasure.

Birds, the free tenants of land, air, and ocean,
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;
In plumage, delicate and beautiful,
Thick without burthen, close as fishes' scales,
Or loose as full-blown poppies to the breeze;
With wings that might have had a soul within them,
They bore their owners by such sweet enchantment;—
Birds, small and great, of endless shapes and colours,
Here flew and perched, there swam and dived at pleasure;
Watchful and agile, uttering voices wild
And harsh, yet in accordance with the waves
Upon the beach, the winds in caverns moaning,
Or winds and waves abroad upon the water.
Some sought their food among the finny shoals,
Swift darting from the clouds, emerging soon
With slender captives glittering in their beaks;
These in recesses of steep crags constructed
Their eyries inaccessible, and trained
Their hardy broods to forage in all weathers:
Others, more gorgeously apparelled, dwelt
Among the woods, on Nature's dainties feeding,
Herbs, seeds, and roots; or, ever on the wing,
Pursuing insects through the boundless air:
In hollow trees or thickets these concealed
Their exquisitely woven nests; where lay
Their callow offspring, quiet as the down
On their own breasts, till from her search the dam
With laden bill returned, and shared the meal
Among her clamorous suppliants, all agape;
Then, cowering o'er them with expanded wings,
She felt how sweet it is to be a mother.
Of these, a few, with melody untaught,
Turned all the air to music within hearing,
Themselves unseen; while bolder quiristers
On loftiest branches strained their clarion-pipes,
And made the forest echo to their screams
Discordant,—yet there was no discord there,
But tempered harmony; all tones combining,
In the rich confluence of ten thousand tongues,
To tell of joy, and to inspire it. Who
Could hear such concert, and not join in chorus?
Not I.—Sometimes entranced, I seemed to float
Upon a buoyant sea of sounds: again
With curious ear I tried to disentangle
The maze of voices, and with eye as nice
To single out each minstrel, and pursue
His little song through all its labyrinth,
Till my soul entered into him, and felt

Every vibration of his thrilling throat,
Pulse of his heart, and flutter of his pinions.
Often, as one among the multitude,
I sang from very fulness of delight;
Now like a winged fisher of the sea,
Now a recluse among the woods, enjoying
The bliss of all at once, or each in turn.

The lilac, the barberry, and the maple, are now in flower. At the latter end of the month rye is in ear; the mountain-ash, laburnum, the guelder-rose, clover, columbines, with their singular and fantastic nectaries,—the alder, the wild chervil, the wayfaring tree, or wild guelder-rose, and the elm, have their flowers full blown.

The various species of meadow grass are in flower. The buttercup spreads over the meadows; the coleseed in corn fields; bryony, the arum, or cuckoo-pint, in hedges; the Tartarian honeysuckle, and the *Corchorus Japonica*, now show their flowers. The hawthorn *(white* and *pink)* is usually in blossom about the middle or end of the month.

April hath shed prolific showers,
And now *May* opes her own sweet flowers,
Thy head is white as snow;
Fragrant and poignant is the smell,
Soon shall thy dark green berries swell,
And into coral grow.

The principal show of *tulips* takes place in this month (see T.T. for 1824, p. 158). The dazzling and gorgeous appearance of beds of tulips cannot fail to attract the notice of the most indifferent observer; some varieties of this elegant flower are very splendid, and unrivalled for the beauty of their exquisite colours.

Some ingenious observations on the *colours of plants*, we extract from *Dr. Drummond's First Steps to Botany*, p. 252.

The underside of leaves, in general, he observes, is much paler than the upper, and most flowers, even the 'thousand-coloured tulip,' is green until it expands, and experiences the contact of

the sun's rays. Let me warn you, says Dr. Drummond, however, never for a moment to forget that plants are *living* bodies, and that if light, air, and water produce in them important changes, they do so through the vital energies of the plant, and not from bare chemical affinities, such as exist between dead or inorganical objects. We are not, therefore, to refer the changes from one colour to another in plants to chemistry alone, but to those energies which belong to living organised beings, whose effects we see, though their manner of acting is inexplicable by our limited faculties.

The colours of plants have, with some apparent ingenuity, been referred to the predominance of acids and alkalis over each other, or to their various admixture; but we need not dwell on this theory. I think we may lay it down as an undoubted fact, that every species of animal and plant has a mode of vital action peculiar to itself. They all breathe air in one form or another, and they all use food, but very different results follow. The self-same heap of earth that nourishes the most wholesome vegetables, gives vigour, also, to the most deadly.

> The drops which morning sheds
> With dewy fingers on the meads,
> The pinks' and violets' tubes to fill,
> Alike the noxious juices feed
> Of deadly hemlock's poisonous weed,
> And gives them fatal power to kill.

The same soil from which the violet scarcely lifts her head, gives growth to the aspiring pine, whose high top tapers to the clouds, and to the monarch oak, whose giant limbs bid defiance to the storm. Let us not, then, attempt to explain the colours of flowers by any specific theory, but admit, that while light is necessary to their production, yet, that the vital action, whatever that may be, of the individual species, is the agent which modifies the light so as to produce that colour which nature has intended the plant to assume. Food is as necessary to animals, as light to plants; but a portion of food may be swallowed by a bird, and converted into feathers, which, were it digested by a fish, would form scales; by a quadruped, hair; by a serpent, perhaps, a deadly poison, and so on. Although light, therefore, is necessary to vegetables, it is not it, but the vegetable itself, which is the operator in producing the variety of colour: and when we say that light causes such or such phenomena in plants, we are merely to understand that the plant makes use of the light for its own purposes, reflecting some of its rays to produce colours, or absorbing and digesting others to form various vegetable products.

There is a plant nearly allied to the *Lungwort*, now common in gardens, which, being more stately and of much larger dimen-

sions, exhibits more strikingly the same change of blossom from red to blue. This is the *prickly Comfrey*, a native of the Caucasus. The *Japanese Honeysuckle* has its flowers, at first, of a bright silvery white, but they afterwards change to a golden yellow; so that on the same raceme some corollas are pure white, and others like gold; whence in China and Japan it is named *kin gin qua*, which means 'gold and silver flowers.' A more remarkable example occurs in the *changeable Rose Hibiscus* of the East Indies and China; whose corollas on opening in the morning are green: they soon become white; towards noon change to a reddish hue; and, in the evening, are bright crimson. The *changeable Corn-flag* is still more remarkable, as in it the colour changes from morning till night; but on the morning succeeding, the original hue has returned, and the same alterations are again gone through. This continues for nine or ten days. In the morning the colour is brown, in the evening bluish. Andrews mentions that a figure of this plant was begun at ten in the morning, but before the drawing was finished, the plant was so totally changed in colour, that there was an absolute necessity of waiting till the next day to complete it.

The entire-leaved or single peony expands its crimson petals in our gardens in May or June: although the double peony is a formidable rival, it must yield to this; for it not only delights us with its flowers, but in the autumn its fruit, consisting of many black shining seeds, intermingled with numerous crimson abortive ones, is, in the general scarcity of flowers at that season, the most splendid ornament to the parterre.

Weeds increase greatly in this month, and should be eradicated wherever they appear, particularly after a shower of rain.

> 'Tis now the Spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
> Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
> And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

The weed, indeed, must be hunted for with continued diligence, as often it

> Flourishes securely
> Beneath the friendly shelter of a flower,
> Which hangs its sweet leaves over it, and hides it
> From those who would destroy it.

H. NLELE.

Poetical Pictures in May.

Early Morning.

[Written for Time's Telescope, by Richard Howitt.]

Grey is the morning sky: not yet hath burst
The sun in splendour on his early way;
Yet even now are heard the sounds of day:
The lark is in the air, ever the first
To call the sun, with music, from the east.
The nightly rush of water hath not ceased
Its pleasant tune, whose gentle strain is nursed
On the hushed moonlit air, but never heard
Midst living sounds the sunny day hath stirred.
The dove with plaintive sound the woodland fills;
The cuckoo's voice is on the distant hills,
Telling of days to natural hearts endeared.
Come forth, O Sun! come forth, and thought shall bring
Days, with this day to live, from many a spring!

Evening.

[Written for Time's Telescope, by Richard Howitt.]

It is delightful, 'midst the early dew
To be a wanderer, when the morning hours
Bear on their wings the perfume of all flowers;
And from the green earth to the heavens blue
Ascends the song of birds, anew begun:
It is delightful, when the summer sun
In noontide fervour sails above the hills,
To rest beneath the shade of trees, where run
Impetuous waters, from the mountain rills,
Cooling the air, meanwhile their murmur fills
The ear with soothing music; yet for me
This has a charm more tender, now the bills
Of the glad thrush and blackbird, far and free,
Shout forth the day's decline aloud from tree to tree.

The Spring Evening.

[From the German of Matthisson.]

In evening's radiant light how lovely gleams
The meadow's tender dew!
The glowing landscape's dancing shadow swims
Bright in the river's blue.

Fair is the rocky spring—the blooming hedge—
The wood illumed with gold;
Fair is the evening star, whose silver edge,
Peeps 'neath the cloudlet's fold.

And fair the valley's bloom—the meadow's sheen,
The mountain, verdant-hued;
The alder-well and pool, with sedgy green,
And flow'rets overstrewed.

All, all is held, within or 'yond our gaze,
In love's unfailing band;
The fiery sun, and insect in his blaze,
Lean on one father-hand.

Thou see'st, Almightiest! the leaflets chase
Each other from the spray;
Thou see'st, inscrutable, in boundless space,
A comet pass away!

Stray Leaves.

The Angler[1].

Thou that hast loved so long and well
The vale's deep quiet streams,
Where the pure water-lilies dwell,
Shedding forth tender gleams;
And o'er the pool the May-fly's wing
Glances in golden eves of spring;

Oh! lone and lovely haunts are thine,
Soft, soft the river flows,
Wearing the shadow of thy pine,
The gloom of alder-boughs;
And in the midst, a richer hue,
One gliding vein of heaven's own blue!

And there but low sweet sounds are heard—
The whisper of the reed,
The plashing trout, the rustling bird,
The scythe upon the mead;
Yet through the murmuring osiers near,
There steals a step which mortals fear.

---

[1] This poem is from the very popular work called 'Death's Doings,' and the etching which illustrates it, represents an angler intent upon his sport, while Death, with a casting net, is about to cut short both his pastime and his life.

'Tis not the stag that comes to lave,
At noon, his panting breast;
'Tis not the bittern, by the wave
Seeking her sedgy nest;
The air is filled with summer's breath,
The young flowers laugh—yet, look! 'tis *Death!*

But if, where silvery currents rove,
Thy heart, grown still and sage,
Hath learned to read the words of love
That shine o'er nature's page;
If holy thoughts thy guests have been
Under the shade of willows green;

Then, lover of the silent hour,
By deep lone waters passed,
Thence hast thou drawn a faith, a power,
To cheer thee through the last;
And, wont on brighter worlds to dwell,
Mayst calmly bid thy streams farewell.

Peasant Children.

[Written for Time's Telescope by Richard Howitt.]

With silvery willows fringed, that screened in part,
And part allowed bright entrance to the sun,
A small brook past the peasant's cottage run;
And there, in eager playfulness of heart,
His light-haired, rosy, laughing boys were bent
To stay the lapse of the clear element,
With flowery sward and pebbles piled athwart,
And soon glad shouts announced their crowned intent!
Oh, might they thus Time's forward course arrest!
For, like that sunny stream, their life must creep
Through denser shades, to nooks more dark and deep,
Where rarely sleeps the sunlight on its breast:
Thus, too, their young existence, pure and free,
Must lose its current in life's bitter sea!

Sonnet.

[Written for Time's Telescope by Richard Howitt.]

'To-day,' said I, 'throughout my native place,
Since but one day is mine, I'll wander free;
Again each childhood-hallowed haunt retrace,
And every old familiar object see.'
I sought the churchyard, wandered by the brook,
Again on every gentle hill I stood,
Then strolled to every solitary nook,
As I was wont, by field, and stream, and wood.

Yet careful thoughts, intrusive, with me went,
Though round me were the mirth and flowers of *May*,
And through my mind a dreamy languor sent;
Till, with regret, when wandering thence away,
I sighed, to think I saw not half I sought,
And, where I should have looked, was lost in thought.

A Rural Scene.

There's a farm
Close by—oh! we must show it you, Sir Francis,
Which is almost my envy. And it is
The prettiest walk!—Through a beech-wood the path;
A wild, rude copse-road winds beneath the light
And feathery stems of the young trees, so fresh,
In their new delicate green, and so contrasting
With their slim, flexile forms, that almost seem
To bend as the wind passes, with the firm
Deep-rooted vigour of those older trees,
And nobler,—those grey giants of the woods,
That stir not at the tempest. Oh! that path
Is pleasant, with its beds of richest moss,
And tufts of fairest flowers, fragrant woodroof
So silver white, wood-sorrel elegant,
Or light anemone. A pleasant path
Is that; with such a sense of freshness round us,
Of cool and lovely light: the very air
Has the hue of the young leaves. Downward the road
Winds, till beneath a beech, whose slender stem
Seems tossed across the path, all suddenly
The close wood ceases, and a steep descent
Leads to a valley, whose opposing side
Is crowned with answering woods; a narrow valley
Of richest meadow land, which creeps half up
The opposite hill; and in the midst a farm,
With its old ample orchard, now one flush
Of fragrant bloom; and just beneath the wood,
Close by the house, a rude deserted chalk pit,
Half full of rank and creeping plants, with briars
And pendant roots of trees half covered o'er,
Like some wild shaggy ruin. Beautiful
To me is that lone farm. There is a peace,
A deep repose, a silent harmony,
Of nature and of man. The circling woods
Shut out all human eyes; and the gay orchard
Spreads its sweet world of blossoms, all unseen,
Save by the smiling sky. That were a spot
To live and die in!

MISS MITFORD.

JUNE.

JUNE has for its zodiacal sign Cancer, which the sun enters in the morning of the 22d. The name of June gave rise to various etymologies; but the most probable one derives it from *Juno*, in honour of whom a festival was celebrated at the beginning of the month. Ovid assigns the 1st of June to "Carna," *the goddess of the hinge;* who also presided over the vital parts of man, especially the liver and the heart. Massey, commenting on his taste, cannot divine the connexion between such a power and the patronage of *hinges*. 'False notions,' he says, 'in every mode of religion, lead men naturally into confusion.'

Remarkable Days

In JUNE 1828.

1.—TRINITY SUNDAY.

THE observation of this festival was first appointed by the Council of Arles in 1260.—See some curious particulars relative to this day in our last volume, pp. 183-187.—On Trinity Sunday, at Commercy, some persons go into the country very early in the morning, 'to see three suns rise at the same time.'

1.—NICOMEDE.

Nicomede was a Christian of some distinction at Rome. He was a man of most active benevolence; but was scourged to death in the second persecution under Domitian.

5.—CORPUS CHRISTI.

This festival, 'the body of Christ,' was appointed in honour of the Eucharist, and always falls on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. It is called the *Fête Dieu*, or Corpus Christi, and is one of the most remarkable festivals of the Romish church.—An account of the 'Procession of the Host' is given in our last volume, p. 188; see also T. T. for 1826, p. 126.

5.—SAINT BONIFACE.

Boniface was a Saxon presbyter, born in England, and at first called Wilfrid. He was murdered in a barbarous manner by the populace near Utrecht, while preaching the Christian religion, on this day, in the year 755.

*6. 1827.—PETER HERVE DIED,

Founder of the National Benevolent Institution, in Great Russell Street, London.

*10. 1412.—ENCOURAGEMENT OF MATRIMONY.

On this day, King Henry IV granted his royal license to a hospital called the *Maison Dieu*, or 'God's House,' erected by Roger Thornton, on the Sandhill, Newcastle, for the purpose of providing certain persons with food and clothing. Before it was pulled down in 1823, the 'Merchants' Court' was established over it, and, at this time, a new building for the company of Free Merchants, &c., is erected on its site. The son of the founder of the old hospital granted the use of its hall and kitchen 'for a young couple when they were married to make their wedding dinner in, and receive the offerings and gifts of their friends, for, at that time, houses were not large.' Mr. Sykes, in his interesting volume of 'Local Records,' remarks that 'this appears an ancient custom for the encouragement of matrimony.'

11.—SAINT BARNABAS

Was descended of the tribe of Levi, and born at Cyprus. He was stoned to death by the Jews. An epistle written by him is still extant: it is published in *Wake's Apostolical Fathers.*

17.—SAINT ALBAN.

Saint Alban suffered martyrdom at Verulam, now St. Alban's, in 303. A splendid abbey was founded in memory of the martyr, A.D. 795, by Offa, King of the Mercians.

*18. 1815.—BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

HONNEUR AUX BRAVES.

[By H. M. Parker, Author of the Draught of Immortality.]

Honour unto the brave!
Honour to those who fall
Where freedom's banners wave,
Where glory's trumpets call;
The laurel, that alone
Should shade a hero's grave,
Will bloom when we are gone—
Then, 'Honour to the brave!'

Honour unto the brave!
Honour to those who bleed
Their native land to save,
Oh! their's is fame indeed!'
Who that could perish so,
Would live to be a slave?
Could brave men crouch so low?
No!—'Honour to the brave!'

Honour unto the brave!
Who bore their banner high
Above the stormy wave,
Beneath the stormy sky:
They sleep the hero's sleep,
In many an ocean-cave,
But their fame is on the deep—
Then, 'Honour to the brave!'

Honour unto the brave!
Where'er they draw the sword;
Honour to those who crave
But fame as their reward:
In camp, in regal hall,
On mountain, or in cave,
At beauty's festival—
Still, 'Honour to the brave!'

*18. 1827.—LORD DE TABLEY DIED,

A munificent patron of literature and the fine arts. Almost from infancy, he was devoted by personal attachment, and by congeniality of mind and pursuits, to his present Majesty, by whom he was honoured by close and familiar intercourse. In early life he visited Italy, where he spent a considerable time with the late Francis, Duke of Bedford, in the cultivation

of his taste for literature and the fine arts. This taste became almost a passion with him; and, it is not too much to say, that, by his death, the English school of painting has lost one of its best friends. In the encouragement of painting, sculpture, and engraving, he was at once liberal, generous, and indefatigable. As a connoisseur, his judgment was correct—his taste exquisite; and, as a painter, he possessed great merit. His superb collection, formed at immense cost, was frequently opened for public inspection. It may be said of Lord de Tabley, that he was an elegant scholar, and a perfect gentleman. His manners were refined; and, in all the relations of life, he was an object of respect, esteem, and love. By Lady de Tabley—of whom the exquisite portrait, as Hope, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, can never be forgotten—his Lordship had two sons: George, his successor, born on the 28th of October, 1811; and William-Henry, born on the 4th of July, 1813.

*19. 1566.—K. JAMES I. BORN.

Hume says that James I. was awkward in his person and ungainly in his manners; and Sir Anthony Weldon, in the 'Court and Character' of James, nearly in the same words with Balfour, goes into the detail. His Majesty was of middle stature, moderately corpulent, his eyes large and always rolling, his beard thin, and his tongue so much too large for his mouth that he drank unseemly. His legs were weak, and his walk circular. Whatever his changeableness in other respects might be, he was constant to his apparel, usually dressing in the same fashion, and delighting to wear his clothes till they came to rags. He was constant also to the dishes which he preferred at his meals. His doublet was quilted for stiletto-proof. Both Weldon and Balfour add, that he never washed his hands, but only rubbed his fingers slightly with the wetted end of a napkin. Much of this is confirmed by a very curious volume preserved in the British Museum, containing Sir Theodore Mayerne's Memoranda of his professional attendance upon King James, from 1611 to the time of his death. The same volume also contains various notices relating to Charles the First and Queen Henrietta Maria. The whole is in Latin, with copies of all the prescriptions administered to the royal patients. Sir Theodore Mayerne states, that King James was born at Edinburgh, June 19th, 1566, at half past eleven

in the forenoon; that he had a drunkard for a wet-nurse, to whose vitiated milk he was indebted for so considerable injury that, although weaned within twelve months, he could not walk till his sixth year: and it is remarkable, that in another of Sir Theodore's Manuscripts, his 'Ephemerides,' or daily Journal of attendance upon other Patients, he states a similar fact of Anne of Denmark, James's Queen, who was carried about in the same manner till her *ninth* year. Sir Theodore says, His Majesty's legs were slender, scarcely strong enough to carry his body; that his jaws were narrow, and rendered swallowing difficult, a defect which he inherited both from his mother and from King James the Fifth; that his head was strong, and never affected by the sea, by drinking wine, or riding in a chariot; that in moist weather, and in winter, he had usually a cough; that his skin was soft and delicate, but irritable; that he never eat bread, always fed on roast meat, and seldom or never eat of boiled, unless it was beef; that he was very clumsy in his riding and hunting, and frequently met with accidents; that he slept ill, waked often in the night, and called his chamberlains, nor could sleep be again readily induced unless some one read to him; that he was passionate, but that his warmth quickly subsided; that he had naturally a good appetite and a moderately fair digestion; that he was very often thirsty, drank frequently, and mixed his liquors, being very promiscuous in his use of wines. Till 1613 he had never taken medicine; and, like his predecessor, was always averse to it.

Fuller describes King James's manner of speaking. 'His Scotch tone,' the historian says, 'he rather affected than declined: and though his speaking spoiled his speech in some English ears, yet the masculine worth of his set orations commanded reverence, if not admiration, in all judicious hearers; but in common speaking, as in his hunting, he stood not on the clearest but nearest way. He would never go about to make any expressions.'—*Ellis's Original Letters, Second Series*, vol. iii, pp. 198-200.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, in his 'Fortunes of Nigel,' has the following admirable 'portraiture' of his most sacred Majesty, King James I: —'He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that and of himself to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold assertor of his right in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and a fearer of war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labour, though often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and unqui-

cated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform; and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficient by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppressions of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions, were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and, showing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully—that he was the wisest fool in Christendom.'

20.—TRANSLATION OF EDWARD, *King of W. Saxons.*

Edward was first buried at Wareham; but, three years afterwards, his body was removed to Shrewsbury, and there interred with great pomp.

*20. 1826.—PROCESSION OF THE DRAGON AT NORWICH.

For an account of this singular custom, still in use, consult our last volume, p. 190.

21.—LONGEST DAY.

This day is, in London, 16 h. 34 m. 5 s., allowing 9 m. 16 s. for refraction.—On this day, we have been accustomed to offer our readers 'food for reflection' on the progress of Time,—its value and its evanescence:—may they profit by the following admonitions, which will, we fear, be at once pleasing and painful to most persons! May these effusions, ere we meet again, cease to generate a reproach in the mind of the reader! *Valeant quantum valebunt!*

The DIAL.

This shadow on the dial's face,
That steals, from day to day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Moments, and months, and years away;
This shadow, which in every clime,
Since light and motion first began,
Hath held its course sublime;
What is it?—Mortal man!
It is the scythe of Time.—
A shadow only to the eye,
It levels all beneath the sky.

TABLE BOOK.

TIME.

Fugit Irrevocabile Tempus,

'What is your life? It is even a vapour, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.'

Yes—all may grace one mortal day,
That warms the heart and wins the eye,
And gives each ardent sense to stray
From rapture to satiety—
Wealth, glory, grandeur, throned on high,
And that which melts the heart of stone,
The magic beam of beauty's eye;
But time glides on—and all are gone.

And thou, whom Heaven's high will denies
To soar above thy fellow-men,
For thee as dear a home may rise,
In village cot or mountain glen,
Where, loving and beloved again,
Thy hopes, thy heart, may rest in one:
Oh! what is life? time flies, and then
Death speeds his dart, and both are gone.

And thou, vile wretch, forbear to weep,
Thy misery need not last for aye;
Why feed the thought that else might sleep,
Why waste in hopeless grief away?
Deserted in thy darker day,
If friends are fled, and thou alone,
Thy God will prove a firmer stay:
Seek Him—time flies, and thou art gone.

Oh! where are all the gauds of earth,
Love's melting smile, young beauty's bloom,—
The pomp of wealth, the pride of birth—
Are these remembered in the tomb?
No: sunk in cold oblivion's gloom
They lie—their very names unknown;
The mouldering marble tells their doom,—
They lived—time fled, and they are gone.

So thou shalt fall: but dost thou deem
To sleep in peace beneath the sod?
Dash from thy soul that empty dream,
And know thyself, and know thy God,—
No earth nor time restrain his rod;
And thou, a few short summers flown,
Thou tread'st the path thy fathers trod,
Thy doom is fixed, and hope is gone.

Chained to the dust from whence ye spring,
Why thus from yon bright skies be driven?
Oh, turn to your eternal King,—
Believe—repent, and be forgiven.
Haste, seize the proffered hope of Heaven,
While life and light are yet thine own;
Swift as the passing cloud of even,
Time glides along, and thou art gone! DALE.

Threefold is the stroke of Time:
The *future*—will be heard anon;
The PRESENT—as an arrow's gone;
The PAST's a silent chime. *Stray Leaves.*

*23. 1827.—WILLIAM DAVIS DIED, ÆT. 36,

A London Bookseller, and author of an 'Olio of Literary Anecdotes,' and a 'First and Second Journey round the Library of a Bibliomaniac'. It has been recorded of Mr. Davis (and we believe the character given of him), that he was a truly good man, and more free from vice of every sort than the generality of mankind: he was most upright in all his dealings, a good father, and an excellent husband!

24.—SAINT JOHN BAPTIST, AND MIDSUMMER DAY.

The nativity of St. John the Baptist is celebrated by the christian church on this day, because he was the *forerunner* of our blessed Lord, and, by preaching the doctrine of repentance, prepared the way for the gospel.

Not clothed in purple or fine linen, stood
The WILDERNESS APOSTLE! He was found
Overcanopied by wild rocks fringed with wood,
Where nature's scenery darkly frowned;
There stood the seer, his loins begirt around,
With outstretched hand, bare brow, and vocal eye;
His voice with sad solemnity of sound,
More shrilling than the eagle's startling cry,
'Repent! repent!' exclaimed, 'Christ's Kingdom draweth nigh.' BERNARD BARTON.

On the eves of St. John the Baptist's and St. Peter's Days, about six in the evening, it is the custom, at *Bonneval*, to light up a sort of *feu-de-joie*, or great

bonfire, in the middle of one of the public squares or cross-ways; and a long pole, ornamented with branches and flowers, is usually stuck in the centre of the pile. The clergy commonly attend the place of this ceremony, in great pomp, set light to the fire, sing some hymns customary on the occasion, and leave the spot. The people then take possession, leap upon the pile, and seize some of the burning brands, which they place in the tester of their bed, as a preservative against thunder. On the next day, that of the fête, the servants put nosegays over their masters' doors, to give a public proof that they are satisfied with their treatment, and are willing to continue in their service.

In *Spain*, on Midsummer Eve, there is a bonfire lighted opposite the house of every one who has the christian name of *John;* and this is made by a pitched barrel filled with combustibles, &c. John or *Juan* being a very common name in Spain, the towns, on this evening, wear the appearance of a general illumination, to celebrate some great event.—On the origin of the *Midsummer Fires*, see our last volume, p. 199.

At *Commercy*, on the eve of Midsummer Day, it is the custom to go to a very high hill, and wait there till sun-rise, to see the sun dance. The herbs and medicinal plants gathered on the eve of St. John's Day, are reputed to have an extraordinary virtue, particularly against certain evils, and in particular diseases.

Feast of Saint John the Baptist at Perigueux.

The following curious account of this festival is extracted from the 'Black Book,' kept among the archives at the town-hall:—

It is to be noted, that, by the statutes of the town, when Messieurs the Mayor and the Consuls take upon them their office, they swear to appoint, every year, on the eve of the day of St. John the Baptist, the following officers, viz. an Emperor, a King, a Duke, a Marquess, and an Abbé; who are to be appointed according to the different quarters of the town, by these regulated boundaries; that is to say, the Emperor towards the Plantiers; the King at the bridge; the Duke at the Limogean and the Aiguil-

lerie; the Marquess in the Rue Neuve; the Abbé at St. Silair, comprehending part of Taillefer and the Aiguillerie. To each of which officers, the said Abbé excepted, they give seven sous six deniers (3½*d.* and a fraction), as a pledge and pension once paid; and to the said Abbé every butcher is to give two pounds of beef. As soon as they are appointed, every one must take off his hat or cap when he sees them, from the eve aforesaid to the Sunday after St. John's Day, even if they happen to be seated; in default whereof, the offenders shall be soundly beaten by all and every one of the said officers. There is also due to them, from the married women of the town and neighbourhood, in manner and form following; that is to say, by her who was married in the year preceding the same eve, a square pincushion, lozenged with cloth or leather of different colours, and ornamented with flowers[1]; and a lunch to be given by her on whom this duty devolves, whether to the King or to the others: but this may be compounded for in money. The woman who has been twice married is bound to furnish an earthen pot, with thirteen sticks taken from different fruit trees, which pot the said officers, each in his jurisdiction, are to fix to the end of a pole, the Sunday after the said feast; and certain persons, who offer themselves, are to be presented with the said sticks, their eyes being closed, and are to try to strike the said pot; and he who breaks it, is to have two sous six deniers (1*d.* and a fraction), the said sum of money to be paid by the others who have not broken the said pot: further, there is due from the woman who has been married *three* times, a basket of cinders sifted thirteen times, and thirteen spoons, to be made of the wood of thirteen different fruit trees; and the woman who has been married FOUR times, shall provide a house on the river Isle, with thirteen rafters to it, in which thirteen men clad in white shall lodge, at the expense of the said woman; she who has had FIVE husbands must pay a tub full of the dung of the white hen. The men are exempt from these duties.

The order to be observed in initiating the said officers (besides the devotional service attached to the ceremony), is, that the mayor and consuls take the proper oath to each; and, on the eve of the said feast, the mayor and the consuls, in their hoods, meet in the house of the consulate, with the principal inhabitants and others, who, having branches and the herbs of Saint John in their hands, go to fetch, one after the other, the said officers,—conduct them with hautboys and tambourins to the Place de la Clautre, and cause them to sit down in a row, one after the other, round a May-tree; and there is due, on this account, a rent from the inhabitants of Puy . . . . the said officers having their faces turned towards the company. And then the said mayor

[1] The women still use these pincushions to ornament their toilets.

and consuls walk in procession, singing the song made on the birth of St. John the Baptist, in the Perigourdin dialect, and the religious people, praying to God, make a procession all round the *place*, and bring little children and girls with them. This being done, the said officers and the inhabitants go to the house of the consulate, where a collation is prepared at the expense of the town. There is also due from the tenants of the house of Ribeyrols des Plantiers, a rent to the said officers; that is to say, a barrel of wine and two large white loaves, which are presented to them in the street, on a table covered with a cloth. Then the said officers of St. John, emperor, king, &c. singing the undermentioned song in the evening, round a fire made in front of the said consulate house, at the expense of the said tenants, &c."

The titles of Emperor, King, Duke, Marquess, and Abbé, borne by the officers of St. John, are supposed to designate the illustrious persons who formerly met at Perigueux; and it is probable that they were intended to represent Charlemagne, his son, the Duke of Aquitaine, and some celebrated persons who accompanied this great man in his expedition to Spain; the Abbé was, no doubt, intended for Brantome. And there appears considerable foundation for this conjecture, when we reflect that Charlemagne, and even Pepin his father, were benefactors of the ancient and celebrated abbey of Perigueux. This curious custom was probably instituted about the year 778, the period at which Charlemagne made the conquest of a part of Spain.

29.—SAINT PETER.

The festival in honour of this apostle was instituted in the year 813. *Hegesippus*, *Eusebius*, and other early historians, say that he was crucified with his head downwards.—For an account of the *Cock Mass*, as celebrated in Columbia on this day, see our volume for 1826, p. 158. A description of the illumination of St. Peter's, at Rome, as lately witnessed by an English traveller, is given in T. T. for 1827, p. 201.

Characters of King Philip and Queen Mary.

KING PHILIP.—He is of short stature, but his person appears to advantage, both when armed and in common attire. Though of great affability and politeness, his character is marked with gravity. His understanding is good, and his judgment correct. Besides Spanish, he knows Latin, Italian, and French. He is also liberal and religious, but without possessing either the dignity, or the ambition of his father. He abhors war to such a degree that he never takes the field in person, imitating therein his great-grandfather Ferdinand, who obtained greater advantages and more glory through the exploits of Sr. Prospero, the Marchese di Pescaro, Antonio di Leyva, and other generals, than he could have done by his own exertions. He is hated by all nations, the Spanish not excepted; and much envied by the house of Austria. Neither is he the richer for not being fond of war. Being however, as it were, forced to war by the French, he affects valour and impetuosity, lest the enemy should slight him, and prove still more unceremonious in breaking truces and agreements. As to his authority in England, your Serene Highness may be assured, that in all affairs of importance, whether public or private, he is made to act precisely the same part as if he were the natural king of England; and this on account of the great respect and love with which he is treated by the Queen and Cardinal Pole. Sensible, however, that he is new in this kingdom, he modestly, and wisely too, leaves every thing to the management of the Queen and the Cardinal. He receives petitions, but more in the character of mediator than as a patron, letting justice take its course in criminal cases, but frequently stepping forward to procure pardon or mitigation of punishment after conviction. He, moreover, has always maintained himself, and his whole court, entirely at his own expense; and even allows pensions, amounting to upwards of fifty-four thousand scudi in gold, to some Englishmen who remained faithful to the Queen in the conspiracy of Wiat, without receiving any further services from them. His coming to England has proved more useful to the country than any thing that has lately happened; for it has been calculated, that the money which he, together with other foreigners who came hither for his sake, have spent here, in little more than one year, amounts to a million of gold, the whole of which remains in the island. With all this he cannot live with dignity in this country, on account of the insolence with which foreigners are treated by the English, and which it is not in his power to obviate.

QUEEN MARY.—She is the daughter of Henry VIIIth and of his Queen Catherine, daughter of Ferdinand the Catholic, King of Arragon; is a Princess of great worth. In her youth, she was rendered unhappy by the event of her mother's divorce; by the ignominy and threats to which she was exposed after the change of religion in England, she being unwilling to bend to the new one; and

by the dangers to which she was exposed by the Duke of Northumberland, and the riots among the people when she ascended the throne. She is of short stature, well made, thin and delicate, and moderately pretty; her eyes are so lively that she inspires reverence and respect, and even fear, wherever she turns them; nevertheless she is very short-sighted. Her voice is deep, almost like that of a man. She understands five languages, English, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian, in which last, however, she does not venture to converse. She is also much skilled in ladies' work, such as producing all sorts of embroidery with the needle. She has a knowledge of music, chiefly on the lute, on which she plays exceedingly well. As to the qualities of her mind, it may be said of her, that she is rash, disdainful, and parsimonious rather than liberal. She is endowed with great humility and patience, but withal high-spirited, courageous, and resolute; having, during the whole course of her adversity, been guiltless of any the least approach to meanness of comportment; she is, moreover, devout and staunch in the defence of her religion.

The cabal she has been exposed to, the evil disposition of the people towards her, the present poverty and the debt of the crown, and her passion for King Philip, from whom she is doomed to live separate, are so many other causes of the grief by which she is overwhelmed. She is, moreover, a prey to the hatred she bears my Lady Elizabeth, and which has its source in the recollection of the wrongs she experienced on account of her mother, and in the fact that all eyes and hearts are turned towards my Lady Elizabeth as successor to the throne.—See *Michele's Report, in Mr. Ellis's Original Letters, Second Series*, vol. ii, pp. 236-238.

Astronomical Occurrences

In JUNE 1828.

Solar Phenomena.

The Sun enters Cancer at 8 m. past 12 on the 21st of this month; he also rises and sets, during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

June 1st,	Sun rises	53 m. after	3.	Sets	7 m. past 8
6th	.....	19	3	....	11 8
11th	.....	46	3	....	14 8
16th	.....	44	3	....	16 8
21st	.....	43	3	....	17 8
26th	.....	43	3	....	17 8

Equation of Time.

In the ordinary concerns of life, it frequently happens that it is required to reduce apparent into mean time, or that which should be indicated by a well-regulated clock, which is done by the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	s.
Sunday, June	1st,	from the time by the dial *sub.*	2	23
Friday	6th	.....	1	43
Wednesday	11th	.....	0	46
Monday	16th	to the time by the dial *add*	0	17
Saturday	21st	.....	1	22
Thursday	26th	.....	2	25

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Last Quarter,	4th day, at	2 m. after	11	at night
New Moon ..	11th	12	11	in the forenoon
First Quarter	20th	52	2	in the afternoon
Full Moon ..	27th	43	3	.....

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following transits will afford good opportunities for observation this month, should the weather prove favourable at the time: viz.

June	3d, at	36 m. after	4	in the morning
	4th ..	28	5	.....
	5th ..	20	6	.....
	6th ..	9	7	.....
	7th ..	58	7	.....
	8th ..	46	8	.....
	20th ..	3	6	in the evening
	21st ..	48	6	.....
	22d ..	36	7	.....
	23d ..	26	8	.....
	24th ..	20	9	.....
	25th ..	18	10	.....
	26th ..	19	11	.....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

The following are the respective times of full tide at London Bridge, on certain days of this month; those for other days, or other places, may be found as already directed.

TABLE OF TIDES.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*
June 1st, at	16 m. after 4		38 m. past 4
6th ..	40 8		14 9
11th ..	11 1		36 1
16th ..	21 4		38 4
21st ..	44 7		13 8
26th ..	40 0		10 1

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The disk of this beautiful planet is now less than half illuminated; and she therefore appears like a bright crescent. From her rapid approach to the earth her brightness daily increases, and she will attain her maximum brilliancy, about the 21st of this month. Under favourable circumstances, when at her greatest brightness, she has sometimes been known to cause objects to emit a shadow.

June 1st { Illuminated part = 5·02349
Dark part..... = 6·97651

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

There will be 20 eclipses of the first and second of these satellites this month, but only the following three will be visible at Greenwich: viz.

Emersions.

First Satellite,	7th day, at	1 m. 50 s. after	11 at night	
	30th	14 .. 32	11	
Second Satellite	3d	47 .. 39	11	

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

June 1st, with β in Capricorn, at midnight
23d .... Jupiter..... 9 in the morning
29th .... β in Capricorn .. 9 .....

Other Phenomena.

The planets Mercury and Saturn will be in conjunction with each other at midnight of the 17th of this month. The former will also attain his greatest elongation on the 27th.

The following lines are applicable to the planet Venus during the fine evenings of this month, when she shines with considerable brilliancy:—

The EVENING STAR.

The Evening Star illumes the blue south,
Twinkling in loveliness. O, holy star!
Thou bright dispenser of the twilight dews;
Thou herald of night's glowing galaxy,
And harbinger of social bliss, how oft,
Amid the twilight of departed years,
Resting beside the river's mirror clear,
On trunk of massy oak, with eyes upturned
To thee in admiration, have I sat,
Dreaming sweet dreams, till earth-born turbulence
Was all forgot: and thinking that in thee,
Far from the rudeness of this jarring world,
There might be realms of quiet happiness.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Naturalist's Diary

For JUNE 1828.

The season now is all delight,
Sweet smile the passing hours;
And Summer's pleasures at their height,
Are sweet as are her *flowers*. CLARE.

EACH chapter of the creation is equally divine, equally the emanation of its omnipotent author. The minutest particle of it is too great for the puny intellect of man to grapple with: how, then, shall it comprehend the whole? The earth clothed with an endless variety of animal and vegetable life; and even the mould beneath its surface inhabited by beings adapted to *their* state of existence: oceans and rivers peopled with shoals of living things, to the shapes and instincts of many of which we are strangers: and, to descend to minutiæ, the *air* itself animate with congregated myriads of imperceptible creatures: the liquids we make use of, but masses of animation;—an animal almost imperceptible is the

theatre and support of millions which are entirely so. How is the mind swallowed up and lost in the immensity which it vainly attempts to fathom; but, even on the surface of which, it is tossed and driven about like a feather on the ocean. But, perhaps, amid this apparently boundless variety, there is no class of created things more calculated to delight the senses of man than that of *flowers*.

What a beauteous and odorous populace burst into existence beneath the footprints of creative Spring, as she walks over the earth clothed with beauty as with a garment. Then advances *Summer*, in the full pride of maturity, and deluges its whole surface with prodigal and luxuriant fertility. Lovely are the variegated fruit-blossoms, the beauteous cradles of the little germs which are soon to ripen into those coloured and sunny balls, which shall bow down the branches in autumn! Beautiful are the gay inhabitants of the garden! the gorgeous and queen-like rose—purity's emblem, the fair lily—the lofty and clustering lilac—the white snowdrop (a little billet flung from the delicate hand of Spring, to command the departure of Winter)—the fringed pink—the lowly heartsease—the climbing and odorous honeysuckle, entwining itself around, and adorning the object by which it is upheld (lovely emblem of the affection and devotedness of woman)—the rainbow-headed tulip; and many beside, too many to be enumerated. But do these alone possess beauty and impart delight? Does not the field, the hedgerow, the river's brink, and, indeed, every spot accessible to the silver shower, or the creative sunbeam, present the mind with volumes to amuse and instruct it? Are the exquisite flowers of the violet, blue and white (like constancy and purity), inferior to any of the minions of cultivation? Is there not beauty in the asphodel? Does not the simple and modest daisy begem the fields and the lawns almost entirely through-

out the year? Hath not the meadow its golden wealth of cowslips; the hedge its hawthorn; the heath its blue-bells? And, low as they may be ranked in the scale, are not even the lichens and mosses, which clothe the most desolate places, replete with sweetness and with beauty?

They are the jewels of nature—the poetry of the earth! yet how dull and insensible is mankind to the moral which they inculcate; how deaf to the language which they convey. While the sensitive and intellectual few, of all ranks, perceive and revel in their sublimities,—the unfortunate, whose orbs of vision are sealed in darkness, is not more blind to them than are the great majority of mankind. Behold the vulgar clown, or, it may be, the not less vulgar mammon-worshipper, what charms have natural objects for *him?*

A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow *primrose* is to him,
And it is nothing more.

How is the ethereal spark of mind tainted, or absorbed by the earthiness of our nature! How recklessly will they tread under foot, without observation, things which thrill the more gifted mind of the *poet* or the painter with ecstasy[1].

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured;
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out in the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers, to strew in the conqueror's path—
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoil of nations back,
The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers, to die in the conqueror's way!

[1] Spirit and Manners of the Age, vol. i, p. 280.

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free, blue streams and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth,—bring him flowers, wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth:
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, on the bier to shed
A crown for the brow of the early dead:
For this, through its leaves hath the white rose burst;
For this, in the woods was the violet nursed;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers.

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is *there!*
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers.

FELICIA HEMANS.

The *Austrian* rose blossoms in the early part of the month, as does also the Chinese rose: these are followed by the common garden rose, the single yellow rose, and the white rose; last of all comes that loveliest of floral attractions,—the 'Moss Rose.' A *Polish* poet has written a beautiful eulogy on the rose; it is thus translated by Mr. BOWRING:

Rose of the morning, in thy glowing beauty,
Bright as the stars, and delicate and lovely,
Lift up thy head above thy earthly dwelling,
Daughter of heaven!

Wake! for the watery clouds are all dispersing;
Zephyr invites thee; frosts and snows of winter
All are departed, and Favonian breezes
Welcome thee, smiling.

Rise in thy beauty,—Wilt thou form a garland
Round the fair brow of some beloved maiden?
Pure though she be, unhallowed temple never,
Flow'ret, shall wear thee!

Thou should'st be wreathed in coronal immortal;
Thou should'st be flung upon a shrine eternal;
Thou should'st be twined among the golden ringlets
Of the pure Virgin.

Specimens of Polish Poets.

From the garden to the field it is but a step; and here we may see *clover* in blossom, and regale our olfactory senses with its delightful fragrance. The sweet-scented vernal grass, which is the cause of the very delightful scent of hay, flowers also in this month, and diffuses its fragrance through the country. About the beginning of June, the pimpernel, thyme, the bitter-sweet nightshade, white bryony, and the dog-rose, have their flowers full blown. The *poppy* is now in flower.

The opium of commerce is prepared from the *Papaver somniferum*, or white poppy, so named from the whiteness of its seeds. Opium is merely the milky juice of the plant inspissated, and blackened by drying. It is obtained by making incisions in the capsules every evening, and in the morning the sap, which has distilled from the wound, and become thickened, is scraped off, and being afterwards worked by the hand in the sunshine, is formed into cakes of about four pounds weight each. The quantity of this drug used for medical and other purposes is immense. Six hundred thousand pounds are said to be annually exported from the Ganges alone.

Whatever be the mysterious link connecting mind to matter, we are certain that during this 'mortal coil' the former is influenced by the condition of the latter, especially of that part which seems to be the soul's peculiar habitation, the *nervous system*. A human being may linger under disease of the lungs or other viscera, and be worn to the last thread of debility and emaciation, and still, the brain remaining sound, the intellectual faculties may continue in as full force as at any former period of life. Let the brain, however, be diseased, and then, whatever be the state of the other organs, the mental fabric generally falls into disorder or ruin. Those substances called *narcotics* act with peculiar influence on the mind, through the medium of the nerves, and, of these narcotics, opium is one of the most powerful. I pretend not to explain how it acts; the gratuitous assumption of spirits, nervous oscillations, and all that tissue of conjectural doctrine which once formed the pride and boast of physiology, having, though late, sunk at last into deserved neglect. That opium, however, exerts a powerful influence on the mind as well as body, is obvious to almost every one's experience. It allays pain, and lightens

sorrow; diffuses a pleasing languor over the frame, and gives unusual serenity to the mind, dispelling from it every apprehension of sublunary evil, and steeping it in scenes of elysium. It is, indeed, an agent which can, for a period at least,

> Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
> And, with a sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff,
> Which weighs upon the heart.

But this is only for a time; and the charm being dissolved, the soul awakes from its trance only to experience aggravated woe, in those at least (and even in Britain the number is not small), who have fallen into the habitual use of this drug. If there be on earth a misery that approaches, what we might be allowed to conceive, as among the worst sufferings of a future place of punishment, it is the state of an *opium-eater*, after the action of his dose has subsided. Unhappy and trembling, his head confused, and his stomach sick, remorse at his heart, but his resolution too feeble to attempt a reformation; feeling as an outcast from every thing that is good or great, he returns despairing to a repetition of his dose, and every repetition adds confirmation to the evil habit. His constitution becomes exhausted in a few years; he grows prematurely old, and dies of palsy, dropsy, or some disease as fatal; he dies, having, by his own weakness and imprudence, lived a life of wretchedness in this world, and looking forward, at his exit, to the darkest scenes of misery in the next. How often does man turn the greatest blessings into the greatest curse!—*Drummond's First Steps to Botany*, Second Edition, p. 300.

The foxglove, which produces a beautiful flower, blossoms in this month as well as in the next.

One of the most interesting insects in June, is, in its perfect state, the *angler's may-fly*. The insects known by the name of ephemera, and which live only for a few hours, or at most for a day or two, have hitherto been supposed to be destitute of all the parts of the digestive canal. This supposition has lately been proved to be wholly without foundation. It has also been found, that, during their brief existence, their skin is twice entirely changed. There are also the golden-green beetle; various kinds of flies; the cuckoo-spit insect, and the stag-beetle. The several species of the *gadfly* make their appearance in June. The larvæ of the dragon-fly, after a two years' submersion in stagnant water, ascend

the stalks of plants, and burst their shells. An account of some *rare* insects appearing in this month is given in our last volume, p. 223.

The numerous species of *Aphides* are now found on many plants, bearing an appropriate name from each. Those which infest the *rose-tree* and *bean* are possibly most under observation. One is green, and scarcely distinguished from the colour of the young leaves; the other is black. In the months of June, July, and August, the entomologist will find full employment. —See *Samouelle's Introduction to British Entomology.*

Insects, indeed, abound in this and the two following months, and offer a most pleasing study to the lover of Nature's minutest works; their endless variety, their brilliant colours, the singularity of their forms, and the admirable contrivance with which the individual of each family has been adapted to the mode of life provided for it, call forth our boundless admiration of the skill and power of the great CREATOR.

Then insect legions, pranked with gaudiest hues,
Pearl, gold, and purple, swarmed into existence;
Minute and marvellous creations these!
Infinite multitudes on every leaf,
In every drop, by me discerned at pleasure,
Were yet too fine for unenlightened eye,—
Like stars, whose beams have never reached our world,
Though science meets them midway in the heaven
With prying optics, weighs them in her scale,
Measures their orbs, and calculates their courses.
Some barely visible, some proudly shone,
Like living jewels; some grotesque, uncouth,
And hideous,—giants of a race of pigmies;
These burrowed in the ground, and fed on garbage;
Those lived deliciously on honey-dews,
And dwelt in palaces of blossomed bells;
Millions on millions, winged, and plumed in front,
And armed with stings for vengeance or assault,
Filled the dim atmosphere with hum and hurry:
Children of light, and air, and fire they seemed,
Their lives all ecstasy and quick cross motion.

Pelican Island.

Bees, ever industrious, now wing their way from flower to flower, in search of the *raw material*, of which to concoct their precious manufacture of honey.

Some singular superstitions respecting the *bee*, exist in different countries of Europe, particularly in France. In the environs of *Bonneval*, Department of Eure-et-Loir, persons who have bees are very particular, when there is a death in the family, to go immediately to each hive to announce the mournful event that has taken place, and to tie a piece of black cloth to it. If this custom be neglected, they hold it as certain that all the bees will soon die; hence, the custom is strictly observed. Many people pretend that the omission of this form has uniformly caused the loss of their bees; and it is still not uncommon to meet with many sensible persons who are of the same opinion. In *Britany*, if there are any bees in the house where a wedding is celebrated, they always dress their hives in red, which is done by putting a bit of scarlet cloth on each of them, the Bretons supposing that the bees will leave their hives, if they do not participate in the joy that animates their masters.

Bees *in* Egypt.—As Upper Egypt only retains its verdure for five months, and the flowers and harvests are earlier there, the inhabitants of the Lower country profit by these precious moments. They collect the bees of different villages in large boats. Each proprietor trusts to them his hives, which have a particular mark. When the boats are laden, the men who have the management of them gradually ascend the river, stopping at every place where they find flowers and verdure. The bees, at the break of day, quit their cells by thousands, and go in quest of the treasures which compose their nectar. They go and come several times laden with booty. In the evening, they return to their habitations, without ever mistaking their dwelling. After travelling three months in this manner on the Nile, the bees, having culled the perfumes of the orange-flowers of the Said, the roses of the Faioum, the jessamines of Arabia, and a variety of other flowers, are brought back to the places they had been carried from, where they now find new riches to partake of. This industry procures the Egyptians delicious honey, and bees'-wax in abundance.—For an account of bees in *Mexico*, see our last volume, p. 163.

Marigolds and *peonies* and roses, including the *guelder-rose*, with its balls of dazzling whiteness, now display their beauties. The Star of Bethlehem shines in all its splendour, and pinks and sweet-william add their pretty colours: the panicled *lychnidea* and red valerian ornament our gardens at this period, the de-

licate lilac of the one forming a pleasing contrast with the rich crimson of the other. The blossoms of the sweet-brier are now open; the white lily, and the flower-de-luce, or *iris*, with its splendid floscules and curiously-formed pistils, shine in the garden. The forget-me-not also flowers in June, and throughout the summer.

Holy Flowers[1].

[Written for Time's Telescope, by Mary Howitt.]

Ah! simple-hearted piety,
In former days such flowers could see:
The peasant, wending to his toil,
Beheld them deck the leafy *soil*;
They sprang around his cottage door;
He saw them on the heathy moor;
Within the forest's twilight glade,
Where the wild deer its covert made;
In the green vale remote and still,
And gleaming on the ancient hill.
The days are distant now—gone by
With the old times of minstrelsy;
When, all unblest with written lore,
Were treasured up traditions hoar;
And each still lake and mountain lone
Had a stern legend of its own;
And hall, and cot, and valley-stream,
Were hallowed by the minstrel's dream.
Then, musing in the woodland nook,
Each flower was as a written book,
Recalling, by memorial quaint,
The holy deed of martyred saint;

[1] 'Mindful of the pious festivals which our church prescribes, I have sought to make these charming objects of floral nature, the *timepieces of my religious calendar*, and the mementos of the hastening period of my mortality. Thus I can light the taper to our Virgin Mother on the blowing of the white snow-drop, which opens its floweret at the time of Candlemas; the lady's smock and the daffodil remind me of the Annunciation; the blue harebell, of the festival of St. George; the ranunculus, of the Invention of the Cross; the scarlet lychnis, of St. John the Baptist's Day; the white lily, of the Visitation of our Lady; and the virgin's bower, of her Assumption; and Michaelmas, Martinmas, Holy-rood, and Christmas, have all their appropriate monitors. I learn the time of day from the shutting of the blossoms of the star of Jerusalem and the dandelion, and the hour of the night by the stars.'—A FRANCISCAN.

The patient faith, which, unsubdued,
Grew mightier, tried through fire and blood.
One blossom, 'mid its leafy shade,
The virgin's purity pourtrayed:
And one, with cup all crimson dyed,
Spoke of a Saviour crucified;
And rich the store of holy thought
That little forest-flower brought,
Doctrine and miracle, whate'er
We draw from books, was treasured there.
Faith, in the wild wood's tangled bound,
A blessed heritage had found;
And Charity and Hope were seen
In the lone isle, and wild ravine.
Then pilgrims, through the forest brown,
Slow journeying on from town to town,
Halting 'mong mosses green and dank,
Breathed each a prayer before he drank
From waters by the pathway side.
Then duly, morn and eventide,
Before those ancient crosses grey,
Now mould'ring silently away,
Aged and young devoutly bent
In simple prayer—how eloquent!
For each good gift man then possessed
Demanded blessing, and was blest.
What though in our pride's selfish mood
We hold those times as dark and rude,
Yet give we, from our wealth of mind,
More grateful feeling, or refined?
And yield we unto Nature aught
Of loftier, or of holier thought,
Than they who gave sublimest power
To the small spring, and simple flower?

A Morning in June.

It is the hour before the labouring bee has left his golden hive; not yet the blooming day buds in the blushing East; not yet has the victorious Lucifer chased from the early sky the fainting splendour of the stars of night. All is silent, save the light breath of morn waking the slumbering leaves. Even now a golden streak breaks over the grey mountains. Hark! to shrill chanticleer! As the cock crows, the owl ceases. Hark! to shrill chanticleer's feathered rival! the mounting lark springs from the sullen earth, and welcomes, with his hymn, the coming day. The golden streak has expanded into a crimson crescent, and rays of living fire flame over the rose-enamelled east. Man

rises sooner than the sun; and already sound the whistle of the ploughman, the song of the mower, and the forge of the smith,—and hark! to the bugle of the hunter, and the baying of his deep-mouthed hounds. The sun is up—the generating sun! and temple, and tower, and tree—the massy wood, and the broad field, and the distant hill, burst into sudden light—quickly upcurled is the dusky mist from the shining river—quickly is the cold dew drunk from the raised heads of the drooping flowers!—*Vivian Grey.*

Twilight.

The sun had already sunk behind the mountains, whose undulating forms were thrown into dark shadow against the crimson sky. The thin crescent of the new moon floated over the eastern hills, whose deep woods glowed with the rosy glories of twilight. Over the peak of a purple mountain, glittered the solitary star of evening. As the sun dropped, universal silence seemed to pervade the whole face of Nature. The voice of the birds was stilled; the breeze, which had refreshed them during the day, died away, as if its office were now completed; and none of the dark sounds and sights of hideous night yet dared to triumph over the death of day. Unseen were the circling wings of the fell bat; unheard the screech of the waking owl; silent the drowsy hum of the shade-born beetle! What heart has not acknowledged the influence of this hour—the sweet and soothing hour of twilight!—the hour of love, the hour of adoration, the hour of rest!—when we think of those we love, only to regret that we have not loved more dearly; when we remember our enemies, only to forgive them!—*Vivian Grey.*

Moonlight Views in Madeira.

The nights are delicious—so soft and balmy, with the moon walking in summer brightness. The orange trees just now are in full flower, and, in these warm evenings, load the air with perfume. It is delightful to lean out of the window, and inhale all this luxury. From the silent hills around, to the white city beneath me, every thing is sleeping so still in the moonshine—all, save the sea, the rippling of which is distinctly visible in the bright track of light that strikes across it to the desertas. I love, too, in these warm, bright nights, to ramble in the corridors; the young vine shoots have just covered in the trellices, and the effect of the moonlight through the leafy bower is very pretty. The whole garden, indeed, at such a season, affords in its wilderness an inexhaustible store of studies, equally romantic and picturesque. The bananas, in particular, strike me; the large expanse of its light, green leaf, catches, and as it were, reflects the rays with a breadth of light and shadow quite different in its effect from that of any other tree.—*Rambles in Madeira.*

Poetical Pictures in June.

Morning.

The misty clouds of purple hue
Are fading from the eye;
And ruddy streaks, which morning drew,
Have left a dappled sky;
The sun has called the bees abroad,
Wet with the early hour,
By toiling for the honied load
Ere dews forsake the flower.

O'er yonder hill, a dusty rout
Wakes solitude from sleep;
Shepherds have wattled pens about,
To shear their bleating sheep:
Less pleasing is the public way,
Traced with awakened toil;
And sweet are woods, shut out from day,
Where sunbeams never smile.

The woodbines, fresh with morning hours,
Are what I love to see;
The ivy-spreading darksome bowers
Is where I love to be;
Left there, as when a boy to lie
And talk to flower and tree,
And fancy, in my ecstasy,
Their silence answers me.

* *

How sweet the fanning breeze is felt,
Breathed through the dancing boughs;
How sweet the rural noises melt
From distant sheep and cows:
The lovely green of wood and hill,
The hummings in the air,
Serenely in my breast instil
The rapture reigning there.

* *

And flowers those darksome woodlands rear,
Whose shades they yearly claim,
That Nature's wond'rous mystery wear,
And bloom without a name;
What different shapes in leaves are seen
That o'er my head embower,
Clad in as many shades of green
As colours in the flower!

* *

Here oft, though grass and moss are seen
Tanned brown for want of showers,
Still keeps the ling its darksome green,
Thick set with little flowers;
And yonder, mingling o'er the heath,
The furze delights to dwell,
Whose blossoms steal the summer's breath,
And shed a sultry smell. CLARE.

Sunset.

[Written for Time's Telescope, by Delta of Blackwood's Magazine.]

Young Summer sheds upon the flowers
Her tenderest tints of fair array,
As bright and beautiful the hours
Of evening radiance melt away:
How gloriously the cloudless sun
Forsakes the world he shines upon!

As if to say, though ebon Night
Must take the reins, and rule awhile,
Soon shall the streaks of rosy light
Above the orient mountains smile,
And Day's red pennant be unfurled,
Resplendent, o'er a happy world.

Above the sea—athwart the sea—
He sheds abroad his crimson beams;
Bloom on, thou dark-green alder tree—
Glide by, ye waveless azure streams—
Sing on, ye little birds—the hour
Is Beauty's reign, and Feeling's dower.

Life's circling hours have few like this—
'Twere almost crime to think of grief;
Give up the bosom to its bliss,
Although its visions may be brief;
Nor let one human care alloy,
This trance of unpolluted joy!

Twilight.

An American Scene.

The haze of gathering twilight Nature spreads,
And pale and paler wax the changeful clouds:
Then sunk the breeze into a breathless calm;
The silent dews of evening dropt like balm;
The hungry nighthawk from his lone haunt flies,
To chase the viewless insect through the skies:
The bat began his lantern-loving flight;
The lonely whip-poor-will, our bird of night,

Ever unseen, yet ever seeming near,
His shrill note quavered in the startled ear;
The buzzing beetle forth did gaily hie,
With idle hum, and careless blund'ring eye;
The little trusty watchman of pale night,
The fire-fly, trimmed anew his lamp so bright,
And took his airy circuit round
The sparkling meadow's green and fragrant bound,
Where blossomed clover, bathed in balmy dew,
In fair luxuriance, sweetly blushing, grew.

Backwoodsman.

JULY.

THIS month received the name of *Julius*, in memory of Julius Cæsar, who was born on the 12th of July. The sign for this month is *Leo.*—*Venison feasts* predominate in July, particularly in London, among the civic corporations, the appetites of whose members for venison and other good things, 250 years ago, proved '*offensive*' to her Majesty (Queen Elizabeth) and her nobility, and called forth the following curious letter from 'Lionel Ducket, Lord Mayor of London, to Lord Burghley, upon the reformation of excessive feasting in the *Halls of the City Companies*, and in Taverns.' It is printed in Mr. Ellis's valuable work, so often referred to, the 'Original Letters,' *Second Series*, vol. iii, p. 37, and is as follows:—

Our dutie to yo^r Lordship humbly done; it may please the same to be advertised that for auoyding the excessive spending of venison and other vitail in the Halles of this Citie, which we understand to haue ben offensive to her Ma^tie and the Nobilitie, we haue by act of Comon Counsel forbidden such festes hereafter to be kept, and haue restrained the same only to necessarie metinges in w^ch also no venison is permitted, as by the copie of the Act herewth sent unto yo^r L. may appere. And further, for that we finde not only great expense of venison to haue ben in Tauernes and Cookes houses, but also very many and great enormities bothe of dronkennesse, seditions, rumors, unthrifty assemblies, incontinence, and other euelles to growe of inordinate resorting to tauernes and tippling houses, specially by the meaner sort, we haue sought meane to redresse such disorder by restrain-

ing the drinking and eating in such houses. The forme of this Act, which we herewith send yor. L. hath ben considered by me, the Maior, and all my brethren the Aldermen, and by a great number of the discretest comeners to whome the same hath ben comitted, and in our and their opinions, and generally of good citesens, very well thought of, so as we intend to procede wth offring it to the Comon Counsel if yor L. haue liking therof, which yor good allowance we thought meete herin to haue respect unto not only for yor L. good aduise which we humbly beseche you to geue us, but also for that without yor good meanes for some like order in St. Martin's and Westmr and other exempt and adioyning places, it is by many citesens thought that our proceding here will lack a great part of the frute that is hoped to ensue thereby. For which cause we haue bothe sent yor Honor the Bill, and this bearer or officer instructed in that mater to attend upon yor. L. for yor good pleasure how yor wisdome will aduise us for direction in this behalf, which we beseche you that it will please you to impart vnto vs, whoe shall be redy to follow the same. And so we comitt yor. good L. to the tuition of Almighty God. At London this vjth. of August, 1573

Your Lordships humbles
LEONILL DUCKETT *Mayor*
THOMAS OFFLEY, *Alderman*
ROWL. HAYWARDE *Alderman.*

To the right honorable and our singular good Lord, the L. Burghley, Lord Highe Tresorer of England.

Remarkable Days

In JULY 1828.

2.—VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

This festival was instituted by Pope Urban VI, to commemorate the visit of the Virgin Mary to the mother of John the Baptist.

3.—DOG DAYS BEGIN.

By *dog days* the antients meant a certain number of days, about forty, some before and some after the heliacal rising of *Canicula,* or the dog star, in the morning. The term is supposed to have originated with the Egyptians. With us, it simply implies the hottest part of the year, which, in this country, is usually thought to be from July 3d to August 11th.

4.—TRANSLATION OF SAINT MARTIN.

This day was appointed to celebrate the removal of St. Martin's bones from a common grave to a

splendid tomb. On the *translation of relics*, see our last volume, p. 234.

7.—THOMAS A BECKET.

This haughty prelate was born in London, in the year 1119, and was the son of Gilbert, a merchant, and Matilda, a Saracen lady, who is said to have fallen in love with him when he was a prisoner to her father in Jerusalem.

15.—SAINT SWITHIN.

Swithin flourished in the ninth century. He was appointed Bishop of Winchester in 852, and died in 863.

19. 1821.—KING GEORGE IV CROWNED.

Some interesting particulars of this august ceremony will be found in T.T. for 1822, pp. 194-206, and in T.T. for 1824, p. 191.

20.—SAINT MARGARET.

Margaret was born at Antioch. She was first tortured, and then beheaded, in the year 278.

*21. 1827.—ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE DIED.

By the stimulus which he gave to letters, both in the North and the South, he has conferred lasting benefits upon the literature of his age and country. Mr. Constable was the liberal friend of authors, and brought forward many valuable works, which, but for his generous disposition, would never have been produced.

22.—MARY MAGDALEN.

This day was first dedicated to the memory of Mary Magdalen, by Edward VI.

*24.—SAINT DECLAN.

A singular account of his festival, as kept in Ireland, in 1826, may be seen in our last volume, p. 240.

25.—SAINT JAMES.

St. James suffered martyrdom under Herod Agrippa, in July 44. He was beheaded with a sword. The

Spaniards regard James as their tutelar saint. For an account of *oyster day*, see our last volume, p. 243.

26.—SAINT ANNE.

Saint Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary. Her festival was introduced by the Romish church.

*JULY 1827.—JAMES MILLAR, M.D. DIED,

Editor of a new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' of the 'Encyclopædia Edinensis,' and author of a 'Guide to Botany,' and of 'Observations on making Tunnels under Navigable Rivers.'

*JULY 1734.—JUBILEE CELEBRATED AT BRUSSELS.

The following lively and entertaining sketch of a festival held once in fifty years at Brussels, on the occasion of some miracle which, the writer says, it is not necessary to explain, is given by the Duchess of Queensberry, in a letter to the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, in the '*Suffolk Correspondence*' (vol. ii, p. 95), and is sufficiently interesting to occupy a place among our *Remarkable Days:*—

'The sight we staid for was well worth seeing; nobody can well describe it, who cannot write a romance: I could never read one; so I doubt you will not edify by my description, unless your imagination can help me out. Let me show you whole streets that appeared like a most magnificent garden; some of the houses all covered with moss from top to bottom, adorned with flowers, festoons, mosaic ornaments of gold and silver; on others moss, on which were hung fine pictures, in other places fine tapestry; the tops of all the houses every where covered with green, where the other ornaments were not; triumphal arches, arcades, fountains, all these adorned by paintings, all sorts of greens and flowers, and in some places, cascades: I have neither time or wit to draw this fine picture as it deserves. The duke hurries me to supper; yet I must proceed to try to make you conceive the Fish market, which was the most extraordinary thing I ever saw: that was en-

tirely decked with moss and gilding. Imagine a great place, as it were, wainscotted in pannels, in which were drawings of figures, trees, landscapes, as big as the life; these done in two colours, which, too, were different coloured moss; the great church, the most magnificent thing you ever saw, the altar particularly, on which was a great quantity of wrought plate and cloth of gold. Here I ought to be a good architect. Mr. Herbert can teach you to imagine pillars and arches, architraves, friezes, and cornices, in just proportion; extreme fine figures, as big as the life, in silver, dressed in gold (I mean metal); very fine pictures; exceeding fine tapestry and carpets in their proper places; the pillars of the church twisted round with green and gold, on which were flowers; between the pillars hung rich festoons of green and gold to represent fruit, leaves, and flowers; at the bottom, large orange-trees; on them birds of all sorts well imitated, the tubs gilt and painted green; the finest and the prettiest lamps I ever saw, between the pillars (to light the church), hung with chains. It is shocking you could not see it! A vast deal of fine carving and gilding: I hate myself that I cannot help you to imagine it a little. The procession is easier to conceive, though that was vastly magnificent. Half the town, I believe, have ruined themselves by dressing out themselves and children to have the honour to represent kings, princes, and princesses, who had, a thousand years ago, some hand in this miracle. They walked or rode on horseback, two and two, all magnificently adorned; Cupids and the Muses kept them company—for what reason I know not, unless to make the sight prettier, which it certainly did. We had fine triumphal cars, intermixed, and drawn by eight horses each; I expect you to range them where they ought to be, but I must tell you that one set were exactly spotted like leopards,—you cannot conceive how beautiful: each of these cars held fifteen children; one was filled by the Vir-

tues, and another perhaps by Vices; another by the United Provinces, and others by the Muses; the other by I know not what. After these came monks of different orders, some black, some brown, singing all the way; and then the host, under a fine canopy; and after all a vast mob, composed of all the nations on earth, and in divers dresses.'

STATE OF THE JEWS IN LONDON, A.D. 1662.

The exact time, says Mr. Ellis (Letters, *Second Series*, vol. iv, p. 3), when the Jews were suffered to return to England, as a people, has been disputed. Burnet expressly says, that a company of Jews was brought over into England by Oliver Cromwell, and that he gave them leave to build a Synagogue[1]. Tovey, in his Anglia Judaica, denies this; and states, upon the authority of the Rabbi Netto, who, in his time, was the Governor of the Synagogue, that even so late as 1663, the whole number of the Jews in London did not exceed *twelve*. He expressly adds, that King Charles the Second was their introducer. From a highly curious letter, which Mr. E. has printed, giving an account of a visit to the Jewish Synagogue, but which we regret is too long for insertion in our pages, it appears, that in 1662 the Jews were existing in London, with a synagogue built after the fashion of their own worship; that the congregation which the writer saw assembled consisted of a hundred Jews, besides *women*; that they were not people who appeared as straggling sojourners, but gentlemen and merchants, rich in apparel, even to the wearing of jewels, and that they had not one *mechanic*-person amongst them. It expressly states that, in Oliver's time, the Jews had celebrated the Feast of Tabernacles in booths, upon the southern side of the Thames; and has a direct reference to their withdrawing themselves, as much as possible, from public notice, upon the Restoration of King Charles the Second, evidently from the circumstance that the Act for their exile had never been formally repealed.

Much valuable information respecting the bringing back of the Jews by Cromwell, &c. will be found in Mr. Ellis's fourth volume, pp. 4, et seq.

[1] Hist. of his own Time, vol. i, p. 71.

Astronomical Occurrences

In JULY 1828.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun will enter Leo 2m. after 11 at night on the 22d of this month: he also rises and sets, during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

July	Sun rises	45 m. after	Sets	15 m. past	S
1st,	48	3	....	12	8
6th	52	3	....	8	8
11th	57	3	....	3	8
16th	3	4	....	57	7
21st	10	4	....	50	7
26th	17	4	....	43	7
31st					

Equation of Time.

When it is required to convert apparent into mean time, use the numbers as directed in the following Table, remembering that those for the intermediate days are to be found by proportion from those that are given:—

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Tuesday July 1st, to the time by the dial *add*		3	25
Sunday.... 6th		4	19
Friday.... 11th		5	5
Wednesday 16th		5	40
Monday .. 21st		6	1
Saturday .. 26th		6	8
Thursday.. 31st		6	0

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter,	4th day,	at 1 m.	after 6	in the morning	
New Moon	12th	29	1	.....	
First Quarter	20th	3	4	.....	
Full Moon..	26th	19	10	at night.	

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the first meridian of this country at the following times this month, which will afford our young friends opportunities for observation, if the southern regions of the atmosphere be clear at the respective epochs: viz.

July	1st,	at	9 m. after	4 in the morning
	2d	....	0	5 .....
	3d	....	50	5 .....
	4th	....	39	6 .....
	5th	....	27	7 .....
	6th	....	16	8 .....
	19th	....	25	5 in the evening
	20th	....	13	6 .....
	21st	....	4	7 .....
	22d	....	58	7 .....
	23d	....	56	8 .....
	24th	....	57	9 .....
	25th	....	58	10 .....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

In addition to the respective times inserted in the following Table, those for the intermediate days may easily be found by proportion; and for various other places, by adding or subtracting the numbers given in the Occurrences for January.

TABLE OF TIDES.

		Morning.		*Afternoon.*
July 1st,	at	43 m. after	4	3 m. past 5
6th	....	4	9	36 9
11th	....	30	1	54 1
16th	....	23	4	40 4
21st	....	2	8	34 8
26th	....	21	1	53 1
31st	....	1	5	22 5

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The brilliancy of this planet is still great, though her enlightened part is fast diminishing. She still exhibits a beautiful appearance, and her form is that of a bright crescent. The proportion of her phases is,

July 1st { Illuminated part = 2·15130
Dark part..... = 9·84870

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The eclipses of the first and second of these satellites will be very numerous this month, but only one of them will be visible here.

Emersion.

First Satellite, 16th day, at 32 m. 40 s. after 9 in the evening.

Form of Saturn's Ring.

The form of this ring varies from that of a straight line across the body of the planet, to an elongated ellipse, and the following is the proportion of its two axes at the commencement of this month: viz.

July 1st { Transverse axis = 1·000
Conjugate axis = — 0·422

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

July 13th, with Mercury, at 3 in the afternoon
13th .. Venus..... midnight
20th .. Jupiter .... 6 in the evening
26th .. β in Capricorn 7 .....

Other Phenomena.

Mars will be in opposition at 3 in the morning of the 1st of this month; and Jupiter will be stationary near λ in Virgo on the same day. Venus will also be stationary on the 6th, and Mercury on the 11th. Saturn will be in conjunction at 2 in the afternoon of the 16th; Georgium Sidus will be in opposition at 15 m. past 7 in the morning of the 23d. Mercury will be in his inferior conjunction at half past 6 in the afternoon of the 24th; and Venus at 8 in the morning of the 28th. Jupiter will likewise be in quadrature at half past 7 on the same morning.

We cannot introduce the following lines, with which we have been *expressly favoured*, more appropriately than in the present month:—

Moon-rise.

[Written for Time's Telescope, by Delta of Blackwood's Magazine.]

The orb of day is sinking,
The star of eve is winking,
The silent dews
Their balm diffuse,
The summer flowers are drinking;
The valley-shades grow dreary,
The atmosphere glows clearer,
Around all swim,
Perplexed and dim,
Yet the distant hills seem nearer:
O'er their tops the eye may mark
The very leaves, distinct and dark.

Now eastern skies are lightening,
Wood, mead, and mount are brightening;
Sink in the blaze
The stellar rays,
The clouds of heaven are whitening:
Now the curfew bell is ringing;
Now the birds forsake their singing;
The beetle fly
Hums dully by,
And his flight the bat is winging!
While the gladsome, glorious Moon
Gives to night the smile of noon!

The Naturalist's Diary

For JULY 1828.

The lily bells are wet with dew;
The morning sunbeams kiss the rose;
And rich of scent, and bright of hue,
The summer garden glows.
Then up, and weave a garland, sweet,
To braid thy raven hair,
Before the noontide's withering heat
Strike on those flowerets fair.

A flickering cloud is in the sky,
A murmuring whisper in the gale;
They tell that stormy rain is nigh,
Or desolating hail.
Then up, and weave a garland, sweet,
To deck thy glossy hair,
Nor wait till evening tempests beat
Upon those flowerets fair. MISS MITFORD.

All is vigour and activity in the vegetable kingdom in this month, and the most patient observer of Na-

ture is almost bewildered by the countless profusion of interesting objects. The *garden* affords many gay inmates, as lilies, pinks, carnations; and marigolds, and poppies of various colours, which are now in blossom. Speedwell is in perfection; and when there are two varieties of it, the towering alternate spikes of white and purple form a pretty contrast with the deep yellow of the lofty great flowering *Solidago*, or golden rod; both plants being highly ornamental to garden borders. Towards the middle of the month, the spiked willow, hyssop, and the bell-flower have their flowers full blown. The virginian sumach now exhibits its scarlet tufts of flowers upon its bright green circles of leaves. The berries of the mountain-ash turn red. Lavender and jessamine are now in blossom. The scarlet lychnis is in bloom, and, with its rich coronets of flowers growing on a tall slender stem, adds greatly to the beauty of the garden.

The heat is frequently intense in this month, and the rural wanderer will be apt to exclaim with the poet, while reclining under the branches of some spreading tree,

> Whose lofty foliage lends a tender gloom,
> Like that which doth through holy buildings come,
> Where, as adown the shafted aisles we stray,
> The very silence seems to feel and pray,—
>
> O shady vale, O fair enriched meads,
> O sacred flowers, sweet fields, and rising mountains;
> O painted flowers, green herbs, where Flora treads,
> Refreshed by wanton winds, and wat'ry fountains.

In some such agreeable reverie as this, we will suppose our kind contributor *Delta* to have been, when he composed for us the following beautiful lines, which he entitles

MORALIZING.

> How soft is the sound of the river,
> Stealing down through the green piny dale,
> Where the sunbeams of eventide quiver
> Through the scarce-stirring foliage, and ever
> The cooing dove plains out its tale;

And the blackbird melodiously sings
An anthem, reminding of innocent things.

Blue evening comes onward, and scatters
The fires in the western serene;
And the shadows of Lebanon's daughters,
Darkly imaged, outspread on the waters,
Festooned with their branches of green;
The clouds journey past, and below
Are reflected, in brightness, their margins of snow.

Oh sweet is the vision that loses
Present cares in the glow of the past!
As the light of reflection reposes
On youth, with its blossoming roses,
And sunshine too lovely to last:
Sweet dreams! that have sparkled and gone,
Like torrents of blue over ledges of stone!

But why should break forth our repining,
Over what we have loved or have lost?
Whether fortune be shaded or shining,
Our destiny bright or declining,
Our visions accomplished or crost,—
'Tis our's to be calm and resigned,
Faith's star beaming clear on the night of the mind.

When morning awoke on the ocean,
Dim tempests were lowering around;
Yet see, with how stedfast a motion,
As the clouds bend and glow with devotion,
The sun his asylum hath found!
Twilight weeps in deep pleasure, and red
Are the low-lying vale, and the tall mountain head.

Lo! thus, when the clouds of life's sorrow
Have past and have perished, the sky
An added effulgence shall borrow
From the storms that have flown, and the morrow
Gleam bright in eternity's eye;
And the Angel of Righteousness send
His balm to that heart which is true to the end!

As summer advances, the vocal music of the groves is lessened, and in this month may be said to cease altogether—if we except the chirping of the wren and two or three small birds. Some curious particulars of this bird may be seen in T. T. for 1825, p. 136.

The beautiful, but evanescent flowers of the *con-*

volvulus are now open; they live but for a day, opening their cups in the morning, and, at sunset, closing them for ever. The enchanter's nightshade; the Yorkshire sanicle; the water horehound or gypsy wort; the great cat's tail, or reed mace; the common nettle; goose-grass; solanum (dulcamara and nigrum); the belladonna; asparagus and some species of rumex; with buck-wheat, and a variety of other plants, may be almost said to bloom, fade, and die, within the present month.

Insects now take the place of the feathered tribe, and, being for the most part hatched in the spring, they are now in full vigour.—See an account of some *rare* insects appearing this month, as well as the best method of obtaining the *lepidoptera*, in our last volume, pp. 256-258. The larvæ of the *death's-head moth* should now be sought for, chiefly among the flowers and leaves of the potatoe.—See our Naturalist's Diary for October.

Towards the end of the month, the splendid *fringed water-lily* is seen on the slow-flowing rivers and on ponds.

'Many plants grow completely submerged in water, and die in any other situation. Various circumstances, however, besides the bare immersion, are requisite for different species. Thus, some delight in stagnant ponds; others in clear lakes; some in slowly-flowing brooks, and others are only found in the rapid stream of mountain rivulets. Sea-plants, too, are, in general, of a very different description from those of the fresh waters. With some exceptions, plants which grow in water emerge from its surface, to produce their flowers and seeds in air; and sometimes there is a very great dissimilarity between the *immerged* and *emerged* leaves of the same plant. We have a striking example of this in the *water-crowfoot*, a species common in pools. Some of its leaves are submerged, others floating; the latter are broad, trilobed, and subpeltate; the former di-

vided into many filaments, almost as fine as hairs. The water-lily, the pondweed, the duckmeat, and a great many other plants, have leaves which float on the surface. Such leaves afford resting places, especially on their under-surfaces, for many aquatic insects, and their larvæ; and for *helices* and other fresh-water shells; and, sometimes, they serve as floating rafts for certain birds which prey on fish and other inhabitants of the water. In birds of the Parra genus, the toes and nails are of a most extraordinary length, the intention of which seems to be, to enable the bird to walk over floating leaves. Labillardiere saw the *Chinese Jacana* walking on the Nymphæa *Nelumbo*, and he admired, he says, 'the lightness with which it walked over the surface of the water, stepping with its long legs from one leaf to another.'—*Drummond's Botany*, p. 140, *second edition*.

Storms of *hail*, accompanied with *thunder* and *lightning*, not unfrequently occur in this month; but they are more common, and more prejudicial, on the continent than in England. The Encyclopædia Britannica, in the article upon France, speaking of the Revolution, says, 'We cannot here avoid mentioning a physical event which assisted not a little in producing many of the convulsions attending the revolution, a general scarcity of grain, which occurred about that period. On Sunday the 13th of July, 1788, about nine in the morning, without any eclipse, a dreadful darkness suddenly overspread several parts of France. It was the prelude to such a tempest as is unexampled in the temperate climates of Europe. Wind, rain, hail, and thunder, seemed to contend in impetuosity; but the *hail* was the great instrument of ruin. Instead of the rich prospects of an early autumn, the face of nature, in the space of an hour, presented the dreary aspect of universal winter. The soil was converted into a morass, the standing corn beaten into the quagmire, the vines broken to pieces, the fruit-trees demolished, and unmelted hail lying in

heaps like rocks of solid ice. Even the robust forest trees were unable to withstand the fury of the tempest. The hail was composed of enormous, solid and angular pieces of ice, some of them weighing from eight to ten ounces. The country people, beaten down in the fields on their way to church, amidst this confusion of the elements, concluded that the last day was arrived; and scarcely attempting to extricate themselves, lay despairing and half suffocated amidst the water and the mud, expecting the immediate dissolution of all things. The storm was irregular in its devastations. While several rich districts were laid entirely waste, some intermediate portions of country were comparatively little injured. One of sixty square leagues had not a single ear of corn or fruit of any kind left. Of the sixty-six parishes in the district of Pontoise, forty-three were entirely desolated; and of the remaining twenty three, some lost two-thirds, and others half their harvest. The Isle of France, being the district in which Paris is situated, and the Orleannois, appear to have chiefly suffered. The damage there, upon a moderate estimate, amounted to 80,000,000 of livres, or between three and four millions sterling. Such a calamity must, at any period, have been severely felt; but, occurring on the eve of a great political revolution, and amidst a general scarcity throughout Europe, it was peculiarly unfortunate, and gave more embarrassment to the government than, perhaps, any other event whatever. Numbers of families found it necessary to contract their mode of living for a time, and to dismiss their servants, who were thus left destitute of bread. Added to the public discontent and political dissensions, it produced such an effect upon the people in general, that the nation seemed to have changed its character, and instead of that levity by which it had ever been distinguished, a settled gloom now seemed fixed on every countenance.'

Prevention of the fatal Effects of Hail-Storms.

The Agricultural Society of Lyons have, by way of experiment, placed four hundred paragrèles on the most elevated parts of Mount d'Or, in a place of about two leagues in extent. As all the stormy clouds which shower down hail on the fertile plains that lie at the foot of that mountain pass over its summit, and at no great height above it, it may reasonably be expected that, by these paragrèles, they will be divested of their electricity, and that the valuable vineyards in the plain will be effectually preserved. The yearly average of damage done by hail, at the foot of Mount d'Or, is calculated at from eight to ten thousand francs. The expense of erecting the four hundred paragrèles did not exceed fifteen or sixteen hundred francs; and it is supposed that it will not be necessary to renew them for five years. —Some doubt, however, has lately been expressed by scientific men, as to the efficacy of these paragrèles.

Wonderful Effect of Lightning.

The following account is from Professor Silliman's American Journal:—On the evening of June 3, 1826, during a heavy shower of rain, a clap of thunder burst, with a tremendous explosion, over a house in Weathersfield, Connecticut. The lightning ran down the chimney to the ceiling of the front room, where it came through, leaving a hole nearly an inch in diameter—tore off the paper and plaster from the wall—descended on a row of nails in the lathes to a picture— melted all the gilding—burned and tore one side of the frame—and, again rending its way, ran upon the nails to the fire-place, and separated the breast-work from the chimney; and from thence taking a horizontal direction, attracted by an umbrella in the corner of the cupboard, a small line was to be seen, from a nail to a bolt, in an opposite closet. From the umbrella it went off at an angle, and came out over the fire-place in a lower room, in nine holes, the largest the size of a common gimblet, scorching and slightly tearing the paper. It entered at the corner of a picture, melted the gilding, blackened the frame, and, passing off at another corner, separated again into several lines, intersecting each other,

until they centered in a nail in the shelf: it passed down the back of the moulding, tore away a hard cement below, threw forward a false back of brick and iron, split the floor on each side of the hearth, rent off splinters two feet in length from the under-floor in the cellar, and went east and west through a stone wall into the earth. The greatest force was exerted in the chamber-closet. The point of the umbrella was brass; and just beneath the wire which connects the whalebone, it was burnt off; and the silk, the stick, and the whalebone, were nearly consumed. Several folds in some woollen carpets were burnt, leaving not a vestige for a yard in a place; a fur muff, a cloth coat, and some other articles, were also much injured; a sleeve and part of the waist of the coat were destroyed—while the cotton lining, to which they were stitched, was left whole, and, excepting a small piece, was not even tender from scorching. A black sulphureous smoke arose from the spot, and filled the house. A lady was in the closet, with the door shut, and but a foot distant from the course of the lightning. The sound was dreadful, like cannon, at her ears, and the heat inexpressibly great, as if she were in the midst of flames. She spoke at first of intense light, but all consciousness of that has since passed from her mind. In this terrific and awful situation, she was preserved unhurt, came out immediately, and closed the door. It may be remarked, that she was clothed in cotton, and a roll of carpetting stood between her and the umbrella. Five boards were thrown down, and four rooms were filled with the smell of sulphur, and covered with soot. The electrical fluid entered four closets adjoining the room in the lower story—ran round china cups, plates, &c.—raised and dissolved the gilding, or converted it into the purple oxide of gold—and, leaving a dark bluish path next to a nail, where it splintered the partition, escaped through the back of a door to a hinge. In a closet, without paint, it discoloured the wood three inches in width, broke four dishes, and drove out nine nails, four of them from a hinge; in a third, it left an aperture as large as a bullet-hole in the ceiling, split the floor three feet, and tore up four inches, about an inch wide; in a fourth, it overturned, tossed out, and broke large vials of medicines, pill-boxes, wafer-boxes, &c., drove four nails partly out of the hinges, and rent off a piece of the casement. On the top shelf lay several iron articles. It pierced the ceiling in the back room, came down in two branches, and so completely dissipated four cents, weighing about 165 grains, which lay upon a nail in the moulding, that, except a metallic stain on the lead paint of the shelf, not a trace of them remained; they appeared to have flashed away like gunpowder. In the chamber, eight feet from the chimney, it came out over the corner of a looking-glass in three places, the largest like a gimblet-hole—split the back-board of the glass into three parts, melted the gilding, and went off at an opposite corner, in one large place and nine small ones,

through the wall to a window in the room beneath—splintered the casement, by a nail, into five or six small pieces—and killed a rose-bush, which was tied to a nail on the outside of the house. Opposite, and fifteen feet from the chimney, hung a piece of embroidery; three small holes are left in the wall over one corner of it; two-thirds of the top of the frame, which is of mahogany, is split up to a corner, where it appears as if the fluid ran down the back of the glass to a basket wrought with gold thread, and, blackening it, passed off at another corner, through three small places in the wall, and came out in five points, like nail-marks, in the ceiling over a looking-glass in the first story, ran all over the gilding, and went off through the wall by the nails which support the glass. The paint in the chamber was turned of a very dark colour, with a metallic cast; the paper was red and blue; the red, excepting near the floor, has entirely disappeared. There was no lightning-rod on the house.—[Since writing the above, the chimney has been examined. A hole, an inch long, is found in the garret, four feet from the ceiling of the chamber where it came through: no crack or any other fracture is to be seen. The *rending* effects of the lightning were not more conspicuous than they often are in similar cases; but the delicate selection made of metallic articles, the manner in which they were affected, and the minuteness of the ramifications of the fluid through the apartments, were very remarkable.]

Poetical Pictures in July.

Morning.

Oh, wake and join the choral lay,
That floats o'er woodland, tree, and bow'r;
Where wild birds flit on ev'ry spray,
And incense rolls from ev'ry flow'r.

The golden beams are far and wide
O'er the green earth and mountains thrown,
Joy sits exulting by their side,
And gladness o'er the earth is sown.

Wake, Lady, wake—the morn is up,
And summer insects round me sing;
The bee is in the honied cup
Of flow'rs,—the lark upon the wing.

Fast from the bleached and hoary rock
The sun-lit waters downward urge,
But beauty mingles with the shock,
And forms the rainbow to the surge.

From mountain-top to sunny vale,
The bright earth and the sky above,
All nature tells the same glad tale,
And viewless echo answers—'Love'

Wake, Lady, wake—no dreams of thine,
Pure as those visioned scenes must be,
Can paint one picture so divine,
As that I wait to view with thee.

Spirit and Manners of the Age.

An Evening Scene.

[From the German of Körner.]

'Tis ev'ning; all is hushed and still:
The sun sets bright in ruddy sheen,
As here I sit, to muse at will,
Beneath these oaks' umbrageous screen;
While wand'ring thoughts my fancy fill
With dreams of life when fresh and green,
And visions of the olden time
Revive in all their pomp sublime.

While time hath called the brave away,
And swept the lovely to the tomb,
As yonder bright but fading ray
Is quenched amid the twilight gloom:
Yet ye are kept from all decay,
For still unhurt and fresh ye bloom,
And seem to tell, in whisp'ring breath,
That greatness still survives in death!

And ye survive!—'mid change severe,
Each aged stem but stronger grows,
And not a pilgrim passes here,
But seeks beneath your shade repose.
And if your leaves, when dry and sere,
Fall fast at autumn's wintry close,
Yet ev'ry falling leaf shall bring
Its vernal tribute to the spring.

Thou native oak, thou German tree,
Fit emblem, too, of German worth!
Type of a nation brave and free,
And worthy of their native earth!
Ah! what avails to think on thee,
Or on the times when thou hadst birth?
Thou German race, the noblest aye of all,
Thine oaks still stand, while thou, alas! must fall.

G. F. RICHARDSON.

Sketches in South Africa.

[By T. Pringle, Esq.]

The sultry summer noon is past
And mellow ev'ning comes at last,
With a low and languid breeze
Fanning the *mimosa* trees,
Which cluster o'er the tangled vale,
And oft perfume the panting gale
With fragrance faint—that seems to tell
Of primrose tufts in Scottish dell,
Peeping forth in tender spring,
When the blithe lark begins to sing.

But soon, 'midst Afric's landscape lone,
Such reminiscences are gone;
Soon we raise the eye to range
O'er prospects wild, grotesque, and strange—
Sterile mountains, rough and steep,
That bound abrupt the valley deep,
Heaving to the clear blue sky
Their ribs of *granite*, bare and dry;
And ridges, by the torrents worn,
Thinly streaked with scraggy thorn,
Which fringes Nature's savage dress,
Yet scarce relieves her nakedness.

Yet where the vale winds deep below,
The landscape wears a warmer glow;
There the *spekboom*[1] spreads its bowers
Of light-green leaves and lilac flowers;
And the bright *aloe* rears its crest,
Like stately queen for gala drest;
And gorgeous *erythrina*[2] shakes
Its coral tufts above the brakes,
Brilliant as the glancing plumes
Of sugar-birds among its blooms,
With the deep-green verdure blending,
In the stream of light descending.

And now, along the grassy meads,
Where the skipping *reeboh*[3] feeds,
Let me through the mazes rove
Of the light *acacia* grove;
Now, while yet the honey-bee
Hums around the blossomed tree,

[1] Portulacaria Afra.
[2] Erythrina Caffra.
[3] Antilope cinerea,

And the turtles softly chide
Wooingly on every side,
And the clucking pheasant calls
To his mate at intervals;
And the duiker[1] at my tread
Sudden lifts his startled head—
Then dives affrighted in the brake,
Like wild-duck in the reedy lake.

My wonted seat receives me now—
This tall grey cliff with tufted brow,
Tow'ring high o'er grove and stream,
And gilded by the parting gleam.
With shattered rocks loose sprinkled o'er,
Behind ascends the mountain boar,
Whose crags o'erhang the Bushman's cave,
(His fortress once, but now his grave);
Where the grim satyr-faced *baboon*[2]
Sits railing to the rising moon,
Or chiding, with hoarse angry cry,
The herdsman, as he wanders by.

Spread out below in sun and shade,
The shaggy glen lies full displayed,—
Its sheltered nooks, and sylvan bow'rs,
And meadows flushed with purple flow'rs[3]:—
And through it, like a dragon spread,
I trace the river's tortuous bed.
And there the *Chaldee willow* weeps[4],
Drooping o'er the dangerous steeps,
Where the torrent in his wrath
Has rifted out a rugged path,—
Like fissure cleft by earthquake's shock
Through mead and jungle, mound and rock:
But the swoll'n water's wasteful sway,
Like tyrant's rage, hath passed away,
Leaving alone, to prove its force,
The ravage of its frantic course.

Now o'er its shrunk and slimy bed
Rank weeds and withered wrack are spread,

[1] The gazelle *(Antilope grimmia)*, called *duiker*, or *diver* by the Cape colonists, on account of its peculiar mode of plunging among the bushes when pursued.

[2] Simia cynocephalus, or Cercopethecus ursinus.

[3] At certain seasons of the year, the grassy meads, or *savannahs*, along the river banks, are often thickly covered, for miles together, with the flowers of the purple *amaryllis*, and other splendid bulbous plants.

[4] Salix Babylonica.

With the faint rill just oozing through,
And vanishing again from view,—
Except where, here and there, a pool
Spreads 'neath some cliff its mirror cool,
Girt by the *palmite's*[1] verdant screen,
Or shaded by the rock-ash green,
Whose slender sprays above the flood
Suspend the *loxia's* callow brood
In cradle-nests[2], with porch below,
Secure from winged or creeping foe,
(Weasel, or hawk, or writhing snake),
Wild waving as the breezes wake,
Like ripe fruit, hanging fair to see
Upon the rich *pomegranate-tree*.

But lo! the sun has stooped his head
Behind yon granite peaks of red;
And now along the dusky vale
The homeward herds and flocks I hail,
Returning from their pastures dry
Amid the stony uplands high.—
First, the swart shepherd with his flock
Comes winding round my hermit rock
All unlike, in gait or mien,
Fair Scotland's jocund swains, I ween:
For shepherd's crook, the gun he bears,
For plaid, the sheep-skin mantle wears;
Slow sauntering languidly along;
Nor flute has he, nor merry song,
Nor book, nor tale, nor rustic lay,
To cheer him through the listless day.
His look is dull; his soul is dark;
He knows not hope's electric spark;
But, born the white man's servile thrall,
Feels that he cannot further fall.

[1] Acorus palmita.

[2] Several varieties of the *loxia*, or finch tribe, in South Africa, suspend their nests from the branches of trees, especially where they happen to impend over a river or precipice. The object of this precaution, is obviously to secure their offspring from the assaults of their numerous enemies, particularly the serpent-race. To increase the difficulty of access to those 'tree-rocked cradles,' the entrance is always from *below*, and frequently through a cylindrical passage of ten or twelve inches in length, projecting from the spherical nest, exactly like the tube of a chemist's retort. The whole fabric is, most ingeniously and elegantly, woven of a species of very tough grass; and the wonderful *instinct* or *foresight* (or whatever else we may choose to call it) displayed by the little architect in its construction, is calculated to excite the highest admiration.

Now wizard *Twilight* slowly sails,
With murky wing, adown the vales,
Warning with his mystic rod
The owl and bat to come abroad,
With things that hate the gairish sun,
To frolic now when day is done.
Now along the meadows damp
Th' enamoured *fire-fly* lights his lamp—
Link-boy fit for Elfin Queen
'Midst fair Avon's woodlands green;—
Here, I ween, more wont to shine,
To light the thievish *porcupine*
Plundering my melon-bed;
Or villain *lynx*, whose stealthy tread
Rouses not the wakeful hound,
As he creeps the folds around.

But lo! the night-bird's boding scream
Breaks abrupt my twilight dream,
And warns me it is time to haste
My homeward walk across the waste;
Lest my rash tread provoke the wrath
Of *nachtslang*[1], coiled across the path,—
Or tempt the *leopard* in the wood,
Prowling round, athirst for blood.

London Weekly Review.

AUGUST.

THIS month received its name in honour of *Augustus*. Its sign is *Virgo*.

Remarkable Days

In AUGUST 1828.

1.—LAMMAS DAY.

THIS was anciently *loaf-mass*, it being customary for the Saxons to offer an oblation of new bread on this day, as the first fruits of the harvest.

6.—TRANSFIGURATION.

The festival, in remembrance of our Lord's transfiguration on the Mount, was instituted by Pope Calixtus in 1455.

[1] The night-adder.

7.—NAME OF JESUS.

This day, previously to the reformation, was assigned to Donatus: our reformers gave it its present appropriation.

*8. 1827.—RT. HON. GEORGE CANNING DIED, ÆT. 57.

This great man was a poet by nature, an orator by education, a statesman by accident or habit. His inclinations led him to the more elegant studies: to politics he never attended beyond the necessities of the moment; and he would always rather apply his literary reading to the confutation of a political antagonist, than make political argument a substitute and an excuse for the want of literary ornament. He was, however, better informed than many persons, who, because they are nothing else, set up for men of information; and, if his political knowledge were measured, not against the brightness of his own oratorical talent, but the ignorance of others, he would justly be deemed a *great man*. He was, in short, a man with a lively strength—a *vivida vis* of intellect and wit; a man of ardour, boldness, and warmth; always possessed with an animated love of fame, a high sense of his own honour, and a sensitive anxiety for the happiness and dignity of his country.

As a statesman, Mr. Canning displayed views at once liberal and profound. As an orator, his speeches were always distinguished by their purity of language, and bursts of extemporaneous energy; while his vast command of metaphor, which he never used inappropriately, or without effect, frequently mingled all parties in one common admiration. Lord Byron, whose opposite politics prevented all suspicion of an undue bias in favour of Mr. Canning, has, in more than one of his works, paid the highest compliment to him. 'Canning,' said he, 'is a genius, almost an universal one; an orator a wit, a poet, and a statesman;' and in one of his Lordship's latest poems,

speaking of the British Administration, he thus notices the subject of this memoir:—

> Yet something may remain, perchance, to chime
> With reason, and, what's stranger still, with rhyme;
> E'en this thy genius, Canning! may permit,
> Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,
> And never, e'en in that dull house, could'st tame
> To unleavened prose thine own poetic flame;
> Our last, our best, our only orator,
> E'en *I* can praise thee?

A summary of what Mr. Canning has accomplished during the short time since the Marquess of Londonderry's death, will best demonstrate the claims he has left to the world's gratitude, and best pourtray the blank which his loss has occasioned. He detached England from the cruel chariot-wheels of the Holy Alliance, almost before the familiars of that body could look around them, and discover the hand which set her free. The invasion of Spain was rendered, by Mr. Canning's dexterity and spirit, little more noxious in its result, than it was defensible in its origin; and the world saw contrasted an outrage by France on the Spaniards, with a blessing conferred by England on the Americans. Constitutional Portugal has been upheld against the House of Bourbon by diplomatic skill and military energy, so directed and justified as to protect the civil rights of the people of that kingdom. The spirit through which the whole South of Europe must one day vindicate the liberties of man, has been kept alive, and ready for seasonable exercise, by the mere notoriety that Mr. Canning was Minister. At home, the principles which he would have realized, had life been granted, were those under which the poor man's food would have been increased, and the national expenses considerably economized.

'As an author,' says a recent writer, 'Mr. Canning will not probably reap his full measure of fame in his lifetime; for, with the exception of his juvenile efforts in "The Microcosm," and his political satires

in the "Anti-Jacobin," he has furnished few opportunities of identifying him.'

The satires of Mr. Canning are now only considered as brilliant effusions of wit and humour; but when they first appeared, they possessed considerable political importance; and while they rendered a few grave politicians extremely ridiculous, they combated with great force a more formidable enemy—French jacobinism.

In all the relations of domestic life, Mr. C. is allowed to have been one of the most amiable of men. In person he was tall and well made—his step quick and firm—his voice harmonious—his utterance quick but distinct, his emphasis strong without effort; and, as a contemporary writer has well observed, 'he had a set of features, every one of which performed its part in telling what was passing in his mind: his habits of sobriety gave him vigour, and his whole appearance was well calculated to impress the beholder with an idea that he was destined for long life.'

10.—SAINT LAWRENCE.

Saint Lawrence was by birth a Spaniard, and flourished about the middle of the third century. He was laid upon a gridiron, and broiled till he died, August 10th, 258.

12. 1762.—King George IV born.

15.—ASSUMPTION OF B. V. M.

This is a festival, in the Greek and Romish churches, in honour of the supposed miraculous ascension of the Virgin Mary into heaven.—See an account of a splendid pageant formerly exhibited at Dieppe in honour of this day, in T.T. for 1823, pp. 224-227.

At *Bonneval*, on the day of the Assumption, a bunch of ripe, black grapes is put into the hand of the figure of the Virgin in the churches; and the same ceremony is used in the little chapel of St. Lawrence,

at Imbert, about a quarter of a league from the town. These are the first fruits of the vintage.

21. 1765.—H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence, LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND, BORN.

Some curious information on the early state of the English Navy, is given in Mr. Ellis's Second Series of his 'Original Letters,' and forms a curious contrast with the *present state* of Naval affairs, under the auspices of His Royal Highness, whose devotion to the high duties to which he has been called, must elicit the liveliest gratitude from every admirer of Britain's best bulwarks, 'her wooden walls.'

The kings of England, in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, had occasionally large fleets under their command, but they consisted of *merchant* ships only, gathered from the different ports of England, or hired from foreign countries; those of England on such emergencies being pressed with their crews into the king's service. In 1304, the largest ship of war in England, according to Dr. Henry, had a crew of only *forty* men; and in the fleet of Edward the Third at the siege of Calais, in 1346, the complement of each ship, upon an average, must have been under twenty men. Henry the Fifth, as will presently be seen, was the first of our kings who established a permanent navy. A Letter from John Alcetre to K. Henry V, which is given in Mr. Ellis's Letters, (vol. i, p. 69[1]), details, minutely, the progress of certain workmen at Bayonne in constructing a vessel of considerable size, which the King had ordered to be built. Bayonne was then the last town in the Duchy of Aquitaine. The Mayor and Corporation had contracted with the King for the completion of this vessel within a certain time; but the writer of the Letter thinks it could not be ready, and that it would take even four or five years to finish. The ship, as the timbers had been laid down, was *a hundred and eighty-six feet in length*.

From a passage in a rhyming pamphlet written in 1433, printed by Hakluyt, intitled 'The Libel of English Policie,' it appears that Henry the Fifth built other large ships:

> And if I should conclude all by the King
> Henrie the fift, what was his purposing,
> When at Hampton *he made the great* DROMONS
> Which passed other great Ships of all the Commons;

[1] See also pp. 218-89 of the same volume, for further information on the subject.

The *Trinitie, the Grace de Dieu, the Holy Ghost,*
And other moe, which as now be lost.

The ships of the King and those of the Commons are here distinguished; the ROYAL NAVY, from the vessels which were supplied by the sea-ports, or hired abroad. The entire list of Henry's own ships, in the fourth year of his reign, is preserved among the proceedings of his Council. They consisted of three vessels of the greater size, three carracks, eight barges, and ten balingers or smaller barges. In a document of the antecedent year, among some of the proceedings of Council, we have the pay of the Officers and Sailors of the King's great ships, employed in keeping the narrow seas. The admiral received for a quarter of a year and thirty-nine days' service, wages for fifty men at arms at xij^{d}. per day each; and for a hundred and fifty bowmen, at vj^{d}. a day each; making a total of 812*l.* 10*s.* For the wages, during the same time, of four masters of respective ships, and two hundred and fifty mariners, the former at vj^{d}. a day, and the mariners at iij^{d}. he received 819*l.* 5*s.*

24.—SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

This apostle translated St. Matthew's Gospel into the Indian language, and propagated it in that part of the world. He is generally supposed to have been beheaded. See our last volume, p. 274.—The inhuman massacre at Paris and throughout France took place on this day. See T. T. for 1826, p. 200.—Some time after this frightful event, the deputies of the reformed were treating with the King, the Queen-mother, and some of the Council, for a peace. The articles were mutually agreed on; the question was upon the security for performance. After some particulars propounded and rejected, the Queen-mother said, 'Is not the word of a king sufficient security?' One of the deputies answered, 'No, by St. Bartholomew, madam'.—*Walpoliana.*

Lord Clarendon calls fifteen hundred and seventy-two 'that infamous year,' from the barbarous and inhuman Massacre of Paris which took place in it, more usually, from the day on which the transaction occurred, called the *Massacre of St. Bartholomew.* An event, he observes, attended and accompanied with as foul dissimulation and as horrid perjury as

ever added deformity to wickedness. The reader who would learn the minute particulars of this detested tragedy, may consult Davila's History of the Civil Wars of France; the Memoirs of Margaret Queen of Navarre; the Memoirs of Sully; the Life of Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné; Thuanus; Mezeray's History of France; Wraxhall's History of the House of Valois; and Lingard's Narrative, in a note at the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The Massacre of Paris was subsequently repeated in other towns. Lingard has assembled the dates; at Paris, August the 24th; Meaux the 25th; La Charité, 26th; Orleans, 27th; Saumur and Angers, 29th; Lyons, 30th; Troyes, September the 2d; Bourges, the 11th; Rouen, 17th; Romans, 20th; Toulouse, the 23d; Bourdeaux, October the 3d. The numbers of those who perished (and neither age nor sex were spared) are variously reckoned by different writers, from ten to a *hundred thousand;* but should we take the half of the lowest number, the deed loses nothing of its atrocity.

Pope Gregory the Thirteenth had no sooner notice of this deed, than he went in solemn procession to the Church of St. Louis in Rome, to return God thanks for it as for a happy victory, and sent a nuncio to France to congratulate the king. Lord Clarendon thought that Gregory alone paid his devotions for it; but in France its anniversary was long celebrated. William Cecil, writing to his grandfather Lord Burghley, from Paris, 25th Aug. 1583, says, 'Upon St. Bartelmewes day, we had here solemn processions, and other tokens of triumphs and joy, in remembrance of the slaughter committed this time eleven years past. But I doubt they will not so triumph at the day of judgment.' See Ellis's Original Letters, *Second Series,* vol. iii, p. 23, for a curious letter of Bishop Sandys to Lord Burghley on this subject, in which he recommends '*to cutte off the Scottish Quenes Heade,*' as the first of a series

of propositions for the *prevention* of a massacre in England.

28.—SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Saint Augustine was the most voluminous writer of all the Fathers. He was born in the year 354; in 391 was chosen Bishop of Hippo; and died in 430, at the age of 76. For accounts of the life of Augustine, and of his numerous writings, consult *Cave*, *Dupin*, and *Milner*.

29.—JOHN BAPTIST BEHEADED.

This day was formerly denominated *Festum Collectionis Sancti Johannis Baptistæ*; or the feast of gathering up St. John the Baptist's relics. His nativity is celebrated on the 24th of June, which see. Consult also T. T. for 1823, p. 234.

*AUGUST 1827.—A LIVING GIRAFFE ARRIVED IN LONDON.

It was a present to his Majesty from the Pasha of Egypt, who also sent one to the King of France. This singularly beautiful creature remained only a short time in London, being removed to Windsor, where it is now kept at *Sandford Gate*, with the other curious animals belonging to the King.—An interesting account of the Giraffe, with a correct portrait, may be seen in the *Literary Gazette* for 1827, p. 553; we have only room for a poetical illustration from the pen of Mr. PRINGLE:—

The LION *and the* CAMELOPARD.

Wouldst thou view the Lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled fountain
Oozes from the rocky mountain,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim
Couchant lurks the Lion grim,
Waiting till the close of day
Brings again the destined prey.

Heedless—at the ambushed brink
The tall *Giraffe* stoops down to drink;
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy:—The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
For the prey is strong and strives for life,—
Plunging oft, with frantic bound,
To shake the tyrant to the ground;
Then bursts like whirlwind through the waste,
In hope to 'scape by headlong haste:
In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.

For life, the victim's utmost speed
Is mustered in this hour of need;
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thund'ring plain.

'Tis vain—the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking:
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed:—he reels—his race is o'er!
He falls—and, with convulsive throe,
Resigns his throat to the raging foe,
Who revels amidst his dying moans;—
While, gath'ring round to pick his bones,
The vultures watch in gaunt array,
Till the proud monarch quits his prey.

Lord Cromwell.

Some very curious particulars of Lord Cromwell, as well as a masterly estimate of his *true* character, which throws considerable light on the cause of Wolsey's disgrace and fall, will be found in Mr. ELLIS'S ORIGINAL LETTERS, *Second Series*, volume ii, pp. 116-130; 160-173, whence the following fine prayer of Lord Cromwell, *before his execution*, has been extracted:—

'O Lord Jesus, which art the only health of all men living, and the everlasting life of them which die in thee, I, wretched sinner, do submit myself wholly unto thy blessed will; and being sure that the thing

cannot perish which is committed unto thy mercy, willingly now I leave this frail and wicked flesh, in sure hope that thou wilt in better wise restore it to me again at the last day in the resurrection of the just. I beseech thee, most merciful Lord Jesus Christ, that thou wilt by thy grace make strong my soul against all temptations, and defend me with the buckler of thy mercy against all the assaults of the Devil. I see and knowledge that there is in myself no hope of salvation, but all my confidence, hope, and trust is in thy most merciful goodness. I have no merits nor good works which I may alledge before thee; of sins and evil works, alas! I see a great heap. But yet through thy mercy I trust to be in the number of them to whom thou wilt not impute their sins; but wilt take and accept me for righteous and just, and to be the inheritor of everlasting life. Thou, merciful Lord, wast born for my sake; thou didst suffer both hunger and thirst for my sake; thou didst teach, pray, and fast for my sake; all thy holy actions and works thou wroughtest for my sake; thou sufferedest most grievous pains and torments for my sake; finally, thou gavest thy most precious body and thy blood to be shed on the cross for my sake. Now, most merciful Saviour, let all these things profit me that thou freely hast done for me, which hast given thyself also for me. Let thy blood cleanse and wash away the spots and foulness of my sins. Let thy righteousness hide and cover my unrighteousness. Let the merits of thy passion and blood-shedding be satisfaction for my sins. Give me, Lord, thy grace, that the faith of my salvation in thy blood waver not in me, but may ever be firm and constant. That the hope of thy mercy and life everlasting never decay in me, that love wax not cold in me. Finally, that the weakness of my flesh be not overcome with the fear of death. Grant me, merciful Saviour, that when death hath shut up the eyes of my body, yet the eyes of my soul may still behold and look upon thee; and

when death hath taken away the use of my tongue, yet my heart may cry and say unto thee, Lord, into thy hands I commit my soul; Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Amen.'

---

*AUG. 1827.—LETTER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Descriptive of a Picture painted by David Wilkie, Esq. R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1818, a beautiful engraving of which is inserted in* Mr. Pickering's Bijou, *whence we have extracted the following Letter to* Sir Adam Ferguson:—

'My dear Adam,—I have duly received your letter, with that inclosed from the gentleman whom you have patronized, by suffering the sketch from the pencil of our friend Wilkie to be engraved for his work. The picture has something in it rather of a domestic character, as the personages are represented in a sort of masquerade, such being the pleasure of the accomplished painter. Nevertheless, if it is to be engraved, I do not see that I can offer any objection, since it is the wish of the distinguished artist, and the friendly proprietor of the sketch in question But Mr. Balmanno mentions, besides, a desire to have anecdotes of my private and domestic life, or, as he expresses himself, a portrait of the author in his night-gown and slippers; and this from you, who, I dare say, could furnish some anecdotes of our younger days, which might now seem ludicrous enough. Even as to my night-gown and slippers, I believe the time has been, when the articles of my wardrobe were as familiar to your memory as *Poins*'s to *Prince Henry*; but that time has been for some years past, and I cannot think it would be interesting to the public to learn that I had changed my old *robe-de-chambre* for a handsome *douillette* when I was last at Paris. The truth is, that a man of ordinary sense cannot be supposed delighted with the species of gossip which, in the dearth of other news, recurs to such a quiet in-

dividual as myself; and though, like a well-behaved lion of twenty years' standing, I am not inclined to vex myself about what I cannot help, I will not in any case, in which I can prevent it, be accessory to these follies. There is no man known at all in literature, who may not have more to tell of his private life than I have: I have surmounted no difficulties either of birth or education, nor have I been favoured by any particular advantages, and my life has been as void of incidents of importance, as that of the "weary knife-grinder."

"Story! God bless you; I have none to tell, Sir."

'The follies of youth ought long since to have passed away; and if the prejudices and absurdities of age have come in their place, I will keep them, as Beau Tibbs did his prospect, for the amusement of my domestic friends. A mere enumeration of the persons in the sketch is all I can possibly permit to be published respecting myself and my family; and as must be the lot of humanity, when we look back seven, or eight years, even what follows cannot be drawn up without some very painful recollections.

'The idea which our inimitable Wilkie adopted was to represent our family group in the garb of south country peasants, supposed to be concerting a merry making, for which some of the preparations are seen. The place is the terrace near Kayside, commanding an extensive view towards the Eildon hills. (1) The sitting figure, in the dress of a miller, I believe, represents Sir Walter Scott, author of a few scores of volumes, and proprietor of Abbotsford, in the county of Roxburgh. (2) In front, and presenting, we may suppose, a country wag somewhat addicted to poaching, stands Sir Adam Ferguson, Knight-Keeper of the Regalia of Scotland. (3) In the back-ground is a very handsome old man, upwards of eighty-four years old at the time, painted in his own character of a shepherd. He also belonged to the numerous clan of Scott. He used to claim credit

for three things unusual among the Southland shepherds: first, that he had never been *fou* in the course of his life; secondly, he never had struck a man in anger; thirdly, that though entrusted with the management of large sales of stock, he had never lost a penny for his master by a bad debt. He died soon afterwards at Abbotsford. 4, 5, 6, Of the three female figures, the elder is the late regretted mother of the family represented. (5) The young person, most forward in the group, is Miss Sophia Charlotte Scott, now Mrs. J. G. Lockhart: and, (6) her younger sister, Miss Ann Scott. Both are represented as ewe-milkers, with their *leglins*, or milkpails. (7) On the left hand of the shepherd, the young man holding a fowling-piece is the eldest son of Sir Walter, now Captain in the King's Hussars. (8) The boy, is the youngest of the family, Charles Scott, now of Brazenose College, Oxford. The two dogs were distinguished favourites of the family; the large one was a stag hound of the old Highland breed, called Maida, and one of the handsomest dogs that could be found; it was a present from the Chief of Glengary to Sir Walter, and was highly valued, both on account of his beauty, his fidelity, and the great rarity of the breed. The other is a little Highland terrier, called *Ourisk* (goblin), of a particular kind, bred in Kintail. It was a present from the Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, and is a valuable specimen of a race which is now also scarce.

'Maida, like Bran, Luath, and other dogs of distinction, slumbers "beneath his stone," distinguished by an epitaph, which, to the honour of Scottish scholarship be it spoken, has only *one* false quantity in *two* lines:

"Maidæ marmorea dormis sub imagine Maida,
"Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis."

'Ourisk still survives, but, like some other personages in the picture, with talents and temper rather the worse for wear. She has become what Dr. Rutty, the

Quaker,' records himself in his journal as having sometimes been—"sinfully dogged and snappish." If it should suit Mr. Balmanno's purpose to adopt the above illustrations, he is heartily welcome to them; but I make it my especial bargain, that nothing more is said upon such a meagre subject.

'It strikes me, however, that there is a story about old Thomas Scott, the shepherd, which is characteristic, and which I will make your friend welcome to. Tom was, both as a trusted servant and as a rich fellow in his line, a person of considerable importance among the class in the neighbourhood, and used to stickle a good deal to keep his place in public opinion. Now, he suffered, in his own idea at least, from the consequence assumed by a country neighbour, who, though neither so well reputed for wealth or sagacity as Thomas Scott, had yet an advantage over him, from having seen the late King, and used to take precedence upon all occasions when they chanced to meet. Thomas suffered under this superiority. But after this sketch was finished and exhibited in London, the newspapers made it known that his present Majesty had condescended to take some notice of it. Delighted with the circumstance, Thomas Scott set out, on a most oppressively hot day, to walk five miles to Bowden, where his rival resided. He had no sooner entered the cottage, than he called out, in his broad forest dialect, "Andro, man, de ye anes sey (see) the King?" "In troth did I, Tam," answered Andro; "sit down, and I'll tell ye a' about it: ye sey, I was at Lonon, in a place they ca' the park, that is no like a hained bog-fence, or like the four-nooked parks in this country——" "Hout awa," said Thomas, "I have heard a' that before: I only came ower the Know to tell you, that, if you have seen the King, the King has seen mey," (me). And so he returned with a jocund heart, assuring his friends "it had done him much muckle gude to settle accounts wi' Andro."'

'Another favour I must request is, that Mr. Balmanno will be so good as to send me a proof of these illustrations, as my hand is very bad, and there may be errors both of the pen and of the press. *Jocose hæc*, as the old Laird of Restalrig writes to the Earl of Gowrie. Farewell, my old tried and dear friend of forty long years. Our enjoyments must now be of a character less vivid than we have shared together,

"But still at our lot it were vain to repine,
"Youth cannot return, or the days of Lang Syne."

'Your's affectionately,

Abbotsford, August 2. 'WALTER SCOTT.'

LINES.

[Written for Time's Telescope by J. H. Wiffen.]

Alas! the scenes through which on earth we stray
Are but the semblance of an April day;
Tempest to calms, to sunshine show'rs succeed,
Point the strong thorn, and nurse the noxious weed.
Fast as in thought we reach some happy glade,
A cloud comes by, and chills us with its shade;
We rear the rose, and, as it bursts to bloom,
The canker kills it, or the frosts consume;
On pleasure, pain; on mirth, dejection treads—
Here hope allures, and there her nets she spreads;
Charm follows charm, but still, where'er we go,
The promised rapture takes the tint of woe;
We look behind us, and a mist appears,
Veils our gay steps, and fills our path with tears:
We sport, we sigh, smile, weep, and evermore
The bliss grows shorter, and the smart more sore;
Till night sets in, and, as her shadows creep,
Like wearied babes we moan ourselves to sleep.

Still there are intervals for all to know
A rest from care, a breathing-time from woe:
Not always sorrow haunts the pilgrim's view,
Not always duty wears its harshest hue:
The storm whirls seldom *all* our wealth away,
Some hopes, some joys, still keep th' assaulted sway;
Like a few grapes in vintage-time, like one
Ungathered olive in th' autumnal sun,
Left on its topmost bough, erewhile to shoot
In earth, the germ of more luxuriant fruit.

Astronomical Occurrences

In AUGUST 1828.

Solar Phenomena.

The Sun will enter Virgo at 36 m. after 5 on the morning of the 23d of this month; and he rises and sets, during the same time, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

August 1st, Sun rises	18	m. after	4.	Sets 42	m. past 7
6th	26		4	34	7
11th	35		4	25	7
16th	44		4	16	7
21st	53		4	7	7
26th	2		5	58	6
31st	11		5	49	6

Equation of Time.

To find mean time from apparent, the numbers in the following Table must be added to the latter for the noon of each day it contains; and for the intermediate days, those to be used must be obtained as already directed:—

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Friday, August 1st,	to the time by the dial *add*	5	57
Wednesday 6th		5	32
Monday..... 11th		4	52
Saturday 16th		3	58
Thursday..... 21st		2	51
Tuesday 26th		1	33
Sunday 31st		0	4

Lunar Phenomena.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter,	2d day, at	36 m.	after	3	in the afternoon
New Moon ..	10th	42	.....	4	.....
First Quarter	18th	46	.....	2	.....
Full Moon ..	25th	28	.....	5	in the morning

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The most convenient times for observing the Moon's transits during this month, if the weather prove favourable, will be the following: viz.

August	1st, at	32 m. past	4 in the morning
	2d ..	22	5 .....
	3d ..	12	6 .....
	4th ..	1	7 .....
	5th ..	51	7 .....
	6th ..	39	8 .....
	7th ..	28	9 .....
	17th ..	0	5 in the afternoon
	18th ..	52	5 .....
	19th ..	46	6 .....
	20th ..	44	7 in the evening
	21st ..	43	8 .....
	22d ..	43	9 .....
	23d ..	43	10 .....
	24th ..	41	11 .....

Time of High Water at London, for every fifth Day.

In addition to the times stated in the following Table, we must refer to the Occurrences in January for finding those of other days and other places.

TABLE OF TIDES.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
August 1st, at	44 m. after	5	9 m. after	6
6th ..	39	10	11	11
11th ..	30	2	50	2
16th ..	7	5	25	5
21st ..	5	10	45	10
26th ..	55	2	11	3
31st ..	12	6	39	6

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This planet now is scarcely visible, as her illuminated disk is so extremely narrow; the following being the proportion of the light and dark parts at this time:—

August 1st { Illuminated part = 0·07904
Dark part..... = 11·02096

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Only two of these eclipses will be visible this month, which are the following: viz.

Emersion.

First Satellite, 24th day, at 3 m. 33 s. after 8 in the evening

Immersion.

Second Satellite, 6th ..... 50 m. 47 s. after 8 in the evening

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

August 17th, with Jupiter at 5 in the morning
23d .... β in Capricorn 6 .....

Other Phenomena.

Mercury and Mars will both be stationary on the 3d of this month. Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 12th, and Venus will be stationary on the 18th. Mercury will be in conjunction with δ in Cancer at 3 in the morning of the 17th, and again with α in Leo, at 10 in the evening of the 28th.

The following Sonnet is admirably descriptive of many of the still evenings of this month:—

SONNET.—NOCHE SERENA.

[By Delta of Blackwood's Magazine.]

How tranquil is the night! the torrent's roar
Dies off far distant; through the lattice streams
The pure, white, silvery moonshine, mantling o'er
The couch and curtains with its fairy gleams.
Sweet is the prospect; sweeter are the dreams
From which my loathful eyelid now unclosed:
Methought beside a forest we reposed,
Marking the summer sun's far western beams,
A dear loved friend and I. The nightingale
To silence and to us her pensive tale
Sang forth: the very tone of vanished years
Came o'er me—feeling warm, and visions bright!
Alas! how quick such vision disappears,
To leave the spectral moon and silent night.

The Naturalist's Diary

For AUGUST 1828.

Hark! the ripe and hoary rye,
Waving white and billowy,
Gives a husky rustle, as
Fitful breezes fluttering pass.
See the brown and bending wheat
By its posture seems to meet
The harvest's sickle, as it gleams
Like the crescent moon in streams,
Brown with shade and night, that run
Under shores and forests dun. C. WEBBE.

THE various kinds of grain are generally ripened in this month by the powerful influence of the solar ray; and as *every* month has its *peculiar* beauties, so August has its fields of waving corn, its groups of nut-brown reapers, and its cheerful HARVEST-HOME. See our previous volumes for an account of many curious ceremonies at this season.—In the greater part of the country churches in *France*, an offering is made of the first sheaf of corn that is cut. These first-fruits of the harvest are variously ornamented with ingenious devices in straw; and the sheaf is almost always surmounted by a cross made of the same material. In the department of the Maine and Loire, and even in La Vendée, the following ceremonies are still practised at harvest-home:—In these countries, it must be observed, the whole of the grain is threshed in the open air, immediately it is taken from the field; consequently a great number of labourers are required, that all the sheaves may be threshed, and the grain promptly housed. When a single sheaf only remains, the labourers collect together, and with their flails in one hand, and nosegays in the other, they come to the master, carrying an arm-chair decked with flowers. They announce to him that one sheaf only remains, but it is so heavy

they cannot lift it, and that he alone will be able to effect the task. They then place the master in the chair, and carry him round the field: they next try to lift the sheaf, making very extraordinary efforts for the purpose, but in vain. This honour is reserved for the master, to whom it of right belongs; the sheaf is then untied, and threshed in his presence. The whole is terminated with a feast at the expense of the master; the wine circulates freely, and mirth and good humour are willingly admitted 'of this happy crew.'

About the 11th of August, the puffin migrates; and soon afterwards the swift disappears, probably winging its way to more southern regions. Lapwings and linnets congregate, and the nuthatch chatters. Young broods of goldfinches are now seen.

The mountain ash, or rowan tree, displays its bunches of red berries amid its elegant and light foliage, rivalling the flaming honours of the pyracanthus at a later period. The *jessamine* shows its pretty little flowers, and diffuses its fragrant scent.—See some beautiful lines in T. T. for 1825, p. 220.

The *geranium* tribe add to the beauty of the garden, and many pretty species also decorate our sunny banks; the malvaceous order, and the spurges, bearing the seed always elevated on the flower, are seen in great variety. The *Genista* or broom flowers in this month; and the common flax, with its pretty pale, blue flowers. The *sun-flower* adds its stately beauties to the garden. The sweet scabious is in flower; and the common blue passion-flower, which flowers from June to October, may, in the general dearth of flowers, be introduced to our notice in August.

Insects now abound, and afford a never-failing source of amusement and instruction to the inquiring entomologist. The *lady-bird* is frequently seen in prodigious numbers in this month.

To the LADY-BIRD.

'Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home'—
The field-mouse is gone to her nest;
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes;
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home—
The glow-worm is lighting her lamp;
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home—
Good luck if you reach it at last:
The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on the roam,
Sharp set from the Ramagan fast.

Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home—
The fairy bells tinkle afar;
Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you fast
With a cobweb, to Oberon's car.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Wasp.—Dr. Darwin, in his Zoonomia, relates an anecdote of apparent ratiocination in a wasp, which had caught a fly nearly as large as itself. Kneeling down, the doctor saw the wasp dissever the head and tail from the trunk of the fly, and attempt to soar with the latter; but finding, when about two feet from the ground, that the wings of the fly carried too much sail, and caused its prize and itself to be whirled about, by a little breeze that had arisen, it dropped upon the ground with its prey, and deliberately sawed off, with its mandibles, first one wing and then the other: having thus removed these impediments to its progress, the wasp flew away with its booty, and experienced no further molestation from the wind.—*Bevan's Honey-bee.*—See also our last volume, p. 225.

Papilio Io, Argus, and *Phlæas,* are seen in this month; but many of the butterfly family are extremely local.—See our last volume, p. 288.

In this month, *flies* become very troublesome and tormenting, both to men and animals.

The BLUE-BOTTLE; *a Sketch.*

Talk of mosquitoes!—a mosquito is a gentleman who honourably runs you through with a small sword,

and from whom (as from a mad dog) we may easily seek a defence in—*muslin*. But your rory-tory, hurly-burly blue-bottle, is no better than a bully. His head is a *humming-top*, and his tight blue little body like a tomahawk, cased in glittering steel, which he takes a delight in whirling against your head. I really believe, that to confine a nervous man in a room with one of these winged tormentors, on a day in August, would inevitably destroy him in less than an hour. He rudely and unceremoniously bumps away all sober reflection,—(I wonder whether the phrenological Spurzheim ever felt the *bumps* of a blue-bottle!) then his whimsical vagaries effectually defy repose; now settling with his tickling bandy legs upon your nose, and industriously insinuating his sharp proboscis, and anon abruptly buzzing in your ear—no secret—off he shoots again to his own music.

Now, truly, his *hum-drum* puts me in mind of the whirring tone of the hurdy-gurdy, while his *ad libitum* bumping against the booming window-panes sounds, to my fancy, like the unskilful accompaniment of a double drum, beaten by some unmusical urchin.

The house spider, who spreads with so much care his beautiful nets for gnats, and moths, and smaller flies, finds alike his labour and his toils in vain to secure this rampaging rogue; and, indeed, when the turbulent blue-bottle chances, in his bouncing random flight, to get entangled in the glutinous meshes, he shakes and roars, and blusters so loudly, until he breaks away, that the spider, affrighted, invariably takes advantage of his long legs to scamper off to his sanctum in the cracked wainscot; like some imbecile watchman, who, fearing to encounter a tall inebriated bruiser, sneaks away with admirable discretion to the security of his snug box, praying the drunkard may speedily reel into another *beat*.

Your *noisy* people generally grow taciturn in their cups; but Sir Blue-bottle, though he drinks deep draughts of your wine, particularly if it abound in

sweetness, is never changed. He is naturally giddy, and, according to entomologists, always sees more than *double*, while his head was never made to be *turned*. So may you hope for peace—only in his flight or death!—*Absurdities: in Prose and Verse.*

Thunder-storms are not uncommon in this month; and these are no where seen in so much grandeur as in alpine countries.

A SUMMER STORM AMONG THE MOUNTAINS is thus beautifully described in the '*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life:*'

'An enormous thunder-cloud had lain all day over Ben Nevis, shrouding its summit in thick darkness, blackening its sides and base, wherever they were beheld from the surrounding country, with masses of deep shadow, and especially flinging down a weight of gloom upon that magnificent glen that bears the same name with the mountain, till now the afternoon was like twilight, and the voice of all the streams was distinct in the breathlessness of the vast solitary hollow. The inhabitants of all the straths, vales, glens, and dells, round and about the Monarch of Scottish Mountains, had, during each successive hour, been expecting the roar of thunder and the deluge of rain; but the huge conglomeration of lowering clouds would not rend asunder, although it was certain that a calm blue sky could not be restored till all that dreadful assemblage had melted away into torrents, or been driven off by a strong wind from the sea. All the cattle on the hills, or on the hollows, stood still, or lay down in their fear—the wild deer sought in herds the shelter of the pine-covered cliffs—the raven hushed his hoarse croak in some grim cavern, and the eagle left the dreadful silence of the upper heavens. Now and then the shepherds looked from their huts, while the shadow of the thunder-clouds deepened the hues of their plaids and tartans;

and at every creaking of the heavy branches of the pines or wide-armed oaks, in the solitude of their inaccessible birth-place, the hearts of the lonely dwellers quaked, and they lifted up their eyes to see the first wide flash, the disparting of the masses of darkness—and paused to hear the long, loud rattle of heaven's artillery, shaking the foundation of the everlasting mountains! But all was yet silent.

'The peal came at last, and it seemed as if an earthquake had smote the silence. Not a tree, not a blade of grass moved, but the blow stunned, as it were, the heart of the solid globe. Then was there a low, wild, whispering wailing voice, as of many spirits, all joining together, from every point of heaven—it died away, and then the rushing of rain was heard through the darkness; and, in a few minutes, down came all the mountain torrents in their power, and the sides of all their steeps were suddenly sheeted, far and wide, with waterfalls. Great rivers were suddenly flooded—and the little mountain rivulets, a few minutes before only silver threads, and in whose fairy basins the minnow played, were now scarcely fordable to shepherds' feet. It was time for the strongest to take shelter, and none now would have liked to have issued from it; for while there was real danger in life and limb, in the many raging torrents, and in the lightning's flash, the imagination, and the soul themselves, were touched with awe in the long-resounding glens, and beneath the savage scowl of the angry sky.'

A thunder storm in August is thus vividly pourtrayed in PENNIE'S '*Royal Minstrel*:'—

> The tempest comes;
> Louder and louder sounds the whirlwind's voice;
> It nighs the echoing cavern; lowly bow
> The gust-born pines their lofty heads to earth,
> Tremendous rolls the thunder; while huge rocks,
> Split by the flame-robed bolt, are headlong hurled
> Into the boiling lake, and in their fall
> Outroar the crash of warring elements.

An INDIAN STORM.

[By H. M. Parker, Author of the Draught of Immortality.]

Evening.

Throned amidst thunder-clouds, the dark *toofaun*
Frowns grimly down upon the sinking sun,
With all his banners purple, black, and dun,
Unfurled for war. The tribes of air have gone
Wheeling and screaming—flying from the gale,
Like ocean-mists;—a solitary sail
Shines thro' the gloom, and o'er the murky river,
Like hope's last ray to hearts it leaves for ever.
Now bursts the storm in one terrific howl,
Wild as the din of hell. The lightnings pale
Glitter through rattling cataracts of hail.
The clouds rush down in floods, the heavens scowl,
Earth shakes, and all its groaning forests nod:
Kneel, man! and deprecate the wrath of GOD.

Night.

The storm has past, and dewy silence reigns
Upon the broad, blue river, and the earth;
The perfumed air is cool, as though its birth
Had been 'midst Himalayah's frozen crests.
How calm, how silent—save where the plashing oar
Dips faint and far, rippling the lamp's pale beam
That shoots from mosque or temple on the shore,
Athwart the eddying Gunga's holy stream.
And see! the rising moon;—around her gleam
The stars, bright satraps of her silver throne,
Lighting the hour, when, sadly and alone,
The exile muses.—What to him are these,
The East's resplendent skies and fragrant trees,
This clime of flowers and stars?—Alas! 'tis not his own.

The Pampas of South America.

Captain Head, in his Travels recently published, gives a very interesting account of these singular plains; and as we have already described some of the appearances of Nature in foreign countries, this narrative will form an agreeable supplement. The Pampas stretch 900 miles, to the foot of the Andes. These 900 miles, in the part which he visited, though under the same latitude, are divided into three regions, of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos

Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for 180 miles with clover and thistles; the second, of 450 miles, with long grass; and the third, extending to the Cordillera, with low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions, says Captain Head, have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are ever green, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter, the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover, in this season, is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty in such pasture is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month, the change is most extraordinary; the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen, and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles, before they had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the *pampero* or hurricane levels them with the ground, when they ra-

pidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is verdant again.

The vast region of grass in the Pampas for 450 miles, is without a weed, and the region of wood is equally extraordinary. The trees are not crowded, but in their growth such beautiful order is observed, that one can gallop between them in every direction. The young trees are rising up, others are flourishing in full vigour; and, it is for some time, that one looks in vain for those which, in the great system of succession, must necessarily somewhere or other be sinking towards decay. They are at last discovered, but their fate is not allowed to disfigure the general cheerfulness of the scene; and they are seen enjoying what may literally be termed a green old age. The extremities of their branches break off as they die; and when nothing is left but the hollow trunk, it is still covered with twigs and leaves, and at last is gradually concealed from view by the young shoot, which, born under the shelter of its branches, now rises rapidly above it, and conceals its decay. A few places are met with which have been burnt by accident, and the black desolate spot, covered with the charred trunks of trees, resembles a scene in the human world of pestilence or war. But the fire is scarcely extinct, when the surrounding trees all seem to spread their branches towards each other; and young shrubs are seen rising out of the ground, while the sapless trunks are evidently mouldering into dust.

This whole space is thinly populated with Indians, all equestrians as soon as they can crawl—who live on the herds that low along the plains in countless multitudes, and now and then on a little horse-flesh, and eke out the luxuries of life by plundering a traveller, when they can find one. Some are employed by the government of Buenos Ayres to supply the posts with horses (and in this they have no difficulty), or in feeding or stabling them. All run wild, and are caught as they are wanted. The dex-

terity of these Indians in catching them is admirable; urchins of seven or eight years old manage the matter with ease, and take charge of them from post to post.

As the month of August may find some of our readers at the *unfashionable,* but very agreeable place 'ycleped *Margate,* we will treat them with some stanzas from a highly humorous poem by MR. THOMAS HOOD, author of 'Odes to Great People,' 'Whims and Oddities,' &c. &c.

The MERMAID *of* MARGATE.

On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes,
Like the ocean, to cast her weeds;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as Sin!
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crowned with pretty sea wares,
And her locks are golden and loose;
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes.

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
Hath planted his seat by her side;—
'Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide?'

She turned about with her pearly brows,
And clasped him by the hand:—
'Come, love, with me; I've a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin Sand.'

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,—
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stepped,—
But she hopt like a kangaroo.

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they galloped across the tide:
At last, on the bank, he waked in his mind,
And the beauty was by his side,—

One half in the sand, and half in the sea;
But his hair all began to stiffen—
For, when he looked where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffin!

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin's growth,
In the dabbling brine did soak:
At last she opened her pearly mouth
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke:—

'You crimpt my father, who was a skate;
And my sister you sold—a maid:
So here remain for a fishery fate,
For lost you are, and betrayed.'

And away she went, with a sea-gull's stream,
And a splash of her saucy tail:
In a moment he lost the silvery gleam
That shone on her splendid mail.

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
And the sky grew cloudy and black;
And the tumbling billows, like leap-frog, came
Each over the other's back.

And still the waters foamed in, like ale,
In front, and on either flank;
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail—
There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
The surges came tumbling in;—
He sang the Ev'ning Hymn twice o'er,
And thought of ev'ry sin.

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
As cold as his marble slab;
And he thought he felt, in every part,
The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boiled,
And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoiled,
Gnawed into his soul, like imps.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
He saw a sail and mast,
And called 'ahoy!'—but it was not a boy,
And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing, that flapped in his face,
The wild bird about him flew,
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case—
'Why, thou art a sea-gull, too!'

But just as his body was all afloat,
And the surges above him broke,
He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat,
Of Deal (but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram as he lay,
And chafed his shivering skin;
And the angel returned that was flying away
With the spirit of Peter Fin.

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER derived its name from the place which it occupied in the Romulean calendar; it was the seventh. The sign *Libra* is appropriated to it.

Remarkable Days

In SEPTEMBER 1828.

1.—SAINT GILES.

GILES was born at Athens, but removed to France, and there died towards the end of the eighth century. On the Eve, and the day of the *Fair of St. Gilles*, established at Bonneval, on the 1st of September, 1260, the inhabitants were compelled to appear armed, in the great court of the Monastery of the Abbey of Saint Florentin of Bonneval, in consequence of the rights and privileges of the religious there: the officers of the house then made a census, or enumeration of the inhabitants, after which they left the monastery in due form, preceded by its officers. About six or seven o'clock in the evening, they went through the streets of the town, and into the field where the fair was held, to see that order was maintained, and that the hucksters were protected from insult and interruption, and their goods from pillage. The inhabitants making this search, or composing the *Chevauchée*, were also obliged, when the officers passed before their houses, to have fire and water at their doors, '*ignem et aquam ante domos exponebant.*'—This custom existed also among the Romans, and was esteemed a public mark of hospitality.

2.—LONDON BURNT.

The fire of London broke out on Sunday morning, September 2d, 1666, O.S.; and being impelled by strong winds, raged with irresistible fury nearly four days and nights: nor was it entirely mastered till the fifth morning after it began. See T.T. for 1816, p. 249; T.T. for 1820, p. 213; and T.T. for 1826, p. 217.

7.—SAINT EUNERCHUS.

Eunerchus was Bishop of Orleans in the year 375. The circumstances of his election were regarded as miraculous.

*7. 1736.—EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN PORTEOUS.

The case of Captain Porteous was one of extraordinary interest at its time. As Captain Lieutenant of the City Guard of Edinburgh, he was charged with, and adjudged guilty of firing upon the populace without order from the magistrates, upon an attempt of the mob to seize the body of a culprit whose execution had just taken place, April 15th, 1736. On July the 20th, he was sentenced to die. Circumstances which were subsequently brought to light appeared to lessen his guilt; and Queen Caroline, who was then Guardian of the Realm, sent a reprieve for six weeks, which it was thought would be followed by a change of the sentence to transportation. His execution stood fixed, upon the expiration of the reprieve, for the 8th of September. Upon the night of the 7th, the populace seized the Toll-booth by surprise, found the prisoner, and hurried him by torchlight to the Grass-market, where throwing a rope over a sign-post twenty feet high, belonging to a dyer, near the ordinary place of execution, they pulled him up; but his hands being loose, he fixed them between his neck and the rope, so that the mob were obliged to let him down again. Having on two shirts, they wrapped one about his face, tied his arms with the night-gown he had on, pulled him up again, and completed his execution.—A valu-

able illustration of this event is given by Mr. Ellis, to whom we are indebted for the above notice, in his Original Letters, *Second Series* (vol. iv, p. 347) in the shape of a 'letter from Major General Moyle to the Duke of Newcastle,' to which we refer our readers.—And we need scarcely remind them, that Sir Walter Scott's admirable Tale of the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' owes much of its interest to the happy skill with which the author has seized upon this event and its attendant circumstances, and interwoven them in the thread of his fascinating narrative.

*7. 1665.—THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

Much curious information respecting the great plague will be found in our previous volumes. Some further particulars of this national calamity are given by Mr. Ellis, in his Original Letters, *Second Series*, (vol. iv, pp. 22, et seq.) to which we must refer our readers, subjoining only a few lines of observation by the acute and learned editor of these valuable documental illustrations of English history. 'To the full description of the great plague of 1665, (observes Mr. E.) neither the pencil nor the pen have yet been adequate. The desolation was too wide and too fearful for any one to seek materials for a picture of it while it raged; to the contemporary letters of survivors, therefore, and their diaries where such exist, can we alone look now for its minute details. These should be sought for, and formed into a volume. Such a publication might be useful, not only to those who read and reflect, but to all who, in the pride of science or the greediness of trade, would speculate upon the chances of contagion. De Foe's Journal of the Plague of 1665 was an entire fiction, though it deceived Dr. Mead.'

In August and September 1666, many parts of England were desolated by the plague: in the small parish of Eyam, in Derbyshire, 76 families were visited by this scourge, out of which 259 persons

died! An affecting history of this event is given in 'Rhodes's Peak Scenery,' where, as well as in 'Anecdotes of Illustrious Characters,' will be found an account of the heroic conduct of William and Catherine Mompesson. See also the '*Desolation of Eyam*, and other Poems,' by WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT, another offering at the shrine of the muses, highly creditable to the taste and talents of the authors of the 'Forest Minstrel.' We regret that our limits prevent us from giving specimens of the varied contents of this second volume of Poems; but, doubtless, they who possess the first, will immediately purchase the 'Desolation of Eyam;'—we earnestly recommend it to the attention of our readers.

8.—NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

A concert of angels having been heard in the air to solemnize this important event, the festival was appointed by Pope Servius about the year 695. Innocent IV honoured this feast with an octave in 1244, and Gregory XI, about the year 1370, with a vigil.

*10. 1827.—UGO FOSCOLO DIED,

An Italian gentleman and scholar, who had resided for several years in London, and was well known to the whole circle of English literati. Foscolo was not only a distinguished classic, but a man of very considerable genius and general attainments. His memory was so remarkably tenacious, that he seemed hardly to have forgotten any author whose works he had ever read. In his own language, he was an elegant and fertile poet; and his prose style was of the highest order, refined and nervous. During his residence among us, Signor Foscolo wrote a great deal on miscellaneous subjects, and contributed essays, criticisms, &c. &c. to several of the most eminent periodical publications of the time. His admirable '*Essays on Petrarch*' are well known to every admirer of that delightful poet. Under the assumed name of *Jacopo Ortis*, with whose Letters

every one acquainted with Italian literature is conversant, Foscolo forcibly drew the picture of his own feelings. He lived to complete his great work, an edition of his favourite author 'DANTE,' with very able commentaries, which will shortly be published; he also left a version of seven books of Homer.

*13. 1827.—JOSEPH MAWMAN DIED,

Author of a 'Tour in Scotland,' and, for many years, a most respectable bookseller and publisher in London.

*13. 1603.—LORD BURGHLEY DIED.

The author of the very curious 'Observations on the Life and Reign of Elizabeth,' printed by Mr. Ellis, in his 'Original Letters, *Second Series*,' gives a highly interesting sketch of this great statesman.—See vol. iii, pp. 189-191, *note*.

14.—HOLY CROSS.

This festival was first observed in the year 615; see our volume for 1824, p. 236. For an account of the ceremony of *kissing the cross*, performed in the Greek church on this day, see T.T. for 1822, p. 245.—See also T.T. for 1826, p. 231, for a description of the *Pentangle of Solomon*, and other curious matters. Consult also our last volume, p. 300, for an account of the fragment of the *true cross*.

17.—SAINT LAMBERT.

Lambert was appointed Bishop of Maestricht in 673, and was murdered September 17th, 708. He was canonized in 1240.

17, 19, 20.—EMBER DAYS.—*See* p. 50.

*17. 1827.—REV. ROBERT POLLOK DIED, ÆT. 28,

Author of 'The Course of Time,' a Poem in 2 vol. 12mo. He was on his way to Italy, the climate of which had been recommended to him for a consumptive complaint; but he was only enabled to reach Southampton, where, at the end of a few weeks, his mortal career was thus prematurely closed.—The

following lines, which speak of the last day of this world's existence, afford a fair specimen of the author's powers:—

In 'customed glory bright, that morn the sun
Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,
And joy; and seemed as full of youth, and strong
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the stars
Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night
Fled from his face: the spacious sky received
Him blushing as a bride, when on her looked
The bridegroom: and, spread out beneath his eye,
Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace the dews,
That all night long had wept his absence, flew:
The herbs and flowers their fragrant stores unlocked,
And gave the wanton breeze, that newly woke,
Revelled in sweets, and from its wings shook health,
A thousand grateful smells: the joyous woods
Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops
Of night; and all the sons of music sung
Their matin song: from arboured bower, the thrush
Concerting with the lark that hymned on high:
On the green hill the flocks, and in the vale
The herds rejoiced: and light of heart the hind
Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she passed,
Not heedless, though she looked another way.

No sign was there of change: all nature moved
In wonted harmony: men, as they met
In morning salutation, praised the day,
And talked of common things: the husbandman
Prepared the soil, and silver-tongued hope
Promised another harvest: in the streets,
Each wishing to make profit of his neighbour,
Merchants assembling, spoke of trying times,
Of bankruptcies, and markets glutted full:
Or crowding to the beach, where, to their ear,
The oath of foreign accent, and the noise
Uncouth of trade's rough sons, made music sweet,
Elate with certain gain, beheld the bark,
Expected long, enriched with other climes,
Into the harbour safely steer; or saw,
Parting with many a weeping farewell sad,
And blessing uttered rude, and sacred pledge,
The rich laden carack, bound to distant shore;
And hopefully talked of her coming back
With richer freight: or sitting at the desk,
In calculation deep and intricate,

Of loss and profit balancing, relieved,
At intervals, the irksome task, with thought
Of future ease, retired in villa snug.
With subtle look, amid his parchments sat
The lawyer, weaving his sophistries for court
To meet at mid-day.

No sign of change appeared; to every man
That day seemed as the past. From noontide path
The sun looked gloriously on earth, and all
Her scenes of giddy folly smiled secure.
When suddenly, alas, fair earth! the sun
Was wrapt in darkness, and his beams returned
Up to the throne of GOD; and over all
The earth came night, moonless and starless night.
Nature stood still: the seas and rivers stood,
And all the winds; and every living thing.
The cataract, that, like a giant wroth,
Rushed down impetuously, as seized, at once,
By sudden frost with all his hoary locks,
Stood still: and beasts of every kind stood still.
A deep and dreadful silence reigned alone!
Hope died in every breast; and on all men
Came fear and trembling: none to his neighbour spoke;
Husband thought not of wife; nor of her child
The mother; nor friend of friend; nor foe of foe.
In horrible suspense all mortals stood;
And as they stood and listened, chariots were heard
Rolling in heaven: revealed in flaming fire,
The angel of GOD appeared in stature vast,
Blazing; and, lifting up his hand on high
By Him that lives for ever, swore, that Time
Should be no more.—Throughout creation heard
And sighed: all rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods;
Desponding waste, and cultivated vale;
Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock
Sighed: earth, arrested in her wonted path,
As ox struck by the lifted axe, when naught
Was feared, in all her entrails deeply groaned.
An universal crash was heard, as if
The ribs of nature broke, and all her dark
Foundations failed: and deadly paleness sat
On every face of man, and every heart
Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote.
None spoke, none stirred, none wept; for horror held
All motionless, and fettered every tongue.
Again o'er all the nations silence fell:
And, in the heavens, robed in excessive light,

That drove the thick of darkness far aside,
And walked with penetration keen through all
The abodes of men, another angel stood,
And blew the trump of GOD.

21.—SAINT MATTHEW.

St. Matthew the Evangelist was slain at Nadabœr, about the year 60. He wrote his Gospel in Hebrew. His festival was not instituted till the year 1090.

26.—OLD HOLY-ROOD.—See HOLY CROSS, p. 224; and T.T. for 1826, p. 233.

26.—SAINT CYPRIAN.

St. Cyprian was made Bishop of Carthage in the year 248. After many persecutions, he was beheaded in 258. His works were translated by Dr. Marshall, and published in one folio volume.

29.—SAINT MICHAEL.

St. Michael, the Archangel. His festival was first observed in the year 487.—Some curious particulars relative to this day may be seen in our last volume, p. 302.

30.—SAINT JEROME.

St. Jerome was the most eminent biblical scholar of the fourth century. He was born at Stridon about the year 331, and died at or near Bethlehem, A.D. 420, in the 90th year of his age.—For accounts of his voluminous writings, consult *Hody*, *Cave*, *Calmet*, *Marsh*, and *Townley*.

STATE OF RELIGION IN NORTH WALES, A.D. 1575.

The following curious paper is given by Mr. Ellis, from the Lansdowne MSS., in his Original Letters, *Second Series*, vol. iii, p. 49.—'The people are naturally devout, having in heart doubtless engrafted as great fear, regard, and reverence of a supernall power as any people in the world elsewhere have, but more than the name of God they know nothing

at all; and therefore as utterly ignorant of him or their salvation, do still, in heaps, go on pilgrimage to the wonted wells and places of superstition; and in the nights, after the feasts when the old offrings were used to be kept at any idol's chapel, albeit the church be pulled down, yet do they come to the place where the church or chapel was, by great journeys barefoot, very superstitiously, &c. The meane for the meeting and knowledge of the time when the pilgrims shall come is chiefly wrought by their pencars or head-minstrells, who at the direction of some old gentle woman do ordinarily give the summons of the time certain for such meetings.

'Upon the Sundays and holidays, the multitude of all sorts of men, women, and children of every parish do use to meet in sundry places, either on some hill or on the side of some mountain where their harpers and crowthers sing them songs of the doings of their ancestors; namely of their wars against the kings of this realme, and the English nation; and then do they rip up their pedigrees at length, how each of them is descended from their old princes. Here also do they spend their time in hearing some part of the lives of Thalaassyn, Marlin, Beno, Rybbye, Jermin, and such other the intended prophets and saints of that country. The common sort of gentry of that country do ordinarily, in every place and each company, advance the ability of the dominion of Wales, preferring the same to be more than the valor [value] of the kingdom of Scotland, and the abilities of the people of that province or part of this realm to be more able to maintain a regal estate than be the Scots. And here is to be noted, when they lie idlely on the mountain's sides, how then they talk of the fastness and natural strength of every way, place, and hill of their country.

'Truely at this day, yf you look thoroughly to the whole number of gentry and others of all sorts in North Wales, ye shall scarcely find any (the bishops and

some few others excepted) yet in any sort well instructed in the faith of Christ: for of the whole multitude, such which be under thirty years of age seem to have no show of any religion; the others, well near generally all, dare to profess and to maintain the absurdest points of Popish heresy; according to which knowledge (most lamentable to be spoken) the greatest number of them do frame their lives in looseness, licentiousness, contention, and other such like. If the enemies of God and true religion shall ever endeavor the disquiet of the setled state, they are in policy to practice the same where ignorance most aboundeth, and where the Gospel hath been least preached, which surely is in Wales.'

---

*29. 1827.—ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

By one of those curious coincidences which, in affairs of greater importance, might be construed into miracle, Captain Parry from his Arctic, and Captain Franklin from his North American expedition, arrived at the Admiralty on this day, within half an hour of each other[1]!

Of the failure of Captain Parry's attempt, several brief and incorrect accounts having appeared in the newspapers, our readers will be pleased to see an authentic narrative of the sum of intelligence which has transpired relative to this bold and hazardous but unsuccessful expedition. The narrative is extracted

---

[1] Another still more singular coincidence marks the return of Captain Parry. In the facetious poem entitled 'May Fair,' published by Mr. Ainsworth five or six months since, in speaking of that gallant officer's undertaking, and predicting its probable want of success, the following prophetic couplet appears:—

> Quarter-day you'll have him back,
> With his volume in his pack;

And lo! on quarter-day, the 29th of September, did Captain Parry make his appearance at the Admiralty!! Such a passage would make the fortune of Francis Moore: no wonder 'May Fair' has reached a second edition!

from the pages of the *Literary Gazette*, Nos. 559, 560, and, though long, is too interesting to be abridged or omitted.

The Hecla having arrived at Hamerfest, took in the rein-deer meant for dragging the boats, snow-shoes, and other articles requisite for the journey over the ice. Having reached the coast of Spitzbergen, a heavy gale drove the ship among packed ice, where she was entangled for several weeks, to the 6th of June. Here the first effort to proceed in the manner projected was tried in two boats commanded by Captain Parry and Lieut. Ross; but the ice broke up, and it was speedily relinquished. The Hecla then wrought to the north as far as Seven Islands, where, finding no harbour, she put back. All along the shore the ice was close packed, the harbours frozen up, and the season more than usually inclement. By the 19th of June, however, having cut through a formidable barrier, to the Wratskel of Van Henloopen, a second attempt to get forward in the ice-boats was strenuously made. Unfortunately, the ice was what is called rotten, and (as we originally feared) so irregular as to render success impossible. Nothing could exceed the fatigues and difficulties of transport: the boats had to be loaded and unloaded many times in the course of a few hours; and no field-ice was met with, to any extent, over which they might glide on their way. On the contrary, it was rough in form, hummocky, and dangerous; and intersected by channels of water, which ever and anon rendered new arrangements necessary. By continued perseverance, the party at last attained the latitude of 82 deg. and three quarters N., or to between four and five hundred miles of the Pole. Heavy rains prevailed, but a still more formidable and indeed insurmountable obstacle was soon ascertained to exist. The ice over which they were travelling so laboriously towards the north, was itself drifting more rapidly to the south than the distances which

they could accomplish. Thus, the last three days having been spent in this disheartening and fruitless toil,—half the provisions being exhausted,—some of the men falling sick, and being reported unfit for exertion,—the scurvy threatening them,—and no hope of any favourable change remaining—our brave countrymen were compelled to abandon their impracticable design. They accordingly returned to the Hecla, and on the 24th of September put into Longhope, in the Orkneys, without having experienced any loss by death,' and with only Mr. Craufurd, the ice-master, much indisposed, on the sick list'. The whole period occupied in these exertions on the ice is stated to have been sixty-one days.

The highest latitude to which the Hecla reached was 81 deg. 6 min., which is believed to be the farthest north that ever a ship made her way; so that all that was made in the boats was 1 deg. 39 min. Lord Mulgrave got to 80 deg. and some minutes (we do not remember exactly, but think about 20). At the farthest point north, no barrier of ice was seen, as in the case of that noble Lord and elder voyagers; so that the idea of such a barrier always existing may now be dismissed. The ice found by the present expedition was of a very chaotic form. For about a mile, perhaps, it might be tolerably smooth; but at every interval huge ridges were crushed up by the action of tides and currents, and presented the most formidable obstacles to the progress of the enterprise. No sooner was one of these rugged and precipitous masses overcome, than another appeared; and difficulty after difficulty seemed lengthening as the party advanced. There was plenty of fresh water on the surface; but towards the end of the attempt, when the rains fell, the ridges we have described separated,

' This individual, however, remained with the ship; and was in bad health when he left England.'

and between them the salt sea flowed in divisions like so many canals.

Owing to the condition of the ice over which they had to travel, it was found impossible to make any use of the rein-deer in dragging the boats; and as there were no means of feeding dogs (as once proposed), the whole work was performed by personal labour. Officers and men, twenty-eight in number, were alike harnessed to the tackle, and wrought in common at the exhausting toil. Their time for starting in the *morning* (their morning being the beginning of the *night*) was chosen when the light was least injurious to the eyes; for though the sun shone upon them during the whole period, and there was no darkness, yet, when that luminary was lowest in the horizon, the reflection from the bright white surface of snow was more endurable. On setting out, a pint of cocoa, with some biscuit powder to mix with it, was served to every individual for breakfast, which being finished, the whole number yoked to the boats. About seven hours of constant exertion brought them to the hour of their spare dinner meal; which consisted of a piece of *pemecan*[1], about the size of an orange, and a few ounces of biscuit powder. These ingredients, scraped into cold water, made a soup, and but a poor sustenance for men whose strength was so severely tasked: in fact, they could not bear up under the fatigue. During their whole march they were soaking wet to the knees, and benumbed by a temperature always at or

[1] It is meat prepared in the same way that the Indians prepare their provision of buffalo or deer. The flesh (beef in this case) is cut into stripes, and dried, according to the particular process, by the smoke of wood (the *root* of the ash, we believe). It is then beaten into a powder, and an equal proportion of fat being melted, the whole is mixed up together into a solid mass. It is evident that more of real sustenance from animal matter cannot be combined in any less bulky or burthensome compound.

near the freezing point. At the close of twelve or fourteen hours thus occupied, when they came to seek rest by lying down, the change of their wet for dry stockings and fur boots caused such a reaction, that the tingling and smart were insufferable, and the comparative comfort was more difficult to be endured than the preceding cold.

When Captain Parry found that the men could not support their toils on the allowance (of about nineteen ounces per twenty-four hours, of pemecan and biscuit-powder), he added, by way of luxury, a pint of hot water at night. This was found to be very restorative, warming the system; and if a little of the dinner food had been saved, it made a broth of great relish and value. Spirits were not drunk; and the reason why even hot water was scarce, was, that it took so large a stock of their spirits of wine to boil it and the cocoa, that the quantity consumed could not safely be increased.

The consequences of the hard life we have just faintly pictured were soon obvious. The men became weakened, their limbs swelled, and disease began to thin the number of active workers.—There needed no other obstacle to stop their progress; but observation at last demonstrated that all their strenuous efforts were vain. The ice itself was drifting faster to the south than they could make their way over it to the north: thus, during the last three days of their struggle, instead of gaining a higher latitude, they were actually two miles farther south than when they set out. This put an end to an expedition where every thing which human energy and perseverance could do was done so fruitlessly; but the nature of the ice, so different from what was anticipated, rendered the accomplishment of the object utterly impracticable.

While the boats were away, the Hecla was not exempt from dangers. She had been brought into a

snug birth near the shore, in one of the few places which afforded this shelter. A-head there was about three miles of ice; and a heavy gale coming on, detached this prodigious mass, and drove it with terrible violence against the ship. The cables were cut asunder, the anchors lost, and the poor Hecla forced high and dry upon the coast, by the irresistible pressure. To get her again to the water occupied a considerable time, which was, of course, lost to the surveying party. Having effected that, however, they proceeded to Weygatt Straits; and, considering the short period they had to employ, made, we are informed, many valuable observations.

A publication containing the account of these, and the details of Captain Parry's adventure, will, we believe, very speedily appear; and as the facts are few, we presume it will be of a moderate size. We do not hear of any intercourse with natives. Seventy deer were shot by the hunters.

It is vexatious to be forced to the conviction that any attempt to reach the North Pole is but too likely to end in disappointment; but every fresh enterprise seems to lead to this conclusion. In our opinion, the southern hemisphere presents a far more tempting field for speculation; and most heartily do we wish that an expedition were fitted out for that quarter. The sea is much more open (as Captain Weddell observed, in his interesting voyage), and every object of commerce, as well as of science, might be sought towards the South Pole, with prospects far superior to any that are offered in the impenetrable North.

Hudson, whose name is perpetuated in the bay, reached lat. 82 (as is laid down) in the year 1606; and a Scottish journal states, that the Neptune whaler, in 1816, got as high as 83 deg. 20 min.; but of the accuracy of this fact we have great doubts.

Further Particulars.

About the middle of May 1827, the Hecla, after forcing her way through the barrier of ice which commonly at that season opposes the passage of ships to the northward, reached an open space of clear water, several leagues wide, between the ice and the north end of Charles's Foreland; and sailed round Hakluyt's Headland into the northern entrance of Smerenburg Harbour, which was found closed by one unbroken floe of ice, still firmly attached to the land on every side. To this ice the Hecla was made fast, with the intention of sawing the ship into harbour; a violent gale, however, from the southward, broke away the ice at the margin, and the ship drifted, but was fortunately run into a smooth place which presented itself in the pack or main ice.

Shortly after this, the wind shifted to the north-westward, and the ice closed upon the land, preventing the escape of the Hecla, and drifting her considerably to the eastward, near Red Beach. Here the ship remained beset with ice for several days, at the distance of about five miles from the land, without any clear water in sight.

About the first week in June, a southerly gale drove the ice off the land, and the Hecla got into open water off Waygatz Strait, after being twenty-four days hemmed in. Anxious search was now made for a harbour; but the whole coast was perfectly inaccessible, on account of the ice being firmly attached to the shores in every part.

Captain Parry therefore sailed towards the Seven Islands, hoping to find them more clear from ice, and to discover among them some shelter for the ship; but on arriving at Walden Island, the shores were there also found entirely blocked up by the same obstacle. Captain Parry now proceeded to the northward, among loose and very broken ice, to lat. 81 deg. 5 min. 32 sec., being in long. 19 deg. 34 min. east, and might have advanced some miles farther to the north-

ward in the Hecla, but his object was, if possible, to find a safe harbour for her, and he again stood to the southward: no alteration in character, however, was to be perceived, the shores being still locked up by an impenetrable barrier of land ice. A place of shelter was, at last, discovered for the Hecla, in lat. 70 deg. 55 min., long. 16 deg. 54 min. east, which appears to answer to 'William Toleka Bay' of the old Dutch charts; and here, by sawing a canal for a quarter of a mile through the ice, she was placed in a secure situation.

Captain Parry left the Hecla on the evening of the 21st June, with two boats which had been constructed for the purpose; Dr. Beverley accompanied him: the other boat was under the command of Lieutenant Ross, who was accompanied by Mr. Bird; and each boat had twelve men, with a supply of provisions for seventy-one days. On leaving Table Island there was scarcely any ice in sight: the weather was remarkably fine, and the sea as smooth as a mirror.

After proceeding about ten miles, they came to a body of ice, through which, however, they sailed some distance to the northward, but were stopped by it at noon on the 24th of June, being in lat. 81 deg. 12 min. 51 sec., from which time their journey over the ice commenced. The ice across which they proceeded to the northward consisted entirely of small detached masses, sometimes just so far separated as to render it necessary to launch the boats and haul them up again—at other times, close enough for them to cross from one to the other by making bridges of the boats—occasionally joined together, so as to enable them to step across, though generally with great risk to their provisions, and in all cases requiring the most laborious exertions to allow them to make any progress. The surface of the ice also was so irregular, and so covered with deep snow, that, even when they did meet with a mass of somewhat longer extent than usual, the boats were moved with diffi-

culty, and it always required two, and often three or four journeys to transport their baggage; and these journeys were by so indirect a route, that they had often to walk two miles to make good one mile of northward way. Such, indeed, were the difficulties of this travelling, that, notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions of the officers and men for eleven hours daily, their progress to the northward did not, at first, exceed two or three miles a day. Captain Parry, however, persevered, in the hope of soon reaching the main or field ice, which has always been spoken of as occurring to the north of Spitzbergen, and which Phipps (Lord Mulgrave) upon the same meridian, and even in a latitude thirty miles to the southward, described as 'flat and unbroken.'

As Captain Parry proceeded to the northward, he occasionally met with a small floe, and likewise with a few narrow holes of open water; but the greater part of his journey was over loose and rugged masses, only a few yards in extent, requiring the boats to be constantly launched and hauled up, which consumed considerable time, and proved very exhausting to the men. The quantity of fresh water on the ice was so great, that they were almost always wading through it, and their feet were consequently wet with snow-water for twelve hours out of every four and twenty, by which exposure the men suffered much from chilblains, &c. In addition, they experienced a great deal of rain, more having fallen in the course of two or three days only, than during the whole of eight previous summers which Captain Parry had passed in the polar regions,—by which their clothes, boats, and provision bags, were constantly kept in a wet state.

They soon found, that, notwithstanding the prevalence, at first, of southerly winds, the ice had so decided a tendency to drift to the southward, that they sometimes lost nearly as much while they were resting as they had gained by the preceding day's labour.

In consequence of these united obstructions, they had, on the 10th of July, only reached the latitude of 82 deg., being then in the meridian of 23¼ deg. east of Greenwich. Even such discouraging circumstances as these did not damp the zeal of Captain Parry and his party, and they still used every exertion to push to the northward, in the confident hope of at length meeting with the field ice, and of then making progress in some degree proportioned to their exertions; for although it became but too evident that the attainment of his whole object was no longer within the scope of his resources, Captain Parry had determined to reach the highest latitude which his means would allow, and, if possible, to extend his journey beyond the eighty-third degree. As they proceeded, scarcely any improvement was found in the nature of the ice: indeed, some of the lightest and most broken which was met with during their progress, occurred in lat. 82 deg. 40 min. In this parcel, as far as the eye could reach, nothing at one time could be seen but detatched pieces of bay ice, so thin and decayed as to render it extremely dangerous to trust the provisions upon them. In passing from piece to piece of this ice, only one man could be allowed to venture near the edge at a time, for fear of breaking it; and although every care was taken, there was a constant but unavoidable risk of losing their provisions, it being often necessary to leave, for a time, their whole means of existence on a surface of ice quite full of holes, and so thin and decayed, that the smallest motion among the surrounding masses would, in an instant, have broken it up, and sent the provisions to the bottom. On one occasion, the ice over which the boats and sledges were travelling, gave way under them, by which accident they narrowly escaped the loss of all their meat, and also some lives;—one of the men was saved only by his drag-belt being attached to the sledge.

On the 22d of July, the northerly wind, from which they had been hitherto remarkably free, prevailed for several days together, giving the ice so increased a drift to the southward, that they could make little or no advance, even under circumstances, in other respects, favourable for travelling. In more than one instance Captain Parry found, by observation, that, after ten hours' labour in travelling northward, he had scarcely gained, or rather had not retained, a mile, and had sometimes even lost ground. From the 21st to the 26th of July, they had only gained one mile of northing, though they had, at least, travelled twenty-three miles in that direction; so that a southerly set, exceeding four miles a-day, had prevailed during that interval.

Under such circumstances, it was evidently in vain to struggle any longer to so little purpose; and therefore, on the 26th of July, having travelled northward thirty-five days, Captain Parry came to the conclusion, that it would be only incurring useless fatigue to the party under his command to persevere any longer in the attempt, which, on such ice as they had met, was altogether hopeless.

The highest latitude reached by Captain Parry was 82 deg. 45 min. 15 sec. upon the meridian of 20 deg. east of Greenwich; to attain which, he and his party had traversed 292 miles; but taking into account the number of times they had to return for the boats and baggage in the course of every journey over the ice, in consequence of its broken and rugged surface, the computation of their actual travelling up to this point is 580 geographical, or 668 statute miles. If the ice had been of the nature anticipated, they could easily have accomplished the average of fifteen miles a-day.

In returning, the party experienced precisely the same kind of travelling as in proceeding northwards; but they now not merely retained whatever distance

they travelled, but daily made several miles more, especially with a northerly wind.

They reached Little Table Island on the 12th of August, having been actually upon the ice for forty-eight days; and gained the Hecla on the 21st, after an absence of sixty-one days. Captain Parry's entire party, although they had undergone such constant exposure to wet, cold, and fatigue, returned to the ship in excellent health, there being only three individuals ailing, one from accident, and two from swelled legs; but even these were convalescent in a short time.

We now come to speak of the results of this voyage.—A continued series of magnetic and meteorological observations was obtained:—The magnetic dip was found gradually to increase in going northwards, from about 81 deg. at the Hecla's station, to 82 deg. 22 min. in the latitude of 82¼ deg.:—The westerly variation decreased in going northwards from 19 to 15½ deg., and in going to the eastward it became still less; but any change of position to the westward caused the variation quickly to increase, which it did to 22¼ deg. in the longitude of 17¼ deg. east:—All these phenomena would appear to favour the theory of two magnetic poles in the northern hemisphere of the earth, as suggested by Professor Hansteen.

In the meteorological phenomena observed in the course of Captain Parry's progress northwards, there is, perhaps, nothing so remarkable as the extraordinary frequency of rain in so high a latitude. In one instance, when in lat. 82¼ deg., it rained hard for thirty-one hours, and on another occasion for twenty-one. On the 23d July, a very beautiful natural appearance was observed, consisting of six distinct fog-bows strongly tinged with the prismatic colours.

No appearance of land was seen to the northward

at the extreme point of Captain Parry's journey; and as the birds had almost entirely forsaken the party as they proceeded in that direction, and no bottom could be found with 500 fathoms of line, it is probable that there is no land within a very considerable distance.

No drift-wood was met with after entering the ice, nor any whales during the voyage, except on the ground already frequented by whalers on the western side of Spitzbergen.

During the absence of Captain Parry, Lieutenant Foster, besides completing some surveys, made an interesting series of experiments on the diurnal changes of variation and intensity in the magnetic needle, by which an amount was discovered in these phenomena not before suspected to exist at Spitzbergen, and which will form valuable data in this department of science.

A complete collection of specimens of natural history has been made—sufficient to furnish the British, Edinburgh, and Dublin Museums.

—

Having laid before our readers these further interesting particulars of this Expedition, we will add a few remarks. After expressing our admiration at the manly perseverance displayed by the whole party engaged upon the ice, we cannot withhold a peculiar and public tribute of that feeling from its gallant commander, whose conduct has been described to us in terms of the most unmeasured eulogy. Captain Parry not only shared every toil with his men, but animated them by his example, and encouraged them by cheering words, when almost sinking under exhaustion. He raised their hopes, and stimulated their exertions, in recalling to mind what would be expected of them by their country; and we are assured that the greatest hardships of their situation were lightened and brightened by the address and skilful management of their leader, whose spirits

never flagged, and whose good humour never failed him.

Besides the two boats already mentioned which moved on sleds, or skates, adapted to their keels, and were heavy drags through the sinking slush, four very clever sledges were contrived, each made of four snow-shoes, fastened together by transverse bolts, and drawn by two men.

*** *An Account of the* Land *Arctic Expedition will be found at the end of the Remarkable Days for October.*

Memory.

[Written for Time's Telescope, by J. H. Wiffen.]

" Sad nurse of many a sweet sensation,
Of woe's mild balm and passion's smart!
It mocks my deepest meditation
To say sincerely what thou art.
Smiling—I well might indulge devotion,
And name thee joy, but the smile's so brief,
That ev'n in birth that fond emotion
Or dies, or takes some shape of grief.

And yet no sooner grief comes o'er me,
No sooner peace gives way to pain,
Than fresh, fair visions rise before me,
And gladness waves thy wand again.
Oft have I felt upon thought's lone dial
Thy shadows steal, thy sun-beams dart,
And yet 'twould cost me many a trial
To say sincerely what thou art.

But yet awhile o'er Richmond linger,
And take the form we dream of most,
And o'er the harp let some fair finger
Call up sweet Music's shadowy ghost,—
Now sad regret, now delight diffusing;
Now tender ease, half charm, half smart—
And,—yes, O yes, fond power of musing,
Of this thou'rt made, 'tis this thou art!

Astronomical Occurrences

In SEPTEMBER 1828.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Libra at 20 m. past 2 in the morning of the 23d of this month; during which period he rises and sets as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

September 1st, Sun rises	13	m. after	5.	Sets 47 m. past	6
6th	23	.....	5	.... 37	6
11th	33	.....	5	.... 27	6
16th	42	.....	5	.... 18	6
21st	52	.....	5	.... 8	6
26th	2	.....	4	.... 58	5

Equation of Time.

Apparent time may readily be converted into mean time by using the numbers as directed in the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Monday, Sept. 1st, from the time by the dial *sub.*		0	15
Saturday .. 6th		1	51
Thursday .. 11th		3	33
Tuesday .. 16th		5	18
Sunday 21st		7	3
Friday 26th		8	46

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter	1st day, at	38 m. after	4	in the morning
New Moon..	9th	33	8	.....
First Quarter	16th	26	11	at night
Full Moon..	23d	12	2	in the afternoon
Last Quarter	30th	7	9	at night.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following passages of the Moon over the first meridian will afford opportunities of observation this

month, should the atmosphere be clear at the respective times: viz.

September	1st, at	52 m. after	5 in the morning
	2d ..	41	6 .....
	3d ..	30	7 .....
	4th ..	18	8 .....
	5th ..	5	9 .....
	6th ..	50	9 .....
	15th ..	49	4 in the afternoon
	16th ..	44	5 .....
	17th ..	41	6 .....
	18th ..	39	7 in the evening
	19th ..	37	8 .....
	20th ..	34	9 .....
	21st ..	30	10 .....
	22d ..	25	11 .....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

The following are the respective times of full tide at London Bridge on certain days during this month: those for the intermediate days may be found by proportion. The periods of high water at various other places may also be found by adding or subtracting the numbers given in the Occurrences for January.

TABLE OF TIDES.

		Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
September	1st, at	6 m. after	7	35 m. after	7
	6th ..	0	0	9	0
	11th ..	16	3	31	8
	16th ..	30	6	0	7
	21st ..	0	0	16	0
	26th ..	58	3	11	4

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The following is the proportion of the phases of this planet at the commencement of this month. By referring to page 51 of T.T. for 1819, and comparing the number there given with the breadth of the enlightened part at this time, it will be seen that Venus will attain her greatest brightness early in this month; a single glance at the heavens any clear night will, therefore, be sufficient to ascertain her

position among, and her superiority over, the surrounding luminaries.

Sept. 1st { Illuminated part = 3·07284
Dark part..... = 8·92716

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

None of these eclipses are visible this month, though there will be twenty-five of the first and second satellites.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

Sept. 5th, with Venus .. at 3 in the afternoon
13th .... Jupiter.. 6 .....
19th .... β in Capricorn 3 .....

Other Phenomena.

Mercury will be in his superior conjunction at a quarter past 3 in the afternoon of the 6th of this month.

As the autumn draws on, the Aurora Borealis often illumines the still evenings, and forms a magnificent spectacle in the northern regions of Europe. The following is a description of one of these evenings, extracted from '*A Winter in Lapland.*'

'As soon as evening set in, a thousand dancing lights would now play mysteriously through the sky, as if intended by Providence to cheer the hours of darkness by their mild and beautiful coruscations. Sometimes the Aurora would form a splendid arch across the heavens, of pale lambent flame, running with inconceivable velocity, and resembling the spiral motions of a serpent, which the eye could clearly distinguish. Then it would suddenly disappear, and the veil of night be once more diffused around; when, as quick as the flash of a star, the immense ethereal space would be overspread with fire, assuming quite a different form, and covering the heavens with sheets of thin silvery light, wafted quickly along, like thin strata of cloud before the wind. Sometimes narrow streaks of flame would shoot with inconceivable velocity, traversing in a few seconds the immense

concave of the heavens, and disappearing beneath the south-eastern horizon. Occasionally a broad mass of light would suddenly be seen in the zenith, which would descend towards the earth in the form of a beautiful continuous radiated circle, and in an instant vanish.

'The northern lights are more frequent when the weather is calm; yet I have never seen them more vivid than on one occasion, when there was a brisk wind from the south-east, which, though it directly met the aurora, that was running with great swiftness from the opposite quarter, did not appear in any way to affect its motions, these continuing in a narrow steady stream of light. The altitude of the aurora on this particular occasion seemed trifling in appearance, certainly not exceeding a quarter of a mile; the light it afforded, at the same time, being very considerable, and clearly illuminating surrounding objects. I invariably observed that the aurora proceeded, in the first instance, from the north-west, and it generally disappeared in the south-east. During the opportunities I had of observing it while at Hammerfest, it constantly rose from the northern extremity of the island of Söroo, to which part of the horizon I was accustomed to direct my attention when I watched its appearance. This was generally that of faint irregular gleams of light rising aloft behind the mountains, and at first frequently exhibiting an exact resemblance of the reflection of a distant fire. They generally mounted up toward the zenith, rarely keeping low in the horizon, and afterwards assuming an inconceivable variety of forms and diversity of motion, of which it is too difficult for an inanimate description to convey an idea.'

The Aurora Borealis is a phenomenon seldom seen in this part of Great Britain, though frequently making its appearance in the northern districts of the island. The vicinity of London, however, was lately visited by a remarkably brilliant display of this kind, of which the following description is from the *Literary*

Gazette for September 29th, and is given by two gentlemen who witnessed it; viz. *Mr. Adams*, of Edmonton, and *Mr. J. T. B.*, of Deptford.—Mr. Adams says, 'An Aurora Borealis, as remarkable, perhaps, as any that has been seen in this country, was observed on Tuesday night last, the 25th instant. It first appeared about eight in the evening, with a dense cloud, as a strong white light, much resembling the approach of sun-rise, in a direction nearly due N.; the light became still more intense by ten, and so continued till a short time after eleven, when a considerable number of dark clouds collected towards the N. and N.W., and several streaks of a pale white light were seen proceeding from the clouds, and reaching nearly to the zenith. But the most singular part of the phenomenon was exhibited in a N.N.E. direction, where, at about 30° above the horizon, was a small dense cloud, above which was a broad streak, curved, and about 10° in length, varying in colour from a deep copper hue to a red; from this the coruscations were incessant, and remarkably bright, darting frequently to the zenith, where they were crossed by others equally bright and numerous, proceeding from the W. towards the E. These appearances continued till after midnight.'

Mr. B., in describing the same appearance, observes, 'Tuesday evening, 11 hrs. 15' this mysterious phenomenon was witnessed with unusual splendour from the west and north to the north-east, converging towards the zenith, and coruscating with great velocity. In the north, the light was principally of a phosphorescent violet tinge, but so luminous that a common-sized print was read with ease: through this part of the heavens Ursa Major was shining with feeble brightness. The western part of the hemisphere near Aquila was glowing intensely with streams of red, which gradually subsided, and appeared transferred to the north-east, where it continued one broad red banner for some considerable time. Through

this was seen Saturn, Gemini, and Capella. On directing the attention to the zenith, streams of yellowish light ascending from the horizon were incessantly in motion. 11 hrs. 45', the Aurora Borealis was unabated, though less terrific in its appearance, and ascended principally from the east and west, meeting from 10° to 20° south of the zenith, in Andromeda: distant objects were very distinctly visible by its light. At midnight the coruscations were undiminished, with fewer of the red rays. Some of the flashes remained permanent for some time, and very much resembled the tail of a comet. Three meteoric stars were seen in the north-east and east. Soon after midnight this interesting phenomenon had considerably abated.

'The two red beams of light seen in the easterly and westerly' direction were diametrically opposite, and 90° distant from the bright violet light (by far the most luminous, though comparatively quiescent), which was to the west of the north, and therefore could not be far from the magnetic meridian, which would be crossed at right angles by a line joining the places of the red beams: the southern edges of these were accurately defined, not blending with the adjacent azure, but most distinct from it, and perpendicular to the horizon. Over the whole of the horizon, below the streaming lights, were dark heavy clouds, from three to five degrees in height.

The Naturalist's Diary

For SEPTEMBER 1828.

'Tis now the mellow season of the year,
When the hot sun singes the yellow leaves
Till they be gold—and, with a broader sphere,
The Moon looks down on Ceres and her sheaves;
When more abundantly the spider weaves,
And the cold wind breathes from a chilling clime.

T. HOOD.

SUMMER has now retired from our northern regions, and the gay and beautiful flowers disappear

for a season. Rural scenery, however, is much enlivened by the variety of colours assumed, towards the end of the month, by the fading leaves of trees and shrubs. *Forests* now claim the attention of the admirer of Nature's beauties, and will amply repay us for many a walk amid their picturesque windings and superb avenues.

Look how the wood-walks hither tend,
As to a centre; some in vistas green,
Pillared and overarched, as the long aisles
Of an old proud cathedral; others wandering
In lovelier mazes through a various scene
Holly or copse-wood: scarce the eye can trace
Their coy meanders, but all meeting here
Beneath this monarch oak, through whose thick boughs
The sun comes flickering. How the indented leaves
Of brightest green cut clearly the blue sky
And the small clouds! And how this tiny spring
Bubbles and sparkles round the moss-grown roots,
Winding its silver thread along the short
Elastic turf, so thickly set with flowers,
And mixed with fragrant herbs, till it is lost
Amongst the bowery thickets! Not a spot
In all the forest can compare with this,
Nature's own temple! MISS MITFORD.

Forests and groves (like Rome) are not made in a day;—let the great land-owner pause before he consigns to the axe the growth of centuries: many a stately avenue, and many a noble forest has been sacrificed to supply the profusion of a spendthrift heir!

I can remember, when for miles around,
In place of these smooth meadows and corn-fields,
There stood ten thousand tall and stately trees,
Such as had braved the winds of March, the bolt
Sent by the summer lightning, and the snow
Heaping for weeks their boughs. Even in the depth
Of hot July the glades were cool; the grass,
Yellow and parched elsewhere, grew long and fresh,
Shading wild strawberries and violets,
Or the lark's nest; and overhead, the dove
Had her lone dwelling, paying for her home
With melancholy songs; and scarce a beech

Was there without a honeysuckle linked
Around, with its red tendrils and pink flowers;
Or girdled by a brier rose, whose buds
Yield fragrant harvest for the honey-bee.
There dwelt the last red deer, those antlered kings—
But this is as a dream,—the plough has passed
Where the stag bounded, and the day has looked
On the green twilight of the forest-trees.

There are some singular facts related, relative to the antiquity of trees, in Major Rooke's 'Sketch of the Forest of Sherwood.' Upon some timber cut down in Berkland and Bilhaugh, letters have been found cut or stamped in the body of the trees, denoting the king's reign in which they were marked. The bark appears to have been cut off, and *then* the letters to have been cut in; after which, the next year's wood grew over it without adhering where the bark had been cut. The ciphers, in this case, were found to be of James the First, William and Mary, and (one) of King John. One of the ciphers of James was about one foot within the tree, and one foot from the centre; it was cut down in 1786. The tree must have been two feet in diameter, or two yards in circumference, when the mark was cut. A tree of this size is generally estimated at 120 years' growth; which number being subtracted from the middle year of James's reign, would make the year 1492, about the date of planting of the tree. The tree with the cipher of William and Mary displayed that mark about nine inches within the tree, and three feet three inches from the centre; this tree was cut down in 1786. The cipher of John was eighteen inches within the tree (which was cut down in 1791), and rather more than a foot from the centre. The middle year of John's reign was 1207, from which subtracting 120, the number of years requisite for a tree's growth to arrive at the diameter of two feet, the date of its planting would appear to have been 1085, or about twenty years after the conquest. But then this tree, when cut down in 1791, must have been 706 years old, a fact scarcely credible; for it

appears, from trees whose marks are better authenticated, that those exactly of the same size, when marked, had increased twelve inches in diameter in 173 years, whilst this tree had increased no more than eighteen inches in 584 years. Major Rooke says, that several trees with this mark have been cut down; so that deception or mistake is scarcely possible.

The LAST TREE *of the* FOREST.

Whisper, thou tree, thou lonely tree,
One, where a thousand stood!
Well might proud tales be told by thee,
Last of the solemn wood!

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs
With leaves yet darkly green?
Stillness is round, and noontide glows—
Tell us what thou hast seen!

'I have seen the forest-shadows lie
Where now men reap the corn;
I have seen the kingly chase rush by
Through the deep glades at morn.

'With the glance of many a gallant spear,
And the wave of many a plume,
And the bounding of a hundred deer,
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

'I have seen the knight and his train ride past,
With his banner borne on high;
O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast
From his gleamy panoply.

'The pilgrim at my feet hath laid
His palm-branch 'midst the flowers,
And told his beads, and meekly prayed,
Kneeling at vesper-hours.

'And the merry men of wild and glen,
In the green array they wore,
Have feasted here with the red wine's cheer,
And the hunter-songs of yore.

'And the minstrel, resting in my shade,
Hath made the forest ring
With the lordly tales of the high crusade,
Once loved by chief and king.

'But now the noble forms are gone,
That walked the earth of old;
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
The sunny light looks cold.

'There is no glory left us now
Like the glory with the dead:—
I would that where they slumber low,
My latest leaves were shed.'

Oh! thou dark tree, thou lonely tree,
That mournest for the past!
A peasant's home in thy shade I see,
Embowered from ev'ry blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound
Of laughter meets mine ear;
For the poor man's children sport around
On the turf, with nought to fear.

And roses lend that cabin's wall
A happy summer-glow,
And the open door stands free to all,
For it recks not of a foe.

And the village-bells are on the breeze
That stirs thy leaf, dark tree!—
How can I mourn, amidst things like these,
For the stormy past with thee? F. H.

In September and October, the generality of our *singing birds* are to be no longer distinguished by their voices. One little bird, however, yet delights us with the sweetest harmony: in the calm mornings of this season of the year, the *woodlark* carols in the air, chiefly in the neighbourhood of thickets and copses, with a soft quietness perfectly in unison with the sober, almost melancholy stillness of the hour. The sweet, simple note of the *robin* is again heard, and the *skylark* delights us with his melody.

Although *Flora* is not lavish of her beauties in this month, she still presents specimens worthy of our admiration. There are in blow, in September, heart's-ease, nasturtia, marigolds, sweet peas, mignionette, golden rod, stocks, tangier pea, holly-hock, ivy, and *michaelmas daisy*.

Within my little garden is a flower—
A tuft of flowers, most like a sheaf of corn,
The lilac-blossomed daisy that is born
At Michaelmas, wrought by the gentle power

Of this sweet Autumn into one bright shower
Of blooming beauty; Spring hath nought more fair,
Four sister butterflies inhabit there:
Gay, gentle creatures! Round that odorous bower
They weave their dance of joy the livelong day,
Seeming to bless the sunshine; and at night
Fold their enamelled wings, as if to pray.
Home-loving pretty ones! would that I might
For richer gifts as cheerful tribute pay,
So meet the rising dawn, so hail the parting ray.

MISS MITFORD.

The *dahlia*, unless it have been injured by excessive rains, exhibits an abundance of beautiful flowers in this and the succeeding month. If, however, *they are trained against walls*, the flowers will be superior both in number and magnitude, and there will be a certainty of the seeds ripening. The *marvel of Peru* is another showy plant at this season, and flowers most vigorously when taken up annually and replanted, like the dahlia.

China asters and African marigolds are now leading ornaments, with some Chelones and Phloxes. In the shrubbery, this is the season of althea frutex, some late azalias, and *china roses;* but the grand ornaments are the fruits of the mountain-ash, and others of the sorbus family, of different varieties of crab, and of oxyacantha. The Tartarian and Moscow crabs are splendid ornaments at this season; the All Saints cherry is also now covered with fruit; those of the Arbutus are just beginning to colour, and the blossoms of the scarlet-flowering variety to expand. The Guernsey lily, colchicum, amaryllis lutea, and the tigridia pavonia and saffron *crocus*, are the bulbs of the month.

LINES *with the* AUTUMNAL CROCUS.

[Written for Time's Telescope by Mary Howitt.]

Thy bower, with vine unshaded,
Stands desolate and lone;
The flowers of spring have faded,
The summer birds are flown.

Thy home—whose claims are stronger
Than time can e'er efface;
Thy garden—thine no longer—
Have lost each look of grace;
For the stranger's foot has gone there, and left a ruined place.

The past came o'er my spirit—
Thy kindness, and thy faith;
And must *thou* grief inherit,
And life's undreamed-of scathe?
Is it *thou*—the gentlest, fairest,
Like man must nerve thy heart,
And teach him how thou darest
Meet fortune's keenest dart;
Then look on all thou loved from youth, and patiently depart?

'Twas so: in vain I sought thee
Within my garden-bower;
And from the fields I brought thee,
Pale autumn's faithful flower.
Spring flowers, like fortune's lightness,
With calm skies pass away;
But this reveals its brightness
'Mid silence and decay;
Like thy pure stedfast spirit, strong in sorrow's darkest day.

The flowering rush, smallage, and the great burnet-saxifrage, are now in flower. The *convolvuli*, or bind-weeds, adorn almost every hedge with their milk-white blossoms.

'Though in these islands we have many scandent and twining plants, yet we must turn our view to *tropical* countries before we shall be fully able to comprehend their importance. Here, we seldom find them reaching higher than the top of a hedge; but in tropical regions they mount to the summits of the highest trees, and sometimes, by their weight, when a tree is standing alone, bring it to the earth. The climbing and voluble plants of Jamaica, especially the *convolvuli*, abound so much in reclaimed lands that have been suffered to run wild again, that it is necessary to cut one's way through them with a bill-hook. In forests, they serve to bind the trees together; and this may, perhaps, on many occasions, prevent

the latter being upset in storms. Bartram describes the Grape vines, the twining Zizyphus, the ash-leaved trumpet-flower, the cross-bearing trumpet-flower, and other climbing vegetables, as tying together the trees in the forests of Carolina and Georgia with garlands and festoons, which form enchanting shades. This author observes of the *grape-vines*, that "from their bulk and strength, one would imagine they are combined to pull down those mighty trees to the earth, when, in fact, amongst other good purposes, they serve to uphold them. They are frequently nine, ten, and twelve inches in diameter, and twine round the trunks of the trees, climb to their very tops, and then spread along their limbs, from tree to tree, throughout the forest."

'In some of the woods and swamps of America, the *laurel-leaved smilax* forms a most troublesome obstacle to persons passing. It runs, by means of its *cirri*, up trees and bushes, and extends from one to another so as to bar all passage, or else obliges the traveller to creep through the interstices left near the ground, where he runs a great chance of being bitten by serpents. It often occasions the deepest shade in the woods. The *nebees*, or ligneous ropes, which Stedman describes as being numerous in the forests of Surinam, are very singular productions, and seem to be the stems of some voluble plant, most probably a calamus. They not only twine around the trees to their tops, but when arrived there, hang down till they reach the earth, then strike root, and again climb the neighbouring trunks, and thus spread from tree to tree, to a great extent. Sometimes, they twine around each other, forming ropes as thick as a ship's cable, which they perfectly resemble, being at least as tough, and not presenting any appearance of foliage. When they ascend trees in this state, the latter are often killed by their weight and compression. The smaller *nebees* are sometimes so interwoven and crossed, that they resemble fishing-nets. The larger are like ropes of various dimensions, and make the forest, accord-

ing to Stedman's comparison, look like a "fleet at anchor." The same writer mentions, that these *nebees* are exceedingly tough, and may be used for "mooring large vessels to the shore." They seem, indeed, to be in all respects similar to the *Bejucos* of South America, which are used for lashing and tying various kinds of merchandise, and for making cables or hawsers for the *balzas* or small vessels of that country.'—*Drummond's First Steps to Botany*, p. 67, Second Edition.

A beautiful and rare variety of the common comfrey was gathered by MR. CURTIS upon Sandown Marshes, in the Isle of Wight, in the middle of September 1826: several specimens had flowers of the richest purple, while those of others were entirely green. This elegant plant is figured in plate 155 of Mr. Curtis's *British Entomology*, and, *we* would add, *Botanical Register;* for the exquisitely faithful representations of plants which adorn this work, form no small part of its attractions.

The larva of the privet hawk-moth may now be found on the privet shrub, and its elegant appearance affords a contrast to the uninviting form of many of the caterpillar tribe. See T.T. for 1824, p. 248. The *Phalæna russula* and the saffron butterfly appear in this month. The *sulphur butterfly* also will frequently be seen in the bright mornings of September, flitting about the gay flowers of our gardens.—'That pretty insect, *Medeterus regius* (says Mr. Curtis), I first observed resting upon the trunks of trees in the romantic neighbourhood of Lynmouth, North Devon, in the middle of *September;* and the beginning of the same month, in 1826, I met with it in abundance, near Black-Gang Chine, in the Isle of Wight. The face of the cliff, in this neighbourhood, is perpendicular, and very wet, the water frequently descending in showers from the top: in these situations both sexes of this species delighted, flying, when disturbed, through the falling spray, and alighting upon the wet surface, from which they stood perfectly

clear' by placing their long legs not obliquely, but at right angles from the body.'—*Curtis's British Entomology*, p. 162, *b*.

In September and October the grape-harvest, or *vintage*, takes place in those countries where *wine* is the usual beverage of the inhabitants, or where it becomes an object of extensive commerce to the grower and manufacturer, as in *France*, on the banks of the Rhine, &c. &c.—The words, *wine*, Eng. *wein*, Germ. *vin*, Fr. *vinum*, Lat. and οἶνος, Gr. claim their common origin from יין, iin, Hebr. the first Jod being, on account of repetition, pronounced as v, ou, or w, making *vin*, *ouin*, or *win*. Wine is mentioned for the first time in the Bible, Gen. ix, 21. In Psalm civ, 5, the inspired Lyric declares that '*it maketh glad the heart of man*;' and this eulogium has never been contradicted, as far as wine is drunk with relative moderation; yet, when taken to excess, this gladness of heart suddenly turns into madness of mind. If from Holy Writ we turn our eyes towards the works of heathen writers, it will appear doubtful whether the golden age did ever know this 'heart-cheering' juice. They speak of streams of milk, of nectar, and even of wine, but not a word about cultivated grapes; from which circumstance, and other inductions, we may fairly conclude that the birth of the god of wine was coetaneous with that of the god of war. They also tell us that the vine-tree was brought from Persia to the Phœnicians, who took it to Greece, Sicily, and Italy; and Plutarch states, that from Etruria it was carried to the Gauls. Laying aside the records of fabulous ages, the expedition of Bacchus to the Ganges, the tragic death of the abstemious Pentheus, and other stories more amusing than true, we can safely assert, for we really believe, that in *Greece* wine was known before the Trojan war, and even more than 1500 years before the Christian era.

In the 9th book of the Odyssey we find, that, long

before Homer's time, a distinction had already been established between good and bad wine; since, when the crafty Ulysses presents the intoxicating cup to Polyphemus, the gourmet-like Cyclop evinces directly his discriminating sense of taste. Hesiod, in the second book of his 'Works and Days,' shows that the cultivation of the vine-tree was well known in his time; for he gives directions about the vintage, and advises Perse in the following words:—

> Orion now, and Sirius, adorn
> The midnight sky: now rosy-fingered morn
> Spies bright Arcturus rising from the deep.
> Cull, then, bring home your ripened grapes; and keep
> Them full exposed ten long days to the sun.

Wine was deservedly praised by all nations. Virgil made the cultivation of the grape the subject of part of his Georgics, B. II; and, from Anacreon to our contemporaries, it became the theme of the poet's song, and the shrub which produces it, the object of the cares and protection of princes and monarchs. 'Domitian, that monster who,' says a gastrographer, 'ought to have been immolated on the altar of Bacchus, ordered all the vineyards in Gallia to be rooted up; but the Emperor *Probus*, much deserving of that name, ordered them to be re-planted.' In 1175, the Duke of Aquitaine (afterwards Richard I) prohibited, in Guienne, the stealing of a single bunch of grapes in a vineyard, under the penalty of five *solidi*, or the loss of one ear, if the 'fellow had any left.' Before, and even since, the introduction of 'Gascoygne' wine into this island, vineyards were well cultivated, and thriving in several parts of the kingdom; for we find that a certain quantity of wine is ordered to be paid instead of rent to the chief lord of a vineyard—*Vinagium*, i. e. *Tributum à vino*. But, in course of time, Bacchus courteously gave room for the pursuits of Ceres, and the golden harvest of corn superseded the purple produce of the vintage.

Œnotechny; or, the art of making wine.—It is an erroneous idea to suppose that *white* wine is exclusively the produce of white grapes. Fermentation alone determines the colour. The juice contained in both the *white* and *red* grape is nearly as colourless as water; except in one peculiar species, which is called the dyer, 'raisin teinturier,' the liquor of which is of a purple hue, as deep as that of the mulberry. It is used as an auxiliary to deepen the tint of red wine. If the juice of the grapes, which have been gently pressed by the feet of men in the tub at the vineyard, is drawn off in casks, and allowed to ferment without the skin, the seeds, and the stalks, which contain the colouring elements, the wine will certainly be *white*. On the contrary, if the liquor is left to ferment with them, the wine must be *red*. If the fermentation of the white liquid is stopped in proper time, the wine becomes brisk and sparkling, on account of the quantity of fixed air which is confined within it; if this air, a sort of gas, is permitted to evaporate, the wine becomes still and quiet: in this, with a few practical exceptions, consists the whole mystery. Wines require more or less time to ripen in the casks, in order to let the lees settle at the bottom; and the art principally lies in the knowledge of the proper time to bottle the wine. A *thick crust* does not always show that the wine is good, but often that it has been bottled too soon. White wines produce no crust; a proof that the grossest parts are lodged in the skin, seeds, and stalks of the grapes. The practice of clarifying wine, before it is bottled off, by means of whites of eggs, was known to the ancients. But Horace, though a practical *gourmet*, was not well acquainted with the theory of the art, for he mistakes (Sat. II, 4) the *yolk* for the *white*, as used for this purpose.

Nomenclature.—Several authors of tried knowledge have, in other countries as well as in this, written scientific and interesting dissertations upon the wines

of the ancients, to which we refer the reader, confining ourselves to the names of some of those which are particularly esteemed in our days.

As to the product of the grapes, it cannot be denied that *France* has long borne the palm in the contest; and the wines of that fruitful kingdom may be classed under three principal heads—Burgundy, Champagne, and Languedoc, or Meridional wines, which may be also subdivided into three species, *mousseux, tranquille,* and *sucré;* brisk, still, and sweet.

Champagne.	Bourgogne.	Gascogne, &c.
Aï.	*Avalons.*	*Bergerac.*
Arbois.	*Beaune.*	*Bordeaux.*
Epernay.	*Chablis.*	*Chateau-Margot.*
Haut-villiers.	*Chambertin.*	*Claret*[3].
Langres.	*Clos-Vougeot.*	*Condrieux.*
Montagne de Rheims[1].	*Coulanges.*	*Grave*[4].
	La Romanée.	*Hermitage.*
Ricey.	*Mâcon.*	*Lafitte.*
Sillery.	*Migrenne.*	*Pontac.*
Tonnerre.	*Nuits*[2].	*St. Peray.*
Versenay.	*Pomard.*	*Sauterne.*

So great was the repute of some of these wines, that, in 1652, a public *Thesis* was held at the Faculty of Medicine, to decide the mighty question, which of the two was the best, 'Bourgogne or Champagne.' As for the 'vins de Gascogne, Bordeaux, Provence,' &c. the quantity which is exported has always been so considerable, that, according to Froissart, as early as 1372, upwards of 200 ships were annually and exclusively freighted with this commodity. Besides

[1] Part of the produce of this famous hill was kept, exclusively, for the table of the king of France.

[2] The celebrity of this wine dates from the illness of Louis XIV. in 1680.

[3] This denomination originates from '*Claretum*, a liquor made anciently of wine and honey, clarified by decoction, which the Germans, French, and English, call *Hippocras;* and it is, for this reason, that the *red* wines of France were called *claret.*'

[4] This name is generally applied to the white wines of Gascony.

these, several 'Vins de liqueurs' are imported from France; as *Ciotat; St. Laurent; Lunel; Frontignac,* &c. Spain, Portugal, and the island of Madeira, offer us a considerable supply; and the banks of the Rhine and the Moselle enliven, with their produce, the tables of the gastronomers of all polite nations. —*Tabella Cibaria.*

A Walk by the Sea-Shore.

Perhaps no scene or situation is so intensely gratifying to the naturalist as the shore of the ocean. The productions of the latter element are innumerable, and the majesty of the mighty waters lends an interest unknown to an inland landscape. The loneliness, too, of the sea-shore is much cheered by the constant changes arising from the ebb and flow of the tide, and the undulations of the water's surface, sometimes rolling like mountains, and again scarcely murmuring on the beach. As you there gather

> Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow,

you may feel with the poet, that there are joys in solitude, and that there are pleasures to be found in the investigation of nature, of the most powerful and pleasing influence.

> There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

But nothing can be more beautiful than a *view of the bottom of the ocean,* during a calm, even around our own shores, but particularly in *tropical* climates, especially when it consists alternately of beds of sand and masses of rock. The water is frequently so clear and undisturbed, that, at great depths, the minutest objects are visible; groves of coral are seen expanding their variously-coloured clumps, some rigid and immovable, and others waving gracefully their flexile branches. Shells of every form and hue

glide slowly along the stones, or cling to the coral boughs like fruit; crabs, and other marine animals, pursue their prey in the crannies of the rocks, and sea-plants spread their limber fronds in gay and gaudy irregularity, while the most beautiful fishes are on every side sporting around.

The floor is of sand, like the mountain-drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow:
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there;
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter;
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs in the coral grove.

PERCIVAL[1].

But these treasures of the ocean, so beautifully described by the *American* poet, are not the *only* wealth it possesses; the treasures of gold and gems which it has gorged, and the thousands of unfortunate mariners whom it has engulphed, naturally lead us further to reflect with the poetess we have so often quoted, on

[1] Drummond's First Steps to Botany, p. 374, *Second Edition*.

The TREASURES *of the* DEEP.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!—
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain.—
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more,—the depths have more! What wealth untold
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.—
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more,—the depths have more! Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!—
Dash o'er them, ocean, in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more,—the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.—
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,—
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown:
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,—
Restore the dead, thou Sea!

FELICIA HEMANS.

Sea-Polypi.

The Polypi, or 'people of the vast empire of the deep,' are not only animated, but their very houses, nay even the very roofs of their marine mansions, are

alive also; and whatever conduces to the nutriment of an individual, goes to the support of the most distant members of the colony, and the whole stock of domiciliary establishments. The dwellings of the polypi are called *polypidoms*, and the labour of the architect goes on incessantly; and though this sea-scavenger is hardly of microscopic visibility, he assembles the floating particles of lime; chooses for his foundation coral, lava, skulls, or wrecks; and erects thereupon mountains, continents, and madroporean islands, which extend infinite distances from the shore, descend immeasurable depths, and ascend also to the clouds. They are not at all particular about light, and bear enormous pressure and extreme cold with the greatest complacency. Exposure to air, and want of moisture, are obnoxious; when these last evils occur, they retire to their recesses, and hold out by means of the moisture which they preserve, or, for lack of it, perish and die. The greater part of the genus prefer unagitated parts of the ocean; but others are situate across great currents, and take the precaution of forming their habitations with tunnels, or in circles, or on branches which are capable of bending to the movement of the waters, and preserving an equilibrium against shocks. In form they differ abundantly; some resemble tubes, others globular masses, leaves, unbranched stems, net-work, and even lace; and others, 'A bush that winter has despoiled of its leaves, but which spring has renovated with fresh flowers;—whose whiteness is rendered more conspicuous by the deep and brilliant red of the branches.' They assume also various colours,—yellow, brown, lilac, and white, mutable or permanent; spreading ocean's floor with an enamelled carpet of varied and brilliant colours: at other times they have only one shade, almost equalling the Tyrian purple of antiquity. Of the *polypi* and *polypidoms*, some have only an ephemeral life, while the existence of others seems eternal.

Both fall a prey to worms that have mouths as strong as sextons' pickaxes, and contribute, at last, to extend the domains of man, form buildings, medicinals, and personal ornaments. They prevent, by their rise and consolidation, the injurious superfluity of calcareous impregnations in the ocean[1].

The SEA-ERYNGO[2].

Th' Eryngo here
Sits as a queen among the scanty tribes
Of vegetable race. Around her neck
A gorgeous ruff of leaves, with arrowy points,
Averts all harsh intrusion. On her brow
She binds a crown of amethystine hue,
Bristling with spicula, thick interwove
With clustering florets, whose light anthers dance
In the fresh breeze, like tiny topaz gems.
Here the sweet rose would die. But she imbibes
From arid sands, and salt-sea dew-drops, strength:
The native of the beach, by nature formed
To dwell among the ruder elements[3].

For the amusement of our marine readers, we add two fine SEA-VIEWS, by eminent masters,—the one powerfully depicting the wild and terrible; and the other exhibiting the perfection of placid and tranquil beauty.

It was a wild and weather-beaten coast,
With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by a host,
With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore
A better welcome to the tempest-tost;
And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,
Save on the dead, long summer days, which make
The outstretched ocean glitter like a lake.

[1] See an elegant and interesting little work, called *Corallina*; or a Classical Arrangement of Flexible Coralline Polypidoms, selected from the French of J. V. F. Lamouroux.—An interesting paper on the *Algæ*, or sea-weeds, by *Mr. Andrew Kerr Young*, of Paisley, will be found in our last volume, p. 21.

[2] The sea-eryngo is one of the repent-rooted plants which inhabit the barren sands, and draw their nourishment from a source in which we might naturally suppose nothing but sterility could exist.—*Drummond's Botany*, 2d edit.

[3] Clontarf, a Poem, by the Rev. W. H. Drummond, D.D.

SEA-VIEW *near* NAPLES.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor,
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion:
How sweet did any heart now share in my emotion!

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER was named, like the preceding month, from the place it occupied in the Romulean calendar: it was the eighth. *Scorpio* is the sign into which the Sun enters during this month.

Remarkable Days

In OCTOBER 1828.

1.—SAINT REMIGIUS.

REMIGIUS, the great apostle of the French, was born in 439, and was chosen Archbishop of Rheims at 22 years of age. He died in his 96th year.

6.—SAINT FAITH.

This virgin martyr suffered death under Dacianus, about the year 290, the most cruel torments being inflicted upon her.

9.—SAINT DENYS,

Or Dionysius, was martyred under the persecution of Domitian, A.D. 96.

*9. 1826.—CHARLES MILLS DIED,

At Southampton, from the effects of an illness, partly caused by application to a work which required much study, and by an enthusiastic devotion to literature. His first publication, the 'History of Mahomedanism,' appeared about the year 1817. His next was the well-known 'History of the Crusades,' which was distinguished beyond most productions of the day, by its deep and enlarged observation, its fearless inquisitive spirit, and its condensed vivacity of style. A few months after its appearance, accident led Mr. Mills to the study of Italian literature; the result of which was a work of fiction, in two volumes, entitled 'The Travels of Theodore Ducas, on the Revival of Arts and Letters in Italy.' The model upon which this book was formed, was the 'Travels of Anacharsis;' but as the subject was comparatively uninteresting to the majority of modern readers, it was proportionately unsuccessful. Mr. Mills then directed his attention to his last and most popular work, the 'History of Chivalry,' which created such general interest from the very first moment of its announcement, that, in a few weeks, the whole first edition (an unusually large one) was disposed of; and he was called, but a few months before his death, to devote his attention to a second.

As a literary man, he was of no mean rank; Mr. Jeffery strongly pointed him out as one of the most promising writers of his day; and, indeed, he was rapidly rising to the fondest object of his daily and nightly prayers, *intellectual supremacy;* when his constitution, always delicate, broke down under the severe exertions of his mind, and brought him to the grave at the early age of 38!

*9. 1826.—MICHAEL KELLY DIED.

He was born at Dublin, about the year 1762; at seven years of age he evinced a strong passion for music, and as his father was enabled to procure the

best masters for him, among whom was Michael Arne, the son of Dr. Arne, before he had reached his eleventh year, he could perform on the piano-forte some of the most difficult sonatas then in fashion. At the age of sixteen he went to Italy, and remained on the continent for nine years. In 1787, Kelly returned to England, where, in the month of April, he made his first appearance at Drury-Lane Theatre, in the character of Lionel, in the Opera of Lionel and Clarissa. Independently of many provincial engagements, in which he was often accompanied by Mrs. Crouch, he remained at Drury-Lane, as first singer, until he retired from the stage. He was several years musical director of that theatre; he was accustomed to sing at the king's ancient concerts, at Westminster Abbey, and at all the principal theatres and musical festivals in Britain; he was, for several years, principal tenor singer at the King's Theatre, where he was stage-manager, a situation which, we believe, he nominally held till the period of his death; he was also musical director at Colman's Haymarket Theatre.

He composed and selected the music for nearly *sixty* dramatic pieces. He also composed numbers of Italian and English songs, duetts, trios, &c., many of which are established favourites in the musical world. His own very entertaining 'Reminiscences' furnish so full and interesting an account of his life and adventures, that we cannot do better than recommend this work to the notice of our readers.

11.—OLD MICHAELMAS DAY,

Still observed, in many places, as the end of one year, and beginning of another, in hiring servants.

*12.—NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Hymn.

Oh blest were the accents of early creation,
When the Word of Jehovah came down from above;
In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,
And wake their cold atoms to life and to love!

And mighty the tones which the firmament rended,
When on wheels of the thunder, and wings of the wind,
By lightning, and hail, and thick darkness attended,
He uttered on Sinai His laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the First-born of Heaven,
(Though poor His apparel, though earthly His form),
Who said to the mourner, 'Thy sins are forgiven!'
'Be whole!' to the sick,—and 'Be still!' to the storm.

Oh, Judge of the world! when, arrayed in Thy glory,
Thy summons again shall be heard from on high,
While Nature stands trembling and naked before Thee,
And waits on Thy sentence to live or to die;

When the Heav'n shall fly fast from the sound of Thy thunder,
And the sun, in thy lightnings, grow languid and pale,
And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb cleave asunder,
In the hour of Thy terrors, let mercy prevail!

Bp. Heber's Hymns.

13.—TRANSLATION OF K. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

He built Westminster Abbey, and was the first that was buried in the new building, in 1066.

17.—SAINT ETHELDREDA.

Etheldreda was daughter of Annas, King of the East Angles, and lived under a vow of perpetual chastity. She erected an abbey at Ely, and died there in 679.

18.—SAINT LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

The period and manner of the death of St. Luke are alike unknown. His festival was first instituted A.D. 1130. See T. T. for 1826, p. 251, for an account of a curious custom at Stoke Verdon, in Wiltshire.

25.—SAINT CRISPIN.

Crispin, and his brother, Crispianus, born at Rome, in the year 303, maintained themselves by exercising the trade of *shoe-makers;* a circumstance which, naturally enough, led to their being regarded as the patrons of 'the gentle craft.' These brothers were both beheaded.—There is a curious anecdote relative to this day in T.T. for 1816, p. 291. See also T.T. for 1824, p. 259.

28.—SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE, *Apostles.*

The Simon here meant is *Simon the Canaanite,* or *Simon Zelotes.* He and Jude both suffered martyrdom together in Persia, about the year 74.

Queen Elizabeth.

The *Second Series* of Mr. Ellis's Original Letters affords some highly interesting illustrations of the eventful reign of Elizabeth; among these, not the least curious and valuable, are the 'Observations' on the Life and Reign of this Queen, confessedly written by a person acquainted with her court, who held office under, and lived in the household of Lord Burghley: the narrative is copied from the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum, and, though long, we shall give it to our readers in the same words as Mr. Ellis has done, in his invaluable 'LETTERS'[1]: we cannot think of abridging it, for this would at once destroy its interest and its value to the readers of English history.

I will now proceed, says the writer, with the particular description of the Queen's disposition and natural gifts of mind and body, wherein she either matched or exceeded all the princes of her time; as being of a great spirit, yet tempered with moderation; in adversity never dejected, in prosperity rather joyful than proud; affable to her subjects, but always with due regard of the greatness of her estate, by reason whereof she was both loved and feared.

In her later time, when she shewed herself in public, she was always magnificient in apparel; supposing haply thereby that the eyes of her people (being dazzled by the glittering aspect of those

[1] We know not what apology to make to Mr. Ellis for having selected so many specimens of pure ore from the vast mine of intelligence which he has opened to our view: if their variety and beauty have tempted us to overstep the bounds of modesty in this particular, we trust we shall stand excused at the tribunal of the learned author. To our readers we would say, that the extracts we have given are but *échantillons* of the information they may expect to receive from the perusal of Mr. Ellis's four volumes: they will serve to *excite*, rather than to gratify curiosity; and will, we hope, tend greatly to increase the number of those who devote a portion of their time to the study of English History.

her outward ornaments) would not so easily discern the marks of age, and decay of natural beauty; and she came abroad the more seldom, to make her presence the more grateful and applauded by the multitude, to whom things rarely seen are in manner as new.

She suffered not, at any time, any suitor to depart discontented from her, and though oft times he obtained not that he desired, yet he held himself satisfied with her manner of speech, which gave hope of success in a second attempt. And it was noted in her, that she seldom or never denied any suite that was moved unto her, how unfit soever to be granted; but the suitor received the answer of denial from some other.

In granting offices she used many delays, but, after long suite, she gave them voluntarily. The one perhaps she did, for that she loved to be sued unto, and to be gratified with rewards; and the other that she might not seem to yield by importunity, and so loose the thanks that a good turn freely bestowed deserveth.

She was accounted in her latter time to be very near and oversparing of expense; and yet, if the rewards which she gave of meer motion and grace had been bestowed of merit with due respect, they had doubtless purchased her the name of a very liberal prince. Howbeit (notwithstanding the subsidies levied in many Parliaments, and the diverse sums of money lent her by her subjects), she was enforced to sell some of her owne lands and jewels to support the charge of the Irish war.

Certain it is that some persons attending near about her would now and then abuse her favour, and make sale of it, by taking bribes for such suites as she bestowed freely; likewise purveyors, and other officers of her household, under pretence of her service, would oftimes, for their own, vex and burthen, with many impositions, the poorer sort of the inhabitants near the usual place of her residence; and although it be accounted, in a manner, as great a fault for a prince to be ill himself, as to have ill officers about him, yet, the consideration of her sex (she being a woman, and wanting convenient means to understand the grievances of her people, but by report of others), may seem to carry some colour of excuse.

She was very rich in jewells, which had been given her by her subjects; for in times of progress there was no person that entertained her in his house, but (besides his extraordinary charge in feasting her and her train) he bestowed a jewel upon her: a custom in former times began by some of her special favourites that (having in great measure tasted of her bounty) did give her only of her own; though, otherwise, that kind of giving was not so pleasing to gentlemen of meaner quality.

During the long continuance of her government, many secret treasons were practised against her life, both by strangers, and also by some of her own unnatural subjects; but God, that had ordained her to die (as she had lived) in peace, would not suffer them to

prevail in their bad intentions; and Doctor Parry, that had vowed to kill her (being alone with her in the garden at Richmond, and then resolved to act that tragedy), was so daunted with the majesty of her presence (in which he then saw the image of her grandfather, King Henry the Seventh, as himself confessed), that his heart would not suffer his hand to execute that which he had resolved. And the self same day that the late Earl of Essex, being then in disgrace, entered the city with diverse noblemen and gentlemen of quality in a confused troop, when report was made unto her of the manner thereof, she (being then at dinner) seemed nothing moved therewith, but onely said that 'He that had placed her in that seat would preserve her in it;' and so she continued at her dinner, not shewing any sign of fear or distraction of mind; nor omitting any thing that day that she had been accustomed to do at other times: an argument of a religious resolution and great constancy in a woman (as I think) but rarely to be found in men of more than ordinary spirit.

Touching those commendable qualities whereto, partly by nature and partly by education and industry, she had attained, there were few men, that (when time and occasion served) could make better use or more show of them than herself. The Latin, French, and Italian she could speak very elegantly, and she was able in all those languages to answer embassadors on the sudden. Her manner of writing was somewhat obscure, and the stile not vulgar, as being either learned by imitation of some author whom she delighted to read, or else affected for difference sake, that she might not write in such phrases as were commonly used. Of the Greek tongue also she was not altogether ignorant. She took pleasure in reading of the best and wisest histories, and some part of Tacitus's Annals she herself turned into English for her private exercise. She also translated Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ, and a Treatise of Plutarch de Curiositate, with divers others.

For her private pleasures, she used them moderately and warily, without touch to her reputation, or offence to her people. She was, in her diet, very temperate, as eating but of few kinds of meat, and those not compounded: the wine she drank was mingled with water, containing three parts more in quantity than the wine itself. Precise howers of refection she observed not, as never eating but when her appetite required it.

In matters of recreation, as singing, dancing, and playing upon instruments, she was not ignorant nor excellent: a measure which, in things indifferent, best beseems a prince.

She was of nature somewhat hasty, but quickly appeased: ready there to show most kindnes, where a little before she had been most sharp in reproving. Her greatest grief of mind and body she either patiently endured, or politicly dissembled. I have heard it credibly reported, that, not long before her death, she was divers times troubled with the gout in her fingers, whereof she would never complain; as seeming better-pleased to be thought

insensible of the pain, than to acknowledge the disease. And she would often show herself abroad at public spectacles (even against her own liking) to no other end but that the people might the better perceive her ability of body and good disposition, which otherwise, in respect of her years, they might perhaps have doubted; so jealous was she to have her natural defects discovered, for diminishing her reputation.

As for flatterers, it is certain that she had many too near her, and was well contented to have them.

After the Earl of Essex his death, the Queen imagined that the people's affection towards her waxed more cold than had been accustomed, and from that time forward entering into a more serious consideration of her years and natural infirmities, she fell at length into a sickness, proceeding first from some distemper of body, which, concurring with the indisposition of her mind, brought her to her end. It is credibly reported, that not long before her death she had a great apprehension of her own age and declination by seeing her face (then lean and full of wrinkles), truly represented to her in a glass, which she a good while very earnestly beheld: perceiving thereby how often she had been abused by flatterers (whom she held in too great estimation), that had informed her the contrary.

* * * *

But now to return where I left, namely with the death of the Queen, for that divers rumours have been spread concerning the manner of it, I think it not amiss to note some particular circumstances which I received by information of such persons as had good means to understand the truth of things, and no reason at all to misreport them.

About three weeks before her death (her sleep decaying) she began to fall into a melancholy passion; and being persuaded to use the help of physic, she utterly refused it; either for that she thought her body being not thereto accustomed it would not do her good, or else that (having satiety of the world) she desired rather to die than live. For she would divers times say in the time of her sickness, 'I am not sick; I feel no pain; and yet I pine away.' She was wholly addicted to silence and solitariness, which gave occasion of suspicion that she was afflicted in mind: but being moved by some of her Council to impart such griefs as they doubted might trouble her, she answered that she 'knew nothing in the world worthy to trouble her:' and it is a constant opinion of such as were most inward with her, that she was then free from any such impression, as it is not altogether unlikely, considering that melancholy diseases (as physicians tell us) proceed not always from the indisposition of the mind, but sometimes from the distemperature of humor in the body, causing a kind of numbness and stupidity of the senses. The Bishops (who then attended at the court) seeing that she would not hearken to advice for the recovery of her bodily health, desired her to provide

for her spiritual safety, and to recommend her soul to God, whereto she mildly answered, 'That I have done long ago.' She sate up six days together without any sleep, and yet was she not bereaved of understanding, but had the use thereof (even after her speech failed) as appeared by divers motions of her eyes and hands lifted up, when she was required by the Bishops to give testimony of the hope and comfort she had in God. It is reported, that when she was demanded whom she would have to sit in her seat after her death, she made answer, 'No base person[1], but a King.' Afterwards (when she could not speak) being moved a second time to express her meaning touching that matter, and that (if she would have the King of Scots to succeed her) she should hold up her hand in token of assent, she forthwith lifted up her hand to her head, and turned it round in the form of a circle, discovering thereby (as it was said) what she had long before concealed. These reports, whether they were true indeed, or given out of purpose by such as would have them so to be believed, it is hard to say. Sure I am they did no hurt.

During the time of her sickness, the people began more boldly to discover their affections, and variable rumors were spread in the city. The wealthier sort feared sudden uproars and tumults; and the needy and loose persons desired them. Such as inhabited the suburbs carried their plate and treasure into the city, as a place of most safety, by reason of continual strong watches kept there. Then some spared not to say openly that the Queen was past recovery: others affirmed that she was already dead, and (to procure more credit to their reports), would name the very hour of her death; adding further, that it was only concealed in policy, till some things were settled for the security of the state.

* * * * *

Toward the close of these Observations, says Mr. Ellis, the writer has recorded the remarks and censures of the populace as they stood to see the Queen's funeral. Whatever may be the real value of these remarks, they form a picture, and are worth preserving. They were uttered without restraint, at a moment of national interest, when every man saw change before him, and when every one's judgment prompted some reflection. Having described the open chariot, drawn by four horses, wherein lay the body of the dead Queen, embalmed and inclosed in lead; over it, he says, was her image in her Parliament robes, with a crown on her head, and a sceptre in her hand, all exquisitely framed to resemble the life.

[1] Alluding to the Lady Arabella Seymour.

At the sight hereof divers of the beholders fell a weeping, specially women, who naturally are tender of heart, and have teares at commandment. Then the people began to talke diversely; many seeming to marvel at vain and ordinary things: as namely, that living and dying a virgin, she was born on the vigil of that feast which was yearly kept in remembrance of the birth of our Lady the Virgin, and that she died on the vigil of the feast of the Annunciation of our Lady: that she departed the world at Richmond (where her grandfather King Henry the Seventh, whom she very much resembled, ended his life), and upon the self same day of the week whereon he deceased. That she had reigned so many years, as the greater part then living had never known other prince. Some also there were that spake foudly of predictions going before her death, and, among others, it was given out that an old lion in the Tower, bearing her name (during the time of her sickness), pined away and died.

But among men of better understanding, the actions of her life, and the manner of her government, were called to mind and censured. Some recounted the long and peaceable time of her reign, her clemency, and other virtues; wishing that things might continue in no worse state than they had done; alledging the old proverb, 'that seldom cometh the better.' Others again complained, that they could not lightly be in worse state than they were, considering that the people generally were much impoverished by continual subsidies and taxes, besides other exactions and contributions extorted by corrupt officers; that little or no equality was used in those impositions, the meaner sort commonly sustaining the greater burthen, and the wealthier no more than themselves listed to bear; that wrongs, now and then, were either bolstered out by authority, or winked at for private respect; that many privileges had passed under her name for the benefit of some particular men to the detriment of the Commonwealth. Albeit it could not be denied but that, of herself, naturally, she was well-disposed, if she had not been misled by over-much credulity and secret informations of persons about her; an inconvenience which even the best princes oft-times can hardly avoid. These and the like matters were diversely argued, as it falleth out commonly upon like occasions, while the mourners passed along attending the corpse.—*Ellis's Letters, Second Series*, vol. iii, pp. 191-196.

Michele, in his Report to the Venetian States, already quoted in p. 90, speaking of Queen Elizabeth, says, 'She is a lady of great elegance, both of body and mind, although her face may rather be called pleasing than beautiful: she is tall and well made; her complexion fine, though rather sallow; her eyes, but above all her hands (which she takes care not to

conceal), are of superior beauty. She is well acquainted with the Greek and Italian languages. Her spirits and understanding are admirable; and she is proud and dignified in her manners.'—*Ellis's Letters, Second Series*, vol. ii, p. 237. Consult also vol. iii, p. 68, for a singularly curious paper, entitled 'An Abstract touching the Queen's Marriage, by Sir Thomas Smith,' taken from the Harleian MSS.

The Arctic Expedition.

[Concluded from p. 242.]

THE LAND EXPEDITION.—About the end of June 1826, Captain Franklin arrived at the last of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, named Fort Good Hope, in lat. 67 deg. 28 min. N., long. 130 deg. 53 min. W.; the expedition under his command being in excellent health and spirits; and, so far as depended on personal exertion, the equipment of their boats, and the supply of stores and provisions, the most sanguine hopes of success were entertained.

Three days' journey from thence, on the 4th of July, he despatched a party to the eastward, under the command of Dr. Richardson, and proceeded himself, in command of another party, by the western channel of Mackenzie's river, which flows at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and completed a survey of the coast from long. 113 deg. W. to 149 deg. 38 min. W. Captain Franklin was accompanied by Captain Back, who had been his companion on the former expedition. He was much impeded in his progress by the constant obstructions of ice, unbroken from the shore, in many parts, until the 4th August—by the prevalence of fogs—and by the nature of the sea-coast, which, to the westward of the 140th degree, is so extremely low and flat as to be unapproachable, even in boats, nearer than two or three miles. Indeed, beyond the 139th degree it was found impossible to land on the main shore, except at one point; and there they were most vexatiously detained eight days, in the best part of the season, by a fog so dense,

that all objects beyond the distance of a few yards were obscured, and during all which time it blew a strong gale.

On every other occasion they had to land on the naked reefs which front the coast, and on which it often happened no fresh water was to be obtained, and but little wood.

Before Captain Franklin had reached more than half way to Icy Cape, most of his party began to have swellings in their legs, and showed other symptoms of extreme suffering, from their unavoidable exposure to wading in the water, for the purpose of dragging the boats where they were under the necessity of landing to rest or to get fresh water; or when they were compelled, by the recurrence of strong gales, to seek the shore. The temperature of the water was generally about the freezing point, whilst that of the air seldom exceeded 36 degrees. The coast westward of Mackenzie's river, under any circumstances, was extremely hazardous to navigate; but under the difficulties which Captain Franklin experienced, further perseverance on his part would have been unpardonable rashness. The whole party being of opinion that the obstructions were insurmountable, being completely beyond human control, were compelled to return, in the conviction, however, that the navigation of the north-west passage is open.

A novel feature has occurred in this expedition in the violence exhibited by the Esquimaux. Both Captain Franklin's and Dr. Richardson's parties were attacked on the same day by great numbers of these people, who had stationed themselves in the eastern and western outlets of the Mackenzie. To this conduct the Esquimaux were probably stimulated by the Indians. The western party were also providentially saved from an attack of a tribe of mountain Indians, by an opportune notice of their intention. Before the attack, however, Dr. Richard-

son's party met several parties of Esquimaux, and had friendly communications with them; and it may, in some measure, be ascribed to the small number of the party (twelve in all), and the apparently distressed situation of the boats grounding on the flats of the Mackenzie river. But after the attack was defeated, and fortunately without injury to the natives, presents were made to, and barters with, some individuals who belonged to the same tribe, but who had not been engaged in the affair, and who had signified their disapproval of the conduct of the assailants.

The eastern party, under Dr. Richardson, who was accompanied by Mr. Kendall, an intelligent and distinguished young officer, succeeded in reaching the Coppermine river on the 8th of August, and returned to Fort Franklin, Great Bear Lake, on the 1st of September. Like that under the command of Captain Franklin, they experienced repeated obstructions from ice, and occasionally from strong breezes; but they were spared the foggy weather, except on parts of two days, which had caused the western party so much anxiety and difficulty in their progress.

The object of Dr. Richardson's party was to examine the intermediate coast between the Mackenzie and the Coppermine rivers. After separating from Captain Franklin, on the 4th July, they pursued the easternmost channel of the Mackenzie, until the 7th of that month, when finding that it distributed itself by various outlets, of which the more easterly were not navigable for their boats, they chose a middle one, and that night got into brackish water, with an open view of the sea, in lat. 69 deg. 29 min. N., long. 133 deg. 24 min. W.

On the 11th, in lat. 69 deg. 42 min. N. long. 132 deg. 10 min. W., the water was perfectly salt, the sea partially covered with drift ice, and no land visible to seaward. They experienced considerable difficulty in crossing the estuaries of several rivers,

which were deemed to be outlets of the shallow channels of the Mackenzie, that had been left to the eastward. They suffered, besides, some detention from ice and bad weather; and it was not until the 18th of July that, in lat. 70 deg. 37 min., long. 126 deg. 52 min. N., they got entirely clear of the widely spreading mouths of the Mackenzie, and of a large lake of brackish water, which seems to receive one of the branches of that river. The navigation across these wide estuaries was rendered embarassing from extensive sandy flats, which occasionally compelled them to go nearly out of sight of land, and left them exposed to a frequently dangerous surf, in boats too slight to venture out into deep water, amongst heavy ice, in stormy weather.

These dangers were gladly exchanged for a coasting voyage in the open sea. They rounded Cape Parry, in lat. 70 deg. 8 min. N., long. 123 deg. W.; Cape Krusenstern in lat. 68 deg. 46 min. N., long. 114 deg. 45 min. W.; and entered George the IVth Coronation Gulf, by the Dolphin and Union Straits (so named after the boats), which brought them within sight of Cape Barrow, and two degrees of longitude to the eastward of the Coppermine river. Their sea voyage terminated as before mentioned, on the 8th of August, by their actually entering that river.

With the exception of a few hours on two or three days, Dr. Richardson's party experienced contrary winds during their entire progress; and, latterly, were delayed, and compelled to round every inlet of a deep bay, by thick ice driving in from seaward, and packing closely on the shore. The boats' crews, however, without suffering their exertions to flag, and taking every advantage of wind and tide, cut a passage with the hatchet; and by four days of hard labour cleared this obstacle, the most troublesome that occurred during their voyage along the coast.

Although they saw much heavy floe-ice, some of

it aground even in nine fathom water, yet none of it bore marks of being more than one season old; and from the heights of land they could discern lanes of open water outside, so that a ship, properly strengthened for such a voyage, could make way through it with a favouring breeze.

Throughout the whole line of coast they had regular tides, the flood setting from the eastward; the rise and fall being from a foot to twenty inches. In the Dolphin and Union Straits, the current, in the height of flood and ebb, exceeded two miles an hour. They found drift timber every where, and a large portion of it, on many parts of the coast, lay in a line from ten to fifteen, and in some places upwards of twenty feet above the ordinary spring-tide water-mark, apparently thrown up by a heavy sea. The coast, in such places, was unprotected by islands; and the inference is, that in *some* seasons at least, if not every year, there exists a long fetch of open water.

After the first rapid, in the Coppermine river, Dr. Richardson's party abandoned the boats, with the remainder of their cargoes of provision, iron-work, beads, &c. to the first party of Esquimaux which should chance to pass that way; and on the 10th of August set out by land, with ten days' provisions, and their personal baggage reduced to a single blanket and a few spare mockasins, that they might travel as lightly as possible; and, further to reduce the men's loads, the tents were left behind, and Mr. Kendall carried the astronomical instruments.

They reached the eastern end of Bear Lake, at the influx of Dease's river, on the 18th, and remained there until the evening of the 24th, before the boats arrived to convey them to Fort Franklin.

The person to whom the boats were entrusted, and who was sent off from Fort Franklin on the 6th of August, with the necessary supplies, and the strictest injunctions from Mr. Dease to use diligence in get-

ting to the river, did not arrive on the latest day appointed for his appearance (the 20th), from a vague belief that Dr. Richardson's party would never return, and that he should make a needless voyage, and remain long waiting for them in vain. He therefore loitered by the way; and after the 20th Dr. Richardson was obliged to distribute his party into hunting and fishing groups, to procure subsistence. In these operations they were tolerably successful; and they also obtained supplies from a tribe of Indians, so that they had abundance. Dr. Richardson was not able to collect his party for embarkation until the evening of the 28th; and they reached the fort, after an absence from it of seventy-one days, the whole party in perfect health, and more fit, with regard to bodily strength, to undertake a similar expedition than they were at setting out.—*Lit. Gazette.*

Astronomical Occurrences

In OCTOBER 1828.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Scorpio at 32m. after 10 in the morning of the 23d of this month; and he will be eclipsed early in the morning of the 9th; but the eclipse will be *invisible* in this country. The conjunction will take place at 18¼ m. past 0 in the morning, in longitude 6s. 15° 40½′; Moon's latitude 6½′ south. The Sun will be centrally eclipsed on the meridian between 12 and 1 in the morning, in longitude 174° 6½′ east, and latitude 13° 7¼′ south. The Sun will also rise and set, during the same interval, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

October 1st, Sun rises	12	m. after	6.	Sets	48	m. after	5
6th	22	.....	6	....	38	.....	5
11th	31	.....	6	....	29	.....	5
16th	41	.....	6	....	19	.....	5
21st	51	.....	6	....	9	.....	5
26th	0	.....	7	....	0	.....	5
31st	9	.....	7	....	51	.....	4

Equation of Time.

By employing the Equation of Time, as directed in the following Table, the time which should be indicated by a well-regulated clock will be found from that given by a good sun-dial: viz.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Wednesday, Oct.	1st, from the time by the dial *sub.*	10	25
Monday.....	6th	11	55
Saturday.....	11th	13	15
Thursday....	16th	14	24
Tuesday	21st	15	18
Sunday.....	26th	15	56
Friday	31st	16	15

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon ..	9th day, at	18	m. after	0 in the morning.
First Quarter	16th	47	.....	6 .....
Full Moon ..	23d	12	.....	1 .....
Last Quarter	30th	34	.....	4 in the afternoon.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the first meridian at the following times this month, which will afford opportunities for observation, if the weather prove favourable: viz.

October 1st, at	23	m. after	6 in the morning
2d ..	9	.....	7 .....
3d ..	55	.....	7 .....
4th ..	40	.....	8 .....
5th ..	24	.....	9 .....
14th ..	44	.....	4 in the afternoon
15th ..	41	.....	5 .....
16th ..	37	.....	6 .....
17th ..	33	.....	7 in the evening
18th ..	27	.....	8 .....
19th ..	21	.....	9 .....
20th ..	13	.....	10 .....
29th ..	8	.....	5 in the morning
30th ..	54	.....	5 .....
31st ..	39	.....	6 .....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

The tide will be at its height at London Bridge at the following times during this month; and those for

the intermediate days may be found by proportion, as well as the times of High Water at several other places, by employing the numbers given at p. 19, as there directed.

TABLE OF TIDES.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
October 1st, at	42 m. after 7		11 m. after 8	
6th ..	2	0	28	0
11th ..	34	3	50	3
16th ..	27	7	0	8
21st ..	34	0	2	1
26th ..	12	4	32	4
31st ..	2	8	29	8

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This beautiful planet still shines with great brightness; and the following is the proportion of her phases: viz.

October 1st { Illuminated part = 5·61930
Dark part .... = 6·35061

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

None of these eclipses are visible this month.

Form of Saturn's Ring.

October 1st { Transverse axis = 1·000
Conjugate axis = — 0·360

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

October 16th, with β in Capricorn at 10 in the evening.

Other Phenomena.

Georgium Sidus will be stationary on the 5th of this month; and be in quadrature at a quarter past 9 in the evening of the 21st. Venus will attain her greatest elongation on the 7th, and Mercury on the 23d. Saturn will also be in quadrature at 11 in the morning of the 27th. Venus will be in conjunction with α in Leo, at 1 in the afternoon of the 7th.

To the Occurrences of this month, we shall subjoin the following beautiful and poetical description of the southern hemisphere, from the 'Pelican Island:'

Night, silent, cool, transparent, crowned the day;
The sky receded farther into space,
The STARS came lower down to meet the eye,
Till the whole hemisphere, alive with light,
Twinkled from east to west, by one consent;
The CONSTELLATIONS round the arctic pole,
That never set to us, here scarcely rose;
But in their stead, *Orion* through the north
Pursued the *Pleiads; Sirius* with his keen
Quick scintillations, in the zenith reigned.
The south unveiled its glories—there, the *Wolf*,
With eyes of lightning, watched the *Centaur*'s spear;
Through the clear hyaline, the *Ship* of heaven
Came sailing from eternity; the *Dove*,
On silver pinions, winged her peaceful way;
There, at the footstool of Jehovah's throne,
The *Altar*, kindled from his presence, blazed;
There, too, all else excelling, meekly shone
The CROSS, the symbol of redeeming love:
The heavens declared the glory of the Lord,
The firmament displayed his handy-work.

The Naturalist's Diary

For OCTOBER 1828.

The SWALLOW.

The visitress of man, on earth
She resteth not her flagging wing,
But seeks at once the blessed roof
To which, in youth, she loved to cling.

She feedeth not on earthly food,
But, glancing through the sunny sky,
Seems from the very element
To gather immortality.

For who hath ever found her grave,
Or seen her virgin form decay?
When wintry death is prowling round,
Where lives she then? Aloft,—away!

Her flight is won: but hath she left
Nought but her clay-built nest behind?
No treasure to reward her host,
No moral to refresh his mind?

Yes: she hath shown him constant love,
Contentment with her simple lot;
And scorn of earth, o'er which *his* soul
Passeth—like her—but tarrieth not!

Literary Souvenir.

At the beginning of this month, or about the end of September, some summer birds of passage, of which the *swallow* is the first, take their departure for warmer regions. At the time when swallows are congregated, in the autumn, for the purpose of migrating, a part of them have been observed to ascend in the air, in a spiral direction, beyond the reach of human vision, and, after continuing out of sight a short time, to descend again. Sometimes they would continue to do this, at intervals, for two or three days together; and then all would disappear. Query: Do they ascend in this manner to ascertain whether there is an upper current of air favourable to their migration? and do they prefer migrating high in the air, in order to have a greater scope of vision? A young swallow, which was kept alive by a lady, was observed to become uneasy as the time of migrating approached; and when its cage was hung in the air, the wild swallows came about it, and appeared to invite it to go with them. After they had all disappeared, it became tolerably easy. The following extraordinary circumstance in the natural history of the swallow, which occurred at Christ Church, Ipswich (the residence of the Rev. Mr. Fonnereau), very forcibly illustrates the unusual coldness and backwardness of the season, in the year 1816. On the mornings of the 5th and 6th of June, the gardeners could have taken up hundreds of swallows in their hands: they were collected in knots, and sat on the grass, in parcels of thirty and forty. This, there is reason to believe, was owing both to cold and hunger. The same summer many house-martins were found dead on the ground in Norfolk, and others were so weak that the cats sprang upon them, and caught them as they flew near the ground. A pair of these birds, which had completed a nest under the eaves of a house, were both found dead in it before any eggs were laid. From the above circumstances, birds of

this kind were unusually scarce throughout the summer.—*Linn. Trans.* vol. xv, part i, pp. 32, 33.

The *Acherontia Atropos*, or death's-head hawk-moth.—The common occurrence of the *caterpillars* of the death's-head moth, during the last two or three years, has been universally noticed; and various accounts have appeared in the journals, describing their size and beauty; but so many of them perish in the chrysalis, that the moth was less abundant. The caterpillars feed upon the flowers and leaves of the potatoe, and upon the jasmine, and, it is also said, upon the hemp, elder, and woody nightshade; concealing themselves, during the day, beneath the leaves, and under the ground, and coming out only in the evening to feed; by which means they are protected from the piercing rays of the sun, and from the attacks of the ichneumonidæ. Towards the end of summer, especially in September, they are full fed, when they bury themselves, and become pupæ. The *moths* are found in September, but more generally in *October*: they are not easily injured, and from the peculiar sound they emit (faintly resembling the squeaking of a mouse), as well as from the death's head upon the thorax, they were formerly considered 'the messengers of pestilence and of death.' They are sometimes found in houses, and upon the trunks of trees; and in MR. HATCHET'S fine collection are several specimens that were captured in a very singular way:—a vessel was lying at anchor off the coast of Devon, when a number of these *sphinges* came to a lanthorn on board, and about a dozen of them were knocked down by the sailors. A beautiful male moth, and the caterpillar, are figured in Plate 147 of MR. CURTIS'S *British Entomology*.

Manufacture produced by Caterpillars.

M. Habenstreet, of Munich, an old officer, by patiently directing the labour of caterpillars within a

limited space, has succeeded in producing an entirely new and very extraordinary kind of fabric. These caterpillars are the larva of a butterfly known by the name of *Tinea punctata*, or, according to other naturalists, *Tinea padilla*. Their instinct leads them to construct above themselves a covering (*tente*) of extreme fineness, but nevertheless, firm enough to be impenetrable by air; which covering can be easily detached from them. The inventor has made these insects work on a suspended paper model, to which he gives exactly the form and size which he requires. He has thus obtained at pleasure, among other articles, square shawls of the dimensions of an ell; shawls two ells in length and one in width; an aerostatic balloon, four feet high, by two in horizontal diameter; a lady's entire dress, with sleeves, but without seam. When he wishes to give to the fabric any prescribed shape, he touches the limits with oil. Two caterpillars, at most, are enough to produce an inch square of this fabric. The fabric, although perfectly consistent, surpasses the finest cambric in lightness. The balloon mentioned weighs less than five grains. The warmth of the hand is sufficient instantly to inflate it; and the flame of a single match, held under it for a few seconds, is enough to raise it to a very considerable height, whence it will not descend for half an hour. When a shawl of the size of a square ell has been well stretched, it has been blown into the air by means of a small pair of bellows, and then resembles a light smoke, subject to the slightest agitation of the atmosphere. The dress with sleeves, and without a seam, M. Habenstreet presented to the Queen of Bavaria, who had it mounted on another dress, and has worn it on several great occasions. The threads of which the new manufacture is composed, are placed one above the other, and glued together as they quit the caterpillar. To increase the thickness, when desired, the caterpillars are made to

pass repeatedly over the same plain. A shawl of a square ell in size costs only eight francs.

The *throstle*, the *red-wing*, and the *field-fare*, which migrated in March, now return; and the *ring ouzel* arrives from the Welsh and Scottish Alps to winter in more sheltered situations. About the middle of the month, the common martin disappears; and, shortly afterwards, the smallest kind of swallow, the sand-martin, and the stone-curlew, migrate. The Royston or hooded crow arrives from Scotland and the northern parts of England, being driven thence by the severity of the season. The *woodcock* returns, and is found on our eastern coasts. On the *migration of birds*, see T. T. for 1823, pp. 303-307; and for 1824, p. 271.

Various kinds of *water-fowl* now make their appearance. 'While one part of the creation' (observes M. Chateaubriand) 'daily publishes, in the same places, the praise of the Creator, another portion travels to relate his wonders to the whole earth. Couriers traverse the air, glide in the waters, and speed their course across mountains and valleys. These, arriving on the wings of the Spring, enliven its nights with their songs, build their nests among its flowers, and, disappearing with the zephyrs, follow their moveable country from climate to climate; those repair to the habitation of man; as travellers from distant climes, they claim the rights of ancient hospitality. Each follows his inclination in the choice of a host; the *red-breast* applies at the cottage; the *swallow* knocks at the palace: this daughter of a king still seems attached to grandeur, but to grandeur, melancholy like her fate; she passes the summer amid the ruins of Versailles, and the winter among those of Thebes. Scarcely has she disappeared, when we behold a colony advancing upon the winds of the north, to supply the place of the travellers to the south, that

no vacancy may be left in our fields. In a hoary day of autumn, when the north-east wind blows over the plains, and the woods are losing the last remains of their foliage, a numerous troop of wild ducks, all ranged in a line, traverse in silence a melancholy sky. If they perceive, while aloft in the air, some Gothic castle surrounded by marshes and by forests, it is there they prepare to descend: they wait till night, making long evolutions over the woods. Soon as the vapours of the eve enshroud the valley, with outstretched neck and whirring wing, they suddenly alight on the waters which resound with their noise. A general cry, succeeded by profound silence, rises from all the marshes. Guided by a faint light, which, perhaps, gleams through the narrow window of a tower, the travellers approach its walls, favoured by the reeds and by the darkness. There, clapping their wings, and screaming, at intervals, amid the murmur of the winds and of the rain, they salute the habitation of man.

'One of the handsomest of the inhabitants of these solitudes, who likewise changes her country, but whose peregrinations are less distant, is the *water-hen*. She appears on the border of the sedges, buries herself in their labyrinths, appears, and vanishes again, uttering a low, savage cry: she passes from simplicity to grandeur, from the hut of some indigent Pelagus to the ditch of the neighbouring palace. She is fond of perching on the coats of arms, sculptured on the walls. When she remains motionless on them, you would take her, with her sable plumage and the white patch on her head, for an emblazoned bird, fallen from the escutcheon of an ancient knight. At the approach of spring, she retires to unfrequented streams; she seeks the trunk of some willow, which, like a flower-pot, shoots forth the golden-rod and the larkspur, sprung from seed wafted thither by the winds. A root, undermined by the waters, affords an asylum to the wanderer; she there conceals herself

from every eye to accomplish the grand law of Nature. The convolvulus, the mosses, the water maiden-hair, suspend draperies of verdure before her nest, in order to present to her only pleasing images; the cress and the lentil supply her with a delicate food; the soft murmuring of the water soothes her ear; beautiful insects present themselves to her eye; and the Naiads of the stream, the more completely to conceal this youthful mother, plant around her their distaffs of reeds, covered with empurpled wool.

'Among these travellers from the north, there are some who habituate themselves to our manners, and refuse to return to their native land: some, like the companions of Ulysses, are captivated by the delicious sweets of certain fruits; others, like the deserters from the vessel of the British circumnavigator, are seduced by enchantresses who detain them in their islands. Most of them, however, leave us after a residence of some months: they are attached to the winds and the storms which tarnish the polish of the waves, and deliver to them that prey which would escape them in transparent waters; they love none but unknown retreats, and make the circuit of the globe by a round of solitudes.

'It is not always in *troops* that these birds visit our habitations. Sometimes two beauteous strangers, white as snow, arrive with the frosts; they descend in the midst of a heath, on an open place, where it is impossible to approach them without being perceived; after resting a few hours, they again soar above the clouds. You hasten to the spot from which they departed, and find nothing but a few feathers, the only marks of their passage, already dispersed by the wind. Happy the men, who, like the swan, have quitted the earth, without leaving behind them any other relics, or any other memorials than a few feathers from their wings!

'Concordances with the scenes of Nature, or reasons of utility to man, determine the different migra-

tions of animals. The birds that appear in the months of storms have dismal voices and savage manners, like the season which brings them; they come not to be heard, but to listen: there is something in the dull roaring of the woods that charms their ears. The trees, which mournfully wave their leafless summits, bear only black legions, which have associated for the winter; they have their sentinels and their advanced guards: frequently a crow, who has seen a hundred winters, the ancient Sybil of the deserts, who has survived several generations, remains singly perched on an oak which has grown old with her; there, while all her sisters maintain a profound silence, motionless, and, as it were, full of thought, she delivers prophetic monosyllables, from time to time, to the winds. It is very remarkable, that the teal, the duck, the goose, the woodcock, the plover, the lapwing, which serve us for food, all arrive when the earth is bare; while, on the contrary, the *foreign* birds by which we are visited in the season of fruits, administer only to our pleasures; they are musicians sent to heighten the delights of our banquets. We must, however, except a few, such as the *quail* and the *wood-pigeon*, the season for taking which does not commence till after the harvest, and which fatten on our corn, that they may afterwards supply our tables. Thus, the birds of winter are the manna of the rude northern blasts, as the nightingales are the gift of the zephyrs: let the wind blow from whatever point of the horizon it will, it is sure to bring us a present from Providence.'

During the months of *October*, *November*, and *December*, at the fall of the leaf, insects become less numerous, but many of the Hemiptera may be found in woods, by beating the ferns and underwood, also many very beautiful *Tineæ* and *Tortrices*; and aquatic insects may be taken in ponds, in great numbers. Roots of grass, decayed trees, &c. may again be re-

sorted to.—*Samouelle's Introduction to British Entomology*, p. 316.

Fall of the Leaf.

The leaves of trees and shrubs, having lasted the time allotted them by nature, shrink and drop off, producing annually the phenomenon called the 'fall of the leaf.' With respect to the cause of this, it is sufficient at present to say, that each leaf falls because it is weakened or dead, and also because it is separated by an action in the living branch from which it grew. The bare death of a leaf is not sufficient to cause its fall; for when both leaf and plant are killed by lightning, by a cutting wind, or by any other sudden cause, the *dead leaf* will adhere tenaciously to the *dead branch*. There are some plants which it is very difficult to preserve by drying in the usual manner, because their leaves all separate; and for this reason, they become dead sooner than the parts from which they grow, and these parts retain vital action enough to throw them off. The remedy, however, is simple; imitate the stroke of lightning, or whatever will at once *kill the whole plant:* all will then die together, and consequently the dead branch will have no power to cast off the dead leaf. The remedy is to dip the specimen in *boiling water* before committing it to paper. The heaths, especially, are said to require this treatment, as do also the succulent plants, though on a somewhat different account; for as the latter can live almost independent of roots, they continue to vegetate during the usual process of drying, and it is not uncommon to find them, when pressed in books, running through the whole process of flowering, and even producing seeds. Brown mentions that the leaves of the *smooth acacia* (which are not succulent indeed, but sensible like those of the sensitive plant) will spread and contract, after they have been in paper for a month or six weeks.

The change of temperature from hot to cold seems to be one principal circumstance connected with the death and fall of the leaf; and hence it is, that European trees grown in the southern hemisphere, cast their leaves at the approach of winter there, which is about the same period of the year that they put them forth in their own climate.

Some birds cast their feathers all at once, and in consequence, being unable to fly, are caught in great numbers. These may be compared to most trees in our regions, which part with their leaves in a few weeks, and remain bare till the following spring. But in most birds the casting and renewing of their feathers is a gradual process; and when the change is going on, no inconvenience from want of clothing is felt by the animal; as although it is constantly losing some of its old plumage, an equal quantity of new is coming forward to supply its place.

Now, in trees in hot countries the leaves are changed, though not so often as with us, but there is no general moulting. The trees are constantly losing leaves, but as constantly repairing the loss; so that they are always clothed, and present no change that can be denominated the *'fall of the leaf.'*

With respect to the *colour* of leaves, it is almost unnecessary to say that in most plants it is *green;* but in different species the green varies much in intensity. Some plants have a foliage coloured very differently from green, and many, whose leaves are of this colour on the upper surface, are of a different hue on the under. Scarcely any plant has a more beautiful, satiny, deep green above than the shining-leaved *begonia,* but beneath it is universally reddish, and traversed in every direction by reticulated dark-red veins. Some species have naturally several colours in the same leaf, and by art and culture this circumstance is rendered frequent, as may be observed in the many variegated plants of shrubberies and gardens. This variegation, which may be considered

as a sort of disease, is much more common in petals than in common leaves, and hence the endless varieties of the tulip, hyacinth, &c. Red is a very common colour in the leaves of many plants, when they begin to decay, and in some long before they fall; as in the common dog-wood, the Virginian creeper, many species of the rose, &c.

The *changes of colour* in the leaves of plants, especially of trees, which take place in *autumn*, are familiar to every one, but are more particularly interesting to the eye of the painter, and the contemplation of the moralist. The one finds in them some of the best subjects for the warmth and beauty of his pencil; the other contrasts these changing leaves with the races of men, which having flourished through the spring and summer of life, fall at last, in the autumn of their existence, into decay, and are swept by the wintry breath of age into the tomb, and are no more found. Trees have thus been ever considered as emblems of human life, and, in all ages, affecting views and comparisons have been drawn of their progress from debility and infancy to youth, strength, maturity, and inevitable final decay. The heathen and the atheist have found in them emblems of eternal oblivion, to which they suppose man with all his high-born hopes is to be consigned. As the leaves of the tree fall and perish for ever, so *they* represent that, when man returns to his mother earth, it is only to mingle with the unthinking material elements; that never more shall he be conscious of existence; and that he, his virtues, and his crimes, sink into irrevocable annihilation. Yet as no particle of matter is ever lost, though it may undergo a thousand changes of the most extraordinary kind, so we may rest satisfied that *mind is equally indestructible;* and though it be impossible for us to trace its flight or modifications after death, there is no reason for a moment to question its *future existence*, and its *immortality*. Every thing revealed and ra-

tional teaches us that the soul is destined to survive 'the wreck of elements and crush of worlds,' and that it may go on in increasing knowledge and happiness for ever.

All is in change—yet there is nothing lost:
The dew becomes the essence of the flower
Which feeds the insect of the sunny hour—
Now leaf; now pinion;—though the hills were tost
By the wild whirlwinds, like the summer dust,
Would not an atom perish;—Nature's power
Knows not annihilation, and her dower
Is universal Fitness never crost.
Is all eternal save the mind of man—
The masterpiece and glory of the whole,
The wonder of creation?—Is a span
To limit the duration of the soul—
To drop ere its career is well begun,
Like a proud steed far distant from the goal?[1]

Management of Bulbs in Water-Glasses.

There are various methods of managing these elegant ornaments to the parlour or drawing-room. Sometimes a large vessel two or three feet in diameter, and a foot deep, has a cover fitted to it; in this cover are holes (the largest towards the centre) in concentric circles, on which to place a collection of bulbs, from the crocus, which is placed outside, to the strongest polyanthus, or narciss, which when in flower forms the apex of the cone in the centre. Sometimes a cone, or semi-globe, or semi-dome, is formed by tin troughs six or eight inches deep, and not wider than two inches, to which covers with holes for the bulbs are fitted. This construction admits of placing bulbs in horizontal rows rising above one another to the apex of the cone or dome. The bulbs may either be mixed, or of the same species but of different varieties, as a cone of many different sorts of hyacinths, another of narcissi, tulips, &c. The cases being filled with water, and the bulbs placed over the holes, the

[1] Drummond's First Steps to Botany, pp. 152, et seq. *Second Edition.*

whole cone should then be neatly covered with green moss, so as to show only a part of the necks of the bulbs. They will grow beautifully; and when the flower-stalks can no longer support themselves, there is a wire ring to each trough about six inches above its surface, and another three inches above that, to which they, as well as any weak leaves, can be tied. The water in each trough can be renewed, without disturbing the bulbs, by a small cock which points to the inside of the cone or dome; and to the whole there is a tin bottom to collect any drops of water which may escape from leakage or otherwise. The invention of this mode is by some attributed to a Dutchman, and by others to a Russian, it having been chiefly displayed in some of the palaces at Petersburg. The general mode of planting bulbs on water is by *flower-glasses*, well known to every one. There are two sorts; one with darkened glass, which is best for the roots, as excluding the light; and the other with bright glass, which shows to the spectator the progress of them. Here each bulb is grown by itself, and when its flower, stem, or leaves, require support, one or more props are affixed to the base in which the glass is placed. All sorts of bulbs may most probably be blown on water; but those chiefly so blown are the hyacinth, polyanthus, narciss, early tulip, Persian iris, crocus, and a few others. The colchicum, Guernsey lily, saffron crocus, and some other autumnal bulbs, will also flower very well in this way: the *variegated colchicum*, when it is prolific in flowers, has a very fine appearance.

The season for placing the bulbs on water may be at any period after they have been matured; but the most usual time with spring bulbs is *October*, and from that month to February; and with autumnal bulbs, August and September. Planting in earth for a few weeks such bulbs as are to be blown on water, is the best mode of causing them to protrude roots freely, which, when they are placed on water at once, is not

always the case." Whenever the roots are a quarter of an inch in length, take them out of the earth, wash them gently so as not to injure the radicles, and then place them on the water.

"It is not essential that bulbs on water should be placed in much heat, for the principal stimulus to a new-planted bulb is the moisture; and if the room in which the glasses are placed be kept to 45° or 48°, that will promote their vegetation for some time as much as 10° or 15° higher. When the flower-stem has risen an inch or two, then the heat may be considerably increased: that is, the glasses may be moved from a room without a fire to one where a fire is kept, and where the temperature will generally be found between 55° and 65°. Here they will advance with considerable rapidity, especially if placed on a stand or stage near a window of south or south-east aspect. They will blow, however, without any sun; but the colours of the flowers will be inferior. It is a remarkable circumstance with respect to the *crocus*, that its petals expand during a tolerably bright candle or lamp light, in the same way as they do during the light of the sun. If the candle be removed, the crocuses close their petals, as they do in the garden when a cloud obscures the sun; and when the artificial light is restored, they open again as they do with the return of the direct solar rays.

"Those who keep bulbs on water are often at a loss when to change it. There is no fixed time for this purpose: the principle is to keep the water sweet and pure. In a temperature of 45° or 48°, when the bulbs are newly planted, this will be effected by changing once a week: at 60°, and the glass nearly filled with roots, the water will get putrid and show a muddiness in two or three days or less, and whenever it does so it ought to be changed. The operation of changing is easily done by one person, when the roots are only an inch or two long; but after the

flower-stems are of some length, and the roots nearly at the bottom of the glass, two persons become requisite; one to take out the bulb and hold it, and to dip its roots once or twice in a vessel of clear water, to clean them a little; and another to empty and rinse out the glass, and refill it with water. It is essential that the water used for renewal or for rinsing the roots, should be of the same temperature as that which it is to replace; and this can easily be done by keeping it a day or two in a room of similar temperature, or pouring a little hot water into cold water, and proving it with a thermometer. Whether the water be hard or soft is of no great consequence, but *soft* or rain water is considered preferable.

Forced bulbs are seldom good for any thing afterwards. However, those who wish to preserve them, may immerse them wholly in water for a few weeks, and then, having taken them up and dried them in the shade for a few days, they may be planted in a good soil, when they will sometimes flower the second year. It does not clearly appear in what way the water operates when the bulb is wholly immersed; but it is certain that bulbs so treated increase in size and solidity by it, and have an incomparably better chance of flowering the second year, than those which have not been so treated. Most probably their total immersion enables them to obtain a greater proportion of oxygen from the water.

Nosegays should have the water, in which their ends are inserted, changed on the same principle as bulbous roots; and a much faded nosegay, or one dried up, may often be recovered for a time, by covering it with a crystal bell or cap, or by substituting warm water for cold.—*Green-house Companion*, Second Edition, p. 251.

Willow Leaves.

[From the French of Mde. Aimable Tastu, by L. E. L.]

"Un jour je m'étais amusé à effeuiller une branche de saule sur un ruisseau, et à attacher une idée à chaque feuille, que le courant entraînait."—Chateaubriand.

The hour was fair, but Autumn's dying
Was upon leaf, and flow'r, and tree;
The sunshine with the season flying,
As I could feel my life from me.

Beside an aged trunk reclining,
All other darker days forgot,
The leaves fell, and the waves went pining,—
Lost in my dreams, I marked them not.

From the old willow o'er me bending,
My hand, unconscious, stripped a bough;
Then watched I the light leaves descending,
Borne on by the blue current's flow.

Idlesse it hath the vaguest dreaming,—
From their course sought I to divine;
And mid those o'er the waters streaming
Chose I one for my fortune's sign.

Skiff-like it flowed with peace before it,
Till choice of mine upon it fell,—
Then rudely prest the wild waves o'er it—
It sunk: I chose mine emblem well!

Another leaf! to some hope clinging,
A miracle might guard its way;
'Twas my lute's fate—the wind past, flinging
My oracle, my hope away.

To the wave where my fortunes leave me
My genius passes with the gale:
Shall I trust to it, to bereave me
Of dearer vow?—my spirits fail.

E'en while at its own weakness blushing,
My sick heart sinks beneath its fear;
That heart is weak, and dark clouds rushing,
Are all its omens bid appear.

Down from my hand the green bough falling,
I leave the willow and the stream;
Yet still their omens drear recalling,
Those prophet leaves haunt midnight's dream.

Literary Gazette.

Account of the WILD PIGEON *of America.*

[By M. Audebert.]

The immense flocks of these birds, which are observed in autumn, almost surpass belief; and yet the account here given is too well authenticated to be disputed, being communicated by a gentleman who has passed five and twenty years of his life among the wilds and woods of North America, in pursuit of the interesting study of *Ornithology:* the results of his useful labours will shortly, we understand, be submitted to the British public, under the immediate patronage of HIS MAJESTY.

Before sunset, says M. Audebert, I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles, where the pigeons were still passing, and this continued for three days in succession. The people were indeed all up in arms, and shooting on all sides at the passing flocks. The banks of the river were crowded with men and children, for here the pigeons flew rather low as they passed the Ohio. This gave a fair opportunity to destroy them in great numbers. For a week or more, the population spoke of nothing but pigeons, and fed on no other flesh but that of pigeons. The whole atmosphere, during this time, was strongly impregnated with the smell appertaining to their species.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of these mighty flocks, and the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The inquiry will show the astonishing bounty of the Creator in his works, and how universally this bounty has been granted to every living thing on that vast continent of America. We shall take, for example, a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile per minute. This will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and

eighty square miles; and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have *one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand* pigeons in one flock; and as every pigeon consumes full half a pint of food per day, the quantity must be *eight millions, seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day*, which is required to feed such a flock.

As soon as these birds discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below, and, at this time, exhibit their phalanx in all the beauties of their plumage; now displaying a large glistening sheet of bright azure, by exposing their backs to view, and, suddenly veering, they exhibit a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower over the woods, and are lost among the foliage for a moment, but they reappear as suddenly above; after which they alight, and, as if affrighted, the whole again take to wing with a roar equal to loud thunder, and wander swiftly through the forest to see if danger is near. Impelling hunger, however, soon brings them all to the ground, and then they are seen industriously throwing up the fallen leaves to seek for the last beech-nut or acorn; the rear ranks continually rising, passing over, and alighting in front in such quick succession, that the whole still bears the appearance of being on the wing. The quantity of ground thus swept up, or, to use a French expression, *moissonnée*, is astonishing; and so clean is the work, that gleaners never find it worth their while to follow where the pigeons have been. On such occasions, when the woods are thus filled with them, they are killed in immense numbers, yet without any apparent diminution. During the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, the whole settle on the trees to enjoy rest, and digest their food; but as the sun sinks in the horizon, they depart *en masse* for the roosting-place, not unfrequently hundreds of miles off, as has been ascertained by per-

sons keeping account of their arrival and of their departure from their curious roosting-places, to which I must now conduct the reader.

To one of those general nightly rendezvous, not far from the banks of Green River in Kentucky, I paid repeated visits. It was, as is almost always the case, pitched in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude of growth, but with little underwood. I rode through it lengthwise upwards of forty miles, and crossed it in different parts, ascertaining its width to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had chosen this spot, and I arrived there nearly two hours before the setting of the sun. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons with horses and waggons, guns, and ammunition, had already established different camps on the borders. Two farmers from the neighbourhood of Russelsville, distant more than one hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on pigeon meat; and here and there the people, employed in picking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the centre of large piles of those birds, all proving to me that the number resorting there at night must be immense, and probably consisting of all those then feeding in Indiana, some distance beyond Jeffersonville, and not less than one hundred and fifty miles off. The dung of the birds was several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting-place like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter I observed were broken at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest so much so, that the desolation already exhibited equalled that performed by a furious tornado. As the time elapsed, I saw each of the anxious persons about to prepare for action; some with sulphur in iron pots, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns double and treble

charged. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had yet arrived,—but all of a sudden I heard a cry of *'Here they come!'* The noise which they made, though distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived, and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the polemen. The current of birds, however, still kept increasing. The fires were lighted, and a most magnificent, as well as wonderful and terrifying sight was before me. The pigeons, coming in by millions, alighted every where one on the top of another, until masses of them, resembling hanging swarms of bees as large as hogsheads, were formed on every tree in all directions. Those heavy clusters were seen to give way, as the supporting branches, breaking down with a crash, came to the ground, killing hundreds of those which obstructed their fall, forcing down other equally large and heavy groups, and rendering the whole a scene of uproar and of distressing confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout, to those persons nearest me. The reports even of the different guns were seldom heard, and I knew only of their going off by seeing the owners reload them.

No person dared venture within the line of devastation, and the hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded sufferers being left for the next morning's operation. Still the pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued, however, the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, who, by his habits in the woods, was able to tell me, two hours afterwards, that at three miles he heard it distinctly. Towards the approach of day the noise rather subsided; but long ere objects were at all dis-

tinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they arrived the day before, and at sunrise none that were able to fly remained. The howlings of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, the lynx, the cougars, bears, raccoons, opossums, and polecats, were seen sneaking off the spot; whilst the eagles and hawks of different species, supported by a horde of buzzards and carrion crows, came to supplant them, and reap the benefits of this night of destruction. It was then that I, and all those present, began our entry among the dead and wounded sufferers. They were picked up in great numbers, until each had so many as could possibly be disposed of; and afterwards the hogs and dogs were let loose to feed on the remainder.—*Brewster's Journal of Science.*

The following *marine pictures* we introduce into our Diary as an agreeable relaxation for those idle personages who may happen to find themselves at the idlest of all sojourns, a watering place on the English coast.

To a Sea-weed, *picked up after a* Storm.

Exotic!—from the soil no tiller ploughs,
Save the rude surge;—fresh stripling from a grove,
Above whose tops the wild sea monsters rove;
—Have not the genii harboured in thy boughs,
Thou filmy piece of wonder!—have not those
Who still the tempest for thy rescue strove,
And stranded thee thus fair, the might to prove
Of spirits, that the caves of ocean house?

How else, from capture of the giant-spray,
Hurt-free escapest thou, slight ocean-flower?
—As if Arachne wove, thus faultless lay
The full-developed forms of fairy-bower;
—Who that beholds thee thus, nor with dismay
Recalls thee struggling thro' the storm's dark hour[1]!

[1] Poems and Translations from Schiller.

A CALM *at* SEA.

[By J. G. Percival, M.D'.]

The night is clear,
The sky is fair,
The wave is resting on the ocean;
And far and near
The silent air
Just lifts the flag with faintest motion.

There is no gale
To fill the sail,
No wind to heave the curling billow;
The streamers droop,
And trembling stoop,
Like boughs that crown the weeping willow.

From off the shore
Is heard the roar
Of waves in softest motion rolling;
The twinkling stars
And whisp'ring airs
Are all to peace the heart controlling.

The moon is bright,
Her ring of light,
In silver, pales the blue of Heaven,
Or tints with gold,
Where lightly rolled,
Like fleecy snow, the rack is driven.

How calm and clear
The silent air!
How smooth and still the glassy ocean!
While stars above
Seem lamps of love,
To light the temple of devotion.

The MEETING *of* SHIPS.

When o'er the silent seas alone
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
Oh! they who've felt it, know how sweet
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

' An American bard of high promise: see his 'Poems,' 2 vols. reprinted by that spirited publisher, Mr. Miller, in 1824.

'Ship a hoy!' our joyful cry;
Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,
While, answering back, the sounds we hear,
'Ship a hoy! what cheer, what cheer?'

Then sails are backed, we nearer come;
Kind words are said of friends and home:
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again. T. MOORE.

Bathing.

As I approached the hot and steaming beach,
The waves, that from the cliff's top had appeared
Small as the circles on a quiet pond
Made by a dipping fly, were now of strength
To make an anchored boat rock to and fro
With slow, full swing; the pleasanter to him
Who loves to dally with them, and to ride
Their swelling backs. There is a luxury
That city feasters and room-keeping souls,
And those that shiver if a breath of air
Thread their close folded garments, cannot know,
When on a summer's day, morn, noon, or eve,
The bather stands retired beside clear stream,
Or ever-whispering beach, and, one by one,
Throws off his heating garments, stopping oft
To cool, and watch the swelling waves, or stream
Crisping and sparkling; till, the last thin screen
Cast by, he stands an instant, free as first
Adam, ere sin brought shame; then he looks down
A moment on the enticing waters; longs
To leap, yet almost wishes to delay
The certain joy;—now a few steps retires;—
Draws one full breath;—bounds lightly on, and springs.

Then for the plunge—the sinking down—the boom
Of waters closing o'er his head—the rise
To air and light again—the quick rebound
Of the dashed waves;—and then the outstretched limbs,
Easily poising him, or oaring on,
As fancy wills:—now motionless he floats,
With arms thrown back, and swelling chest, and eyes
Gazing awhile upon the glorious sky,
A double pleasure;—now with quick stroke turns;
On this side, and on that, cuts smoothly on;—
Now prone, and now supine:—with head erect
He treads the waters now as on the land;

Now plunges down, and dives along beneath
The waves, that tell not of his track below;
Anon emerges at some distant spot
To take fresh breath, and wanton o'er and o'er,
Till, satiate and cool, he comes, at last,
Dripping and glistening to the shore or bank.

ATHERSTONE.

A solitary *evening walk* by the sea-side is thus exquisitely described by England's master-poet,—the lamented and matchless BYRON:—

It is the cooling air, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded
Circling all nature, hushed and dim and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

* * * * *

——— So we
Glide along the smooth and hardened sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Worked by the storms, yet worked as it were planned
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells
We turn to gaze—
upon the glittering sea,
And see the broad moon rise circling,
And hear the waves that splash—

At such a moment as this, we may truly say, with the same unrivalled *poet*,—

We are alone, but not alone as they,
Who, shut in chambers, think it loneliness;
The SILENT OCEAN, and the starlight bay—
The twilight glow which momently grows less—
The voiceless sands and dropping caves do lie
Around us——

NOVEMBER.

THIS was named, as the preceding months, according to the station which it occupied in the Romulean calendar; it was the ninth. The sign *Sagittarius* was appropriated to this month.

Remarkable Days

In NOVEMBER 1828.

1.—ALL SAINTS.

THIS festival served to commemorate all those saints and martyrs to whom no separate day had been assigned. An account of an extraordinary exhibition at *Lisbon*, on this day, may be seen in our last vol. p. 345. *Hallowe'en* is the eve of this day, on which many superstitious ceremonies are still observed in distant parts of the United Kingdom: see our former volumes.

Loaves of the Dead.—On the day after the festival of All Saints, at *Bonneval* and its environs, the bakers make long loaves or rolls, about half the thickness of a man's fist, which are called *pains aux morts*, or rolls of the dead; they are composed of flour and milk, and are eaten at breakfast, on this day, in almost every family.

2.—ALL SOULS.

This festival was instituted in the ninth century. The business of the day was to pray for souls detained in purgatory. The name is retained in our almanacks, because some tenures issue on the day.

5.—KING WILLIAM LANDED.

This king landed November 5, 1688, although, as Burnet informs us, his great anxiety was to land on the 4th.—See T.T. for 1826, p. 266.

5.—POWDER PLOT.

This day is kept to commemorate the diabolical

attempt of the *Papists* to blow up the Parliament House. See T.T. for 1814, p. 280; and T.T. for 1826, p. 267.

6.—SAINT LEONARD,

A French nobleman of great piety and benevolence, who died in the year 500. He was, *literally*, the patron of *captives*.

9.—LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Until the year 1214, the chief magistrates of London were appointed for life. The title of *lord*, in addition to that of mayor, was first granted by Richard II to Walworth, who slew *Wat Tyler*.—See our previous volumes; particularly that for 1826, p. 268.

11.—SAINT MARTIN

Was born in Hungary in 316, and was chosen Bishop of Tours in the year 374. He had the reputation of great zeal, piety, and meekness; and died at the age of eighty-four.—In reference to Saint Hubert and *Saint Martin*, some ingenious observations are made by a French antiquary, which illustrate the conformity between ancient and modern ceremonies. In the early part of November, he remarks, the Romans celebrated the solemnity of the *Lupercalia* in honour of Pan, that this god might preserve their flocks from the wolves, who, finding no food at this season of the year, were driven by hunger to seek the inmates of the shepherd's fold. Arrian tells us, that among the Celts there was a feast in honour of Diana, in which the Gauls, after returning from the chase, offered one of the animals they had taken as a sacrifice, and terminated the day's sport with feasting and revelry. As something like this custom is still in use in France, we may say that *Saint Hubert* is only another name for the Pagan goddess. The Greeks celebrated the *Anthesteria* in honour of Bacchus, treating one another, and giving entertainments, at which the servants were seated with their masters,

and mutually pledged each other in a loving cup, as is still done, in France, at the feast of *St. Martin*.

The Romans celebrated their *Dionysia* in honour of Bacchus, who was also called *Dionysius*; the peasants and the vine-dressers holding this festival at the close of the vintage: at this period, games were celebrated, and they ran about the streets with crowns of ivy on their heads, and the vine-leaved thyrsus in their hands. Of these customs, the feasting and debauchery of Martinmas alone remain among the vine-dressers and mechanics of the present day. It is still the custom, in many small towns in France, for the workmen to go to their masters who employed them during the year, to ask for *St. Martin's wine*, which is usually compounded for by a little money, scarcely ever refused, and which enables them to perpetuate the celebration of the little that remains of the Anthesteria and Dionysia.

13.—SAINT BRITIUS

Was a native of Tours, educated under St. Martin, and afterwards his successor. He died A.D. 444.

15.—SAINT MACHUTUS.

Saint Machutus, or *Maclou*, was son of Went, a noble Briton; he died on this day, A.D. 630, being then 130 years old. See T.T. for 1826, p. 272.

17.—SAINT HUGH,

Bishop of Lincoln, died in the year 1200. There is every reason to believe that he was a man of learning and piety.

20.—EDMUND, KING AND MARTYR,

Was the last titular king of East Anglia, and a tributary king to Etheldred. He is said to have been killed by the Danes in 870, because he would not renounce Christianity.

22.—SAINT CECILIA

Was a native of Rome, and was martyred by being plunged into boiling water (A.D. 230), because she

refused to acknowledge the gods of the Pagans.—A beautiful 'Ode to Music,' by Dr. Percival, may be seen in his 'Poems,' vol. ii, p. 117.

23.—SAINT CLEMENT

Was converted by St. Peter, and was a zealous coadjutor of the apostles. He is mentioned in Phil. iv, 3. He was Bishop of Rome, and is generally thought to have suffered martyrdom about the year 100.

23.—O. MART.

Old Martinmas-day, an ancient quarter-day.

25.—SAINT CATHERINE,

Virgin and martyr, is said to have been tortured by wheels turning with great rapidity, having nails, knives, &c. fastened on their rims, A.D. 305.

*26. 1826.—JOHN NICHOLS, F.S.A., DIED, ÆT. 81.

He was born at Islington, and educated at an academy kept by Mr. John Shield, a man of considerable learning, who appears to have taken great pains in cultivating the talents of such as, like the subject of this notice, recommended themselves by attention and docility. At this period it was proposed by his friends to educate him for the naval service, and to place him, at a proper time, under the protection of his maternal uncle, Lieut. T. Wilmot, a rising officer, who had been serving in 1747 under Captain, afterwards Admiral Barrington. But Mr. Wilmot's death, in 1751, defeated this scheme; and the goodness of Providence ultimately guided him to a different profession, and to a patron who could justly appreciate his rising abilities—Mr. William Bowyer, one of the most learned printers of his time. It was in 1757, before he was quite thirteen, that he was placed under Mr. Bowyer, who appears to have quickly discovered in his pupil that amiable and honourable disposition which distinguished him all his life. He had a tenacious memory, and was very early a lover of books; but his reading was desultory, and for some years his choice depended on the works which were submitted to Mr. Bowyer's press. He had not been long in this advantageous situation, when his master gladly admitted him into his confidence, and intrusted him with cares which, in the case of many young men, would have been considered as unsuitable to their age, and requiring a more lengthened trial. But, besides the indispensable qualities of industry and integrity, Mr. Bowyer found another merit in his young apprentice; for he had brought with him no small portion of classical knowledge and taste, acquired at school,

and cultivated at his leisure hours. Mr. Bowyer appears to have been to him not only the instructive master, but the kind and indulgent friend. In 1760, when he was only in his sixteenth year, Mr. Bowyer enjoined him, as an evening's task, to translate a Latin poem of his own, published in 1733, and entitled 'Bellus homo et Academicus:' this was executed with considerable spirit and humour. In the following year (1761) Mr. Bowyer associated him with himself in translating the Westminster Verses on the previous coronation of George the Second. The applause bestowed on these efforts led Mr. Nichols to become a more constant votary of the Muses; and from 1761 to 1766, many of his productions appeared in the periodical journals. In 1763 he published two poetical pamphlets in 4to, viz. 'Islington, a Poem,' and 'The Buds of Parnassus,' which was republished in 1764, with additional poems. In 1765 he contributed several poems to a miscellaneous collection by Dr. Perfect, of Town-Malling, entitled 'The Laurel Wreath,' 2 vols. 8vo. During his minority he also produced some prose essays on the manners of the age, which were published in a periodical paper, written chiefly by Kelly, entitled 'The Babbler,' and in a newspaper called 'The Westminster Journal.' So amply had he fulfilled Mr. Bowyer's expectations as to prudence and judgment, that, before his apprenticeship expired, he sent him to Cambridge to treat with that University for a lease of their exclusive privilege of printing Bibles; a negotiation which required great delicacy and presence of mind. His endeavours proved unsuccessful only because the University determined, on due consideration, to keep the property in their own hands. It was, perhaps, during this journey, and among the venerable foundations of Cambridge, that he first imbibed a portion of that taste for topographical history, which, in more advanced life, became so prominent a feature in his literary pursuits.—Mr. Bowyer had been long sensible of the essential importance of Mr. Nichols's services in his printing establishment; and in 1766 took him into partnership. This union, one of the most cordial that ever was formed, lasted until the death of Mr. Bowyer, in 1777. As the latter continued to be not only the printer, but the intimate friend and assistant in the learned labours of some of the first scholars of the age, Mr. Nichols had frequent opportunities, which he never neglected, of acquiring their notice and esteem. He had not, indeed, been long associated with Mr. Bowyer as a partner, before he began to be considered as his legitimate successor, and acquired the esteem and patronage of his friends in no common degree.

The first work in which he was concerned as an author was 'The Origin of Printing, in two Essays,' 1774, "the original idea of which was Mr. Bowyer's, the completion of it his partner's." The foreign journals spoke of this work with respect, as well as those at home; and Mr. Nichols derived considerable

fame from it. He was now enabled to add to the number of his literary friends the names of Sir James Burrough and Sir John Pringle, as he had before acquired the esteem and acquaintance of Dr. Birch, Dr. Parsons, Dr. Warton, Dr. Farmer, and the Earl of Marchmont. Sir John Pringle was accustomed to submit his prize-medal speeches, which he intended for the Royal Society, to Mr. Nichols's perusal, before delivery, an honour of which so young a man may be forgiven, if he was somewhat proud.—Mr. Nichols, very early in life, conceived a high opinion of the merits of Dean Swift, in consequence of Mr. Bowyer's printing the 13th and 14th volumes of his Works in 1762. From this time he appears to have applied himself closely in search of the then uncollected writings of the Dean, and produced, in 1775, a supplemental volume to Dr. Hawkesworth's edition. This was afterwards incorporated, with many additions and valuable biographical notes, in what may be now considered the standard edition, first printed in 19 vols. 8vo, in 1800, reprinted in 1808; and to Mr. Nichols, incontestably, the public is indebted for the very complete state in which Dean Swift's Works are now found. His next publication, 'The Original Works, in Prose and Verse, of William King, LL.D. with Historical Notes,' 3 vols. 8vo, 1776, afforded another decisive proof of that taste for literary history and illustration, to which we owe the more important obligations conferred by his recent voluminous contributions to the biography of men of learning. In both the above-mentioned works, he acknowledges having been assisted by his amiable friend, Isaac Reed, of Staple Inn, who never was consulted on points of literary history without advantage.—In 1778, Mr. Nichols obtained a share in the Gentleman's Magazine, of which he became the editor; and from this period to the time of his death, not only actively superintended that publication, but was a constant contributor to its pages.—Many of the additional articles in the Biographical Dictionary, which he edited, in conjunction with Dr. Heathcote, in 1784, came from Mr. Nichols's pen; and to the much improved edition of that work in 1817, in 32 vols., by A. Chalmers, F.S.A., Mr. Nichols was happy in contributing much valuable assistance.

Although Mr. Bowyer's press had not issued many works interesting to English Antiquaries, Mr. Nichols appears, before the period to which we are now arrived, to have formed such connexions as gradually encouraged his early partiality for the study of the antiquities of his own country. Among these preceptors were Dr. S. Pegge, Borlase, Hutchins, Denne, and Dr. Ducarel. With the latter he was long linked in friendship; and in conjunction with him published, in 1799, the 'History of the Royal Abbey of Bec, near Rouen,' and 'Some Account of the Alien Priories, and of such Lands as they are known to have possessed in England and Wales,' 2 vols. But he had another coadjutor

in these two works, of incalculable value, Richard Gough, Esq. one of the most eminent antiquaries of the last century. Mr. Gough was his senior by ten years, and a higher proficient in his favourite studies. Their acquaintance commenced about the year 1770, when the first volume of the Archæologia was printed by Mr. Nichols; and their intimacy probably was perfected whilst Mr. Gough was superintending his friend Mr. Hutchins's 'History of Dorsetshire' through the press, in 1774. Their connexion, at whatever time begun, ended in a strict intimacy and cordial friendship, which terminated only in the death of Mr. Gough in 1809. Mr. Nichols lost no opportunity of honouring the memory of his departed friend; and his last office of duty was to select and transfer to the Bodleian Library, the valuable collection of Topography which Mr. Gough bequeathed to that noble repository.

In 1780, Mr. Nichols published a very curious 'Collection of Royal and Noble Wills,' 4to, originally suggested by Dr. Duarel, probably in consequence of the publication of the Will of Henry VII, by Mr. Astle, some years before.—Amidst these more serious employments, Mr. Nichols diverted his leisure hours by compiling a work, which seems to have been entirely of his own projection, and the consequence of early predilection. This appeared in 1780, with the title of 'A Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, with Historical and Biographical Notes,' 4 vols, small 8vo. To these were added, in 1782, four other volumes. In this work he has not only revived many pieces of unquestionable merit, which had long been forgotten, but produced some originals from the pens of men of acknowledged genius.—In the same year (1780), on the suggestion and with the assistance of Mr. Gough, he began to publish the 'Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica,' a work intended to collect such articles of British Topography, MS. or printed, as were in danger of being lost, or were become so scarce as to be out of the reach of most collectors. He had ready assistance in this undertaking from many eminent antiquaries of that day; and in 1790 the whole was concluded in fifty-two numbers, making eight large quarto volumes, illustrated by more than three hundred plates. A complete copy of this work is rarely to be found. In a pecuniary point of view, Mr. Nichols was a considerable loser by this work: he was rewarded, however, in the pleasure of the employment, and the consciousness that he was contributing much valuable information for the use of the public. He thought as little of expense as of fatigue, and to the fear of either he seems to have been an entire stranger. The publication of the Bibliotheca Topographica occupied ten years; but such was his unwearied industry, that within the same period no less than eighteen other productions appeared, of all which he was either editor or author. In 1781 he published, in 8vo, 'Biographical Anecdotes of William Hogarth.' This was

republished in 1782, again in 1785, and a fourth and more complete edition 1810-1817, in 3 vols. 4to, with reduced plates. In this work he originally received some important aid from the able pen of George Steevens, Esq. In 1822, when in his 78th year, Mr. Nichols superintended an edition of Hogarth's Works from the original plates restored by James Heath, Esq. and furnished the explanations of the subjects of the plates. In 1781 he was also the author of 'Biographical Memoirs of William Ged, including a particular account of his progress in the art of Block-printing.' But what in the course of years, and by slow gradations, almost imperceptibly became the most important of Mr. Nichols's biographical labours, was his 'Anecdotes of Bowyer, and of many of his literary Friends,' 4to, 1782. He had before printed (in 1778) twenty copies of 'Brief Memoirs of Mr. Bowyer,' 8vo, for distribution, "as a tribute of respect, amongst a few select friends."

His 'History of Leicestershire,' of which it has been justly said that it might have been the work of a whole life, was not the accomplishment of a complete design, distinctly laid down in plan, and regularly executed: it grew from lesser efforts, among which were, 'The History and Antiquities of Hinckley,' which he published in 1782, 4to. 'The History and Antiquities of Aston Flamvile and Burbach, Leicestershire,' 1787, 4to. 'Collections towards the History and Antiquities of the Town and County of Leicester,' 1790, 2 vols. 4to. About 1792, he was enabled to begin to print his great work of 'The History and Antiquities of the Town and County of Leicester,' of which, Parts I and II were published in 1795; a third in 1798, a fourth in 1800, a fifth in 1804, a sixth in 1807, the concluding part in 1811, and an Appendix in 1815, in which he was assisted by his son; the whole making four large volumes in folio, illustrated by views, portraits, maps, &c. If any proof were wanting of Mr. Nichols's power of literary labour, and, what is equally necessary, the frequent revision of that labour, the History of Leicestershire might be allowed to be completely decisive. During the years in which he was preparing this work, travelling into various parts of the county, and corresponding with, or visiting every person likely to afford information, he appeared as editor or author of no less than forty-seven articles. Among these were a second edition of 'Bowyer's Greek Testament.' 'Bishop Atterbury's Correspondence,' 5 vols. 8vo, illustrated, as usual, with topographical and historical notes. 'A Collection of Miscellaneous Tracts, by Mr. Bowyer.' 'The History and Antiquities of Lambeth Parish.' 'The Progresses and Royal Processions of Queen Elizabeth,' 2 vols. 4to, and a third in 1804. 'The History and Antiquities of Canonbury, with some Account of the Parish of Islington,' 4to. 'Illustrations of the Manners and Expenses of Ancient Times in England,' 4to. During the same

period, Mr. Nichols also published an edition of 'The Tatler,' 6 vols. 8vo, with notes respecting biography, but particularly illustrative of manners. From the sources that had supplied many of these, he edited afterwards, 'Sir Richard Steele's Epistolary Correspondence,' 2 vols. 8vo. 'The Lover and Reader.' 'The Town Talk, &c.' 'The Theatre and Anti-Theatre,' by the same author, 3 vols., all illustrated with notes, furnished from many forgotten records and family communications. Mr. Nichols first turned his attention to the British Essayists, in consequence of his connexion with Bishop Percy, Dr. Calder, and others, who intended to publish editions of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, with the same species of annotation.

The extent of Mr. Nichols's literary productions will appear yet more extraordinary, when we add that, during the period we have hastily gone over, he became engaged in some of those duties of public life which necessarily demanded a considerable portion of time and attention. In December 1784, the respect he had acquired in the City, induced his friends to propose him as a member of the Common Council for the Ward of Farringdon Without. He was accordingly elected, and, with the interval of only one year, held this situation till 1811, when he resigned all civic honours. During ten years of this period, he had been selected by Alderman Wilkes to act as his deputy; and on the death of that eminent individual, was solicited by his fellow-citizens of the Ward to become their Alderman, which honour he declined. The prevalence of party-spirit among those with whom he had been accustomed to act, had its effect in precipitating his retirement. Mr. Nichols was not qualified for the turbulence of political life: he could not indulge asperity of thought or of language; he had nothing of the malevolence of party-spirit, and never thought worse of any man for differing from him in opinion. In 1804, his views were directed to a distinction more in unison with his literary pursuits. He had for some time been a member of the Court of Assistants of the Stationers' Company; and in the above year attained what he called 'the summit of his ambition,' in being elected Master of the Company. The rooms of the Company are decorated by some valuable portraits presented by Mr. Nichols, among which are those of the elder and younger Bowyer; he also presented to the Company a bust of his predecessor,—and his portrait on copper-plate, in order that an impression from it might be given to every annuitant under Mr. Bowyer's will.

On the 8th of January 1807, Mr. Nichols had one of his thighs fractured by a fall; and on the 8th of February, 1808, experienced a far greater calamity, in the destruction, by fire, of his printing-office and warehouses, with the whole of their valuable contents. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find many instances of a stronger mind than Mr. Nichols displayed while suffering under both these

calamities. He was now in his 63d year, and could not be far from the age when 'the grasshopper is a burthen.' For fifty years he had led a life of indefatigable application, and had produced, from his own efforts, works enough to establish character and content ambition. He was not desirous of accumulating wealth, and the reward of his industry had been tardy; but it seemed now approaching, and he had reason to expect a gradual advantage from his various productions, and a liberal encouragement in his future efforts. It was, therefore, a bitter disappointment, when, at the close of a cheerful day, and reposing in the society of his family, he heard that his whole property in business was consumed in a few short hours! Under this heavy trial he was consoled by the tender affection of his family, and by the sympathy of a large circle of friends, some of whom made offers of unlimited pecuniary assistance—offers, of which, though he was happily under no necessity of availing himself, he was not the less gratefully sensible. Supported by these testimonies of feeling and esteem, he resumed his labours with an energy equal to that which he had displayed when in the prime of life. Besides completing his 'History of the County of Leicester,' already mentioned, he returned to his 'Life of Bowyer,' of which one volume had been printed, but not published, just before his fire, under the title of 'Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century,' &c. This he lived to extend to nine large volumes, 8vo; to which he afterwards, finding materials increase from all quarters, added four volumes, under the title of 'Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century; intended as a Sequel to the Literary Anecdotes.' A fifth volume was nearly printed, and a sixth in preparation, at the time of his death: of these it is hoped the public will not be long deprived, as Mr. Nichols had the happiness to leave a son fully acquainted with his designs, and amply qualified to perpetuate the reputation attached to his name. The fourth volume of the 'Illustrations' appeared in 1822; before which he had published, among other works, 'Hardinge's Latin, Greek, and English Poems,' 8vo, 1818; 'Miscellaneous Works of George Hardinge, Esq. 1819,' 3 vols. 8vo; a new edition of his 'Progresses of Queen Elizabeth,' with considerable additions, 3 vols. 4to; which, after a short interval, was followed by the 'Progresses of King James the First,' 3 vols.

Mr. Nichols's principal publications have now been cursorily mentioned: the public are, however, indebted to his talents and industry for many others, which the length of this article precludes us from noticing. Before we conclude, it may be proper to add, that, in 1800, he associated with himself in partnership John Bowyer Nichols, his son; and, in 1812, Samuel Bentley, his nephew. The partnership with his nephew was dissolved in

1818, when the latter entered into business in conjunction with his brother.

On the day of his death, Mr. Nichols had passed some cheerful hours with his family, and, as he was retiring to rest, gently sank down on his knees and expired, without any symptom of suffering. Sudden as his death was, it could not fail, even upon a slight reflection, to administer consolation. When the first impression was over, it was felt as a great blessing that Mr. Nichols had outlived the common age of man with entire exemption from the pains and infirmities he had witnessed in the case of some of his dearest friends. His old age imposed no necessity of leaving off his accustomed employments, or discontinuing his intercourse with society. His constitution, to the last, exhibited the remains of great strength and activity. His natural faculties continued unimpaired during the whole course of his life, with the exception of his sight, which for several years past had become by degrees less and less distinct. It may, however, be allowed to be an extraordinary instance of the kindness of Providence, and he felt it as such, that a degree of sight was still left, which enabled him to peruse and select, from the literary correspondence before him, such articles as were proper for his 'Illustrations.' As to printed books, he had the assistance of his amiable daughters, who were his amanuenses and librarians. Those who knew the ardour of his parental affection could easily perceive that, amidst a privation which would have sunk the spirits of most men, he had now a new source of domestic happiness and thankful reflection.

Mr. Nichols's character was remarkable for those qualities which procure universal esteem. The sweetness of his temper, and his disposition to be kind and useful, were the delight of his friends; and strangers went from him with an impression that they had been with an amiable and benevolent man. During his being a member of the corporation, he employed his interest, as he did elsewhere his pen, in promoting charitable institutions, and in contributing to the support of those persons who had sunk from prosperity, and whose wants he relieved in a more private manner. For very many years he filled the office of Registrar, or Honorary Secretary of the Literary Fund, which gratified his kind feelings, by enabling him to assist many a brother author in distress. Nor was his assistance less liberally afforded to those of his own profession, either in their outset in life, or when in difficulties.

It may afford a useful lesson, that Mr. Nichols preserved by exercise, and the vicissitudes of constant employment, a constitution naturally good. His mind was always employed on what was useful; and such a mind is made to last. Both mind and body, there is every reason to think, were preserved in vigour

by the uncommon felicity of his temper. There was much in the division of his time which enabled him to perform the arduous tasks which he imposed on himself. He began his work early, and despatched the business of the day before it became necessary to attend to public concerns, or to join the social parties of his friends. From his youth, he did every thing quickly. He read with rapidity, and soon caught what was important to his purpose. He spoke quickly, and that whether in the reciprocity of conversation, or when, which was frequently the case, he had to address a company in a set speech. He had also accustomed himself to write with great rapidity; but this he used jocularly to allow, although a saving of time, did not tend to improve his hand. Upon the whole, if usefulness be a test of merit, no man in our days has conferred more important favours on the republic of letters.

Mr. Nichols was twice married: first, in 1766, to Anne, daughter of Mr. William Cradock, who died in 1776, leaving two daughters, one of whom only survives; and secondly, in 1778, to Martha, daughter of Mr. William Green, of Hinckley, in Leicestershire, who died in 1788, leaving one son, *John Bowyer Nichols, Esq.* and four daughters, three of whom are still living. His only sister also survives him, the wife of Edward Bentley, Esq. of the Accountant's Office, in the Bank of England.—Mr. Nichols, at the time of his death, was probably the oldest native of Islington. His remains were deposited in the family vault in Islington Church-yard, only a very few yards from the house in which he was born.—See the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xcvi, part ii, p. 489; and New Monthly Magazine, vol. xxi, p. 73.

30.—SAINT ANDREW

Was the younger brother of *Simon Peter*. He was the first apostle who came to Christ. He is regarded as the tutelary Saint of Scotland; and the anniversary of the *Order of the Thistle* is on his day. The officers of the Royal Society of London are also elected on this day. The *Order of the Thistle* is described in T. T. for 1816, p. 283.

30.—ADVENT SUNDAY.

This, and the three following Sundays, precede the grand festival of Christmas, and take their name from the Latin *advenire*, to come into, or from *adventus*, an approach.—During Advent, a very singular spectacle presents itself to the stranger, who, unacquainted with the customs of the country, finds himself

alone, among the corn-fields and pastures of the Department of the Eure-et-Loir. On every side, he can discover nothing but fires and flames running over the fields, and every now and then he hears a certain shrill, but modulated noise. This phantasmagoria, which at first astonishes, and even alarms him, arises from the practice of a very ancient custom, still in use in this country, and in certain Cantons of Normandy. Every farmer fixes upon some day in Advent, for the purpose of *exorcising* such animals as prove injurious to his crops; and, for this purpose, he furnishes his youngest children with a prepared flambeau, well dried in the oven, and provided with combustible materials. If he has no children, his neighbours lend him theirs; for none but young and innocent children can command these injurious animals to withdraw from his lands. After twelve years of age, children are rendered unfit to perform the office of exorcists. These young children run over the country like so many little sprites, set fire to bundles of hay placed there for the purpose, go under the trees, and flourish their torches among the branches, burn the straw placed underneath, and continually cry out:—

Taupes, chenilles, et mulots,
Sortez, sortez de mon clos,
Où je vous brûle la barbe et les os.
Arbres, arbrisseaux,
Donnez-moi des pommes à minot.

'Mice, caterpillars, and moles, get out, get out of my field; or I will burn your beard and your bones: trees and shrubs, give me three bushels of apples.'

Many farmers, says M. Cochin, have given up this custom; but it is remarked, that they have more vermin in their grounds than those who practise it. The reason, however, is evident: it is quite true that fire and smoke will destroy the eggs of the caterpillar; but as to the mice and moles, I must confess, says M.

Cochin, I have discovered no convincing proof of the power of our young exorcists: the good people of the country, however, believe the remedy infallible, and this must surely satisfy the most incredulous! Many accidents might be supposed to arise from this lawless assembly of young torch-bearers, scattering their flames around them on every side:—but there is a remedy for all dangers; this fire never burns or injures any thing but the vermin against which it is directed; for such is the belief of the simple folks who inhabit the Department of the Eure-et-Loir.

Historical Particulars *of* Calais.

Calais was in the hands of the English for 210 years. It was taken by King Edward the Third, after a siege of eleven months, in 1347, and replanted with inhabitants chiefly from Kent. The English surrendered it to the Duke of Guise in 1557, after a siege of only eight days. The Spaniards held it from 1596 to 1598. With the surrender of it in 1557, the long-cherished hope of recovering the English dominions in France became extinguished: and how sensible Queen Mary was of this, may be gathered from her dying words. If her breast were opened, the word 'Calais' would be found engraven on her heart.

Queen Elizabeth made several attempts to recover the possession of Calais[1]: her original commission to Sir Thomas Smith to demand it, in 1567, is still preserved in the Cottonian Library[2]; and it was at one time pressed as a stipulation when the marriage was proposed between the Queen and the Duc d'Anjou. Although, after its conquest, Calais was entirely repeopled with what the Record calls '*purs Anglois*,' still the new settlement was governed by the laws of the inhabitants whom they had dispos-

[1] See Camd: Ann. Eliz. pp. 98, 99, 100. [2] Calig. E. vi. foll. 1, 2.

sessed; a priest and two ancient men, well acquainted with the ordinances and usages, being alone allowed to remain in the town[1], for the purpose of giving the necessary information to the stranger colonists[2]. Maud, Countess of Artois, had granted a charter to it, creating a community, consisting of 'bailiffs, eskewyrs, and cornemans,' and this Flemish constitution was not altered till the 50th of Edward III, when the burgesses presented a petition to the king and council in parliament, praying that they might have a mayor and twelve aldermen, with power to elect their mayor from amongst the aldermen 'comme ils font en la Citie de Londres.' Many other privileges were solicited by the same instrument, most of which were granted or confirmed by the king[3], and Calais became thenceforth organized as an English corporation. Many local customs, however, were retained; and except so far as related to the descent of real estates, the common law of England does not appear to have been introduced. The staple of wool was fixed at Calais by King Edward the Third, in 1362. The expenses of the garrison of this place were extremely heavy, at least in the earlier period of the English possession. Sir Richard l'Escrop, in his address to both Houses, at the opening of the parliament of the 2d Richard II, states, that the annual expenditure of the crown for the defence of Calais and the Marches, exceeded £24,000. The request of an aid for the purpose of defraying these charges, was embodied as a matter of course in the king's speech at the opening of each new parliament; and Comines informs us, that the 'captainship' of Calais was one of the best places in Christendom. The 'wages,' however, both of the commander and of the garrison, were very frequently in arrear; and the complaints of the misgovernment of this important fortress are repeated, parliament after parliament. In the year

[1] The old inhabitants went principally to St. Omer's.
[2] Rot. Parl. 50 Edw. III, 358, 359. [3] Froissart, vol. I, p. 147.

1522, when Albany's second expedition to Scotland was made a cause of war with France, the attention of Henry the Eighth was called to the state of Calais, the fortifications of which, during the earlier years of his reign, had gone neglected. It was probably about this time, or soon after, that the letter illustrative of these particulars of Calais, printed by Mr. Ellis, was written. Bishop Fox died at an advanced period of life, September 24th, 1528, having been blind for nearly ten years. The signature only to this letter is in his own hand.

The Cottonian manuscript Calig. E. 11, fol. 98, contains the return from the commissioners who are mentioned in a letter of Bishop Fox's, after they had examined Calais, dated in the month of August. They speak of the decay of the works, and of the neglect of the ordinances of the place; assuring Wolsey that they had 'found the Town and Marches far out of order; and so far, that it would grieve and pity the heart of any good and true Englishman'.' It was not at this time only that Henry the Eighth turned his attention to the strengthening of Calais. In the 24th year of his reign he visited the place, and formed what was called 'a Device' for the further fortification of the town and haven, which, with the ordinances for the garrison, is still preserved in the same volume with Fox's letter. Fabyan says, that Henry the Eighth began other buildings at Calais and Guisnes in 1540.

Calais, like every other continental town, retains its original features after a lapse of time, which, in England, would have obliterated almost every vestige of antiquity. The principal change which it has sustained since the sixteenth century, has been occasioned by the demolition of the Church of St. Nicho-

[1] The following is the list of English noblemen who had lands in Calais which had fallen to decay, about or before 1521:—'The Duke of Buckingham, the Lord Marques, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Kent, the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Darcy, Sir Edward Abrough.' MS. Cotton. Faust. E. VII. fol. 24.

las, upon the site of which the citadel has been erected. The pier remains precisely as it is represented in a plan in the Cottonian Library. The southern bulwarks are yet defended by the identical bastions erected according to the orders given by Henry the Eighth, and which continue unaltered within the rampart which forms the modern fortification: and the quay on the north side, not far from Hogarth's Gate, retains the name, certainly not very appropriate, of *Paradise*, which was applied to it as early as the reign of Richard II. Within the walls, the Guild Hall of the Staple, afterwards the 'Hotel de Guise,' exhibits a curious mixture of the well-known Tudor style blended with the forms of Flemish architecture. —See ELLIS'S ORIGINAL LETTERS, *Second Series*, vol. ii, pp. 1-3, and the frontispiece to the volume, being a view of Calais from a drawing taken in 1546.

Astronomical Occurrences

In NOVEMBER 1828.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Sagittarius at 55 m. after 6 in the morning of the 22d of this month; and he rises and sets, during the same interval, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

Nov. 1st,	Sun rises	11 m. after	7.	Sets	49 m. past 4
6th	 20	.....	7	 40	 4
11th	 29	.....	7	 31	 4
16th	 37	.....	7	 23	 4
21st	 44	.....	7	 16	 4
26th	 51	.....	7	 9	 4

Equation of Time.

By subtracting the numbers in the following Table from apparent time, the results will be mean time. The numbers to be used for the days of the month not in the Table, must be found as before.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Saturday, Nov. 1st,	from the time by the dial *sub.*	16	16
Thursday ... 6th	.....	16	11
Tuesday.... 11th	.....	15	45
Sunday 16th	.....	14	58
Friday..... 21st	.....	13	51
Wednesday 26th	.....	12	23

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon,	7th day, at	4 m. after	3	in the afternoon
First Quarter	14th	48	1	.....
Full Moon ..	21st	40	2	.....
Last Quarter	29th	44	1	.....

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon's transits may be observed at the following times this month, if the weather prove favourable. The times correspond to the meridian of the Royal Observatory.

November 1st, at	23 m. after	7	in the morning
2d ..	6	8	.....
3d ..	50	8	.....
4th ..	34	9	.....
12th ..	34	4	in the afternoon
13th ..	30	5	.....
14th ..	23	6	.....
15th ..	15	7	in the evening
16th ..	7	8	.....
17th ..	57	8	.....
18th ..	48	9	.....
19th ..	40	10	.....
28th ..	13	5	in the morning
29th ..	56	5	.....
30th ..	38	6	.....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

The following are the times of high tide at London Bridge for certain days this month; and for other times and other places we must refer to the January Occurrences:—

TABLE OF TIDES.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
Nov. 1st, at	57 m. after	.....	27 m. after	9
6th ..	5	0	30	1
11th ..	37	4	59	4
16th ..	23	9	58	9
21st ..	56	1	21	2
26th ..	11	5	26	5

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The brightness of this planet is now diminishing fast, in consequence of her greater distance from the earth. The proportion of her phases is,

November 1st { Illuminated part = 7·48199
Dark part..... = 5·51901

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Jupiter is too near the Sun, at this time, for any of those eclipses to be visible.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

November 13th, with β in Capricorn, at 3 in the morning.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury will be stationary on the 2d of this month. Mars will be in quadrature at a quarter past 10 in the evening of the 5th. Mercury will be in his inferior conjunction at 9 in the evening of the 13th, and stationary on the 23d. Jupiter will be stationary on the 15th, and in conjunction at 45 m. after 8 in the morning of the 17th.

The Naturalist's Diary

For NOVEMBER 1828.

We all do fade as a leaf!—ISAIAH.

IT is observed by a writer in the 'Spirit and Manners of the Age,' that we are the passing inhabitants of a world where Nature, animate and inanimate,

seems to sympathize with our lot, to point out our duties, and to remind us of our end. Nature, in this light, is only a grand depository of means intended to promote the end of our being. It is a temple in which Piety finds herself surrounded by a thousand emanations from the Supreme, and addressed by a thousand voices of warning and encouragement. The poet has drawn from it his most pathetic images,—the moralist many of his best arguments and examples,—and the prophet some of his most arousing monitions.

In exemplification of this fact, but without pretending to furnish an adequate idea of it, we may be reminded of a few of the more obvious illustrations of our condition with which nature abounds. How often is the restlessness of man compared to the constant agitation of the ocean; and the uncertainty of friendship, and of success in life, to the instability of that element. How beautifully does the setting of the unclouded sun illustrate the closing scene of the Christian's life; how friendly the calm and twilight of evening are to solitude and meditation; and how aptly the rage of a storm represents the frequent turbulence of human passions. If life be compared to a day, it has its morning, its noon, its evening, and its night; and, when compared to the year, it has its 'flowering spring,' its 'summer's ardent strength,' its

> Sober autumn fading into age;
> And pale concluding winter comes at last,
> And shuts the scene.

No subject, however, has been more copiously illustrated by comparisons drawn from nature than the brevity and uncertainty of human life. The change continually passing upon every thing around us, can scarcely fail to remind even the most thoughtless that such, 'in his best estate,' is man. But it is an unwelcome subject to the majority of mankind, and often remanded, like Paul by Felix, until

a more convenient season shall have arrived. It cannot, however, be dismissed at present, on account of its unseasonableness, for scarcely can we walk out without being reminded of it by some striking emblem. The warmth of summer is gone, and the freshness of the grass. The tribes of *insects* have gradually disappeared, and those which Providence instructs to provide for the winter, have begun to live on the fruit of their industry. The *trees* have lost the beauty and luxuriance of their foliage; for while some of them are already left naked to the blast, the leaves which remain on the rest have become sear and yellow, and every breath of air diminishes their number. The *birds* are become almost silent; and the sun leaves us in darkness early in the day. Here, then, is a silent, but all eloquent appeal to our hearts, and surely no one can be offended when nature itself becomes the instructor. Had we, by any possibility, been ignorant that all the preceding generations of men had died, and that the same event awaited us, who could go out and contemplate those images of desolation, without wondering whether a change would ever take place in our condition, answering to this change in the aspect of nature? But this is not a subject of conjecture—we *know* that it is the lot of all, and nature only aims to remind us of it. We are too much disposed to act as though the winter of our life would never come. But nature, at this season of the year, addresses us in the tone of warning, and assures us that it will; and presents itself as an example. We are so far absorbed in the present concerns of life, that we are in extreme danger of forgetting what awaits us at the end. But, as if to prevent this fatal inattention, nature, at this season, dies before our eyes. It prospectively celebrates our obsequies; and while the funereal procession is passing before us, the voice of wisdom pronounces, in solemn accents, '*we all do fade as a leaf.*'

Perished Flowers.

[Written for Time's Telescope, by Delta of Blackwood's Magazine.]

Farewell, ye perished flowers,
That on the cold ground lie;
How gay ye smiled
Mid the brown wild,
'Neath Summer's painted sky!

Passed hath your bloom away;
Your stalks are sere and bent;
On the howling blast
The rain sweeps past,
From the dim firmament!

I think me of your pride
When Zephyr came with Spring;
Then sigh to know
What wreck and woe
A few brief months may bring!

Emblems of human fate,
Ye say—'though bright and fair
Life's morn may be,
Its eve may see
The clouds of grief and care!'—

Green Spring again shall bid
Your stems with bloom be crowned,
But, alas! to man
In earth's brief span
No second youth comes round!

For age's winter bows
The grey head to the clod;
Dust goes to dust
And (as we trust),
The spirit back to GOD!

The congregating of small birds which commences in October, still continues; and the long-tailed titmouse is seen in troops in the tall hedge-rows. The stock-dove, one of the latest birds of passage, arrives from more northern regions towards the end of this month. Larks, rooks, &c. have been observed to arrive in this country, from the continent, in this month and return thither in the spring. Mr. Woolnough, of Hollesley, thus writes:—'I have frequently

seen *larks* and *rooks* come flying off the sea; not in one year only, but in many; not on one day only in the same year, but on several. I have seen them coming off the sea for many hours in the same day:—the *larks* from five and ten, to forty or fifty in a flock; the *rooks*, on the same day, in companies from three to fifteen. This I once observed in *November* for three days in succession; the early part of this month being the general time of their coming: our fields were then covered with the *larks*, to the great destruction of the late-sown wheat. They generally remained with us till the first heavy fall of snow, and then disappeared. Early in the *February* following, they appeared again on the coast in innumerable flocks, but disappeared as soon as the weather became fine, with a light westerly wind: from which circumstance I concluded that they again crossed the sea. They appeared to me to be the same as our common sky-larks.'—*Linn. Trans.*, vol. xv, part i, p. 22.

The fields and inclosures are now cleared of their harvest treasure, and the web of the *gossamer* extends in unbroken and floating pathway, over stubble and lea. Vegetation is every where passing rapidly into decay;—and the painful reflection assails us that we cannot,

> When summer hours are fled,
> To the poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,
> Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed.

In mild seasons, some of the flowers named in October continue in blow this month: and on fine, bright days, which 'like angels' visits' sometimes occur in November, various *insects* may be seen sporting in the brief intervals of sunshine.

To an INSECT, *fluttering about on a fine Winter's Day.*

> Child of Summer, on the wing
> In bleak *November's* gloomy reign,
> Deem'st thou so soon the balmy spring
> Hath visited the earth again?

Short slumb'ring in thy torpid nook,
The sun awakens thee too soon—
Awhile to flutter on the brook,
Awhile to sport amid the noon.
Trust not this fleeting golden beam,
This genial sky and softened air;
For death will glaze the sparkling stream,
And stretch thee cold and stiffened there.
Thou silly fool! where are the flowers,
The balsam-dust thou fed upon?
The music of the twilight bowers?
Dost thou not see how all are gone?
The sunbeam smiles! enough for thee
The transient bliss its radiance lends;
Thou dost not feel, thou dost not see,
The gloomy future that impends! *Stray Leaves.*

The Virginia-creeper has now a very rich and beautiful appearance. Mushrooms are collected in abundance this month: see two papers on the *Fungi*, by MR. A. KERR YOUNG, in our last volume, pp. 361, 392, and *Dr. Drummond's First Steps to Botany*, Second Edition. *Moles* now make their nests, where they lodge during the winter, and which are ready for depositing their young in the spring. On the last day of the month, in some parts of *Sussex*, it is customary for the young men and boys to go into the woods hunting squirrels, and picking up dormice; and what they take alive they carry round to houses and the adjacent market to sell.

The Last of Autumn.

Among our notices for this month, we must not omit to introduce to our readers some extracts from a beautiful descriptive poem by JOHN CLARE, printed at the end of a volume entitled '*The Shepherd's Calendar, and other Poems*'—a book which should be purchased by every admirer of native, untaught bards—and of faithful and poetical descriptions of the varied beauties of English rural scenery.

Come, bleak NOVEMBER, in thy wildness come:
Thy mornings clothed in rime, thy evenings chill;
E'en these have power to tempt me from my home,
E'en these have beauty to delight me still.

Though Nature lingers in her mourning weeds,
And wails the dying year in gusty blast,
Still added beauty to the last proceeds,
And wildness triumphs when her bloom is past.

Though long grass all the day is drenched in dew,
And splashy pathways lead me o'er the greens;
Though naked fields hang lonely on the view,
Long lost to harvest and its busy scenes;
Yet in the distance shines the painted bough,
Leaves changed to ev'ry colour ere they die,
And through the valley rivers widen now,
Once little brooks which summer dribbled dry.

* * *

Those yellow leaves that litter on the grass,
'Mong dry brown stalks that lately blossomed there,
Instil a mournful pleasure as they pass:
For melancholy has its joy to spare,—
A joy that dwells in AUTUMN'S lonely walks,
And whispers, like a vision, what shall be,
How flowers shall blossom on those withered stalks,
And green leaves clothe each nearly naked tree.

Oft in the woods I hear the thund'ring gun;
And, through the brambles as I cautious creep,
A bustling *hare*, the threat'ning sound to shun,
Oft skips the pathway in a fearful leap;
And spangled *pheasant*, scared from stumpy bush,
Oft blunders rustling through the yellow boughs;
While farther off, from beds of reed and rush,
The startled *woodcock* leaves its silent sloughs.

Here Echo oft her Autumn ditty sings,
Mocking the cracking whip and yelping hounds,
While through the woods the wild disorder rings,
Chorussed with hunters' horns of mellower sounds,
And bawling halloos of the sporting train,
Who dash through woodlands, in their gay parade,
And leap the ditch, and sweep the level plain,
Fresh wildness adding to the chequered shade.

The timid *sheep* that huddled from the wind
'Neath the broad oaks, beside the spinney rails,
Half mad with fear such hue and cry to find,
In rattling motion chase adown the vales:
And, falsely startled by unheeding dogs,
From where the acorns patter bright and brown,
Through the thorn hedges burst the random hogs,
Who grunt and scamper till they reach the town.

* * *

To meanest trifles Pleasure's hold will cling;
'Tis even felt to view that greening moss;
These simple wrecks of summer and of spring—
Like other children I regret their loss.
But there is something in that wind that mourns,
And those black clouds that hide the heav'n as well,
And in that sun, that gilds and glooms by turns,
Which leaves a pleasure that's unspeakable.

* * *

Amidst the wreck of perishable leaves,
How fresh and fine appears the evergreen!
How box, or holly, garden-walks relieves!
How bright the ivy round the oak is seen!
And on old thorns the long-leaved mistletoe
Regains fresh beauties as its parent dies;
While dark *spurge-laurel*, on the banks below,
In stubborn bloom the Autumn blight defies.

But garden shades have long been doomed to fall,
Where naked fruit-trees drop their constant show'rs:
All blooms are fled, save on the wet mossed wall
As yet may peep some faded *gilliflowers*.
The mist and smoke, in shadows mingling deep,
Around each cottage hover all the day;
Through the dim panes the prisoned children peep,
And look in vain for summer and for play.

Town Green-houses.

Town green-houses are generally on a small scale, and seldom accompanied by sheds for potting and shifting, stocks of mould, and a platform for setting out the plants in summer: if they were, it is probable these adjuncts would be of very little use, for no green-house plant will ever thrive in a town where fossil coal is generally consumed. All that can be said with advantage on town green-houses might be comprised in very few words: viz. that the only way to have them look well is to agree with a nurseryman to keep up a supply of verdant flowering plants for such a part of the year as the family is in town. We are confident there is no other mode that will be attended with success, till the nature of plants or the nature of a coal fire is considerably altered. A num-

ber of London green-houses placed behind the houses on the tops of kitchens and other offices, and of plant cabinets communicating with living-rooms, are maintained in order by nurserymen in this way; and a number also are kept in order, as it is called, by jobbing gardeners, who call occasionally to see that the plants are properly watered, who supply pots of mignionette, and who shift the plants in spring, and prune them in autumn. But the green-houses managed in the latter mode are wretched vegetable abodes,—hospitals or pest-houses of plants; and to any person who knows what a green, healthy plant is, they are deformities rather than ornaments.

Another mode in which *green-houses in the metropolis* are sometimes managed, is as follows: The occupier of the London house has a villa within 15 or 20 miles of town, where he has a green-house, or grapery and green-house combined, with pits and hotbeds, and keeps a gardener. From the country, weekly supplies of vegetables, butter, eggs, fowls, cream, and pots of forced articles, are obtained, and faded flowers and sickly green-house plants returned. This is certainly the proudest and most gratifying mode of all; but yet, as far as the green-house is concerned, it is attended with less show than where a nurseryman of extensive practice in the culture of plants in pots is employed. Such a nurseryman has four grand sources of disposing of plants in flower, besides his ordinary chance-buyers and private custom: first, he sells to the hawkers; next, he can send to Covent-garden market by cart-loads; thirdly, he supplies green-houses by the month or year; and lastly, he supplies routs. He is never, therefore, without a large stock in hand; and in order to make the most of these, he first tries them at market when they are barely coming into flower, which state suits the shopkeepers, who buy to keep them a week or two to sell again. If he fails there, the hawkers come to him every morning, and see what bargains he has got; and

his next resource is the green-houses, cabinets, or chamber-stages, which he supplies by contract; and when he removes them from thence in their last stage of beauty, he sends them to a rout, where one night, in general, kills or half kills alike the best and worst of plants, and for which he gets the plant returned and half its price. In this way it is, that a public dealer can always afford to keep up a finer display of plants in a town green-house than any private gentleman whatever with a country villa. Some families who have no green-house, keep up a stock of plants in their rooms by purchasing at the nurseries, and at Covent-garden market; but this is done at greater expense than by contracting with a nurseryman, because the family can make no use of the plants when out of flower. When this mode is confined to annuals, such as mignionette, wall-flowers, sweet-peas, &c., or to bulbous roots, it does very well, as these, when they have done flowering, are of no use to any one.—*Green-house Companion*, Second Edition, p. 244, to which we refer for some excellent directions for the management of town green-houses.

Management of Plants in Chambers.

The management of plants in such situations can only be understood to apply to the short time in which they are kept there. This time should be as brief as possible, if it be intended that the plants should live and thrive afterwards. The only true way to have a fine display on the chamber-stage, is, never to bring the plants there till they are just coming into flower, and to remove them when the flowers first show indications of decay, unless the plant appears to be growing sickly before, which with heaths, geraniums, and camellias, is very often the case. During the time they are kept in the chamber, the surface of the pot should either be covered with fine, fresh moss or coarse sand, to lessen the evaporation from the moist earth of the pot, and to prevent the earth from caking

with the heat of the chamber: the water which passes through the bottom of the pot into the saucer should be instantly extracted with a sponge, to prevent evaporation, and none should be spilt on the leaves or the stage. As much air should be admitted, by opening the windows, as is consistent with the use of the room, and the stage should, in the daytime at least, be kept as near the windows as possible. It is not essential that the sun should shine on the plants, so as they have abundance of reflected light. It is almost needless to observe, that they should, before being brought there, be tied up, or otherwise arranged with the greatest neatness; and that, while in the chamber, all decayed or injured parts should be removed, and any dirt or dust carefully wiped off with a moistened sponge. When the plants are taken back to the green-house, a little extra heat and moisture will, in general, recover them.

Plants at routs require little management while there, but must be tastefully arranged individually by rods and threads, and well syringed, and also watered at the root. The soil should be covered with moss, and the pot either cleaned and painted in any appropriate body-colour, or chalked, or covered with coloured paper. An earthen brown, with black and grey lines, is among the most suitable colours, whether for the temporary painting, chalking, or papering. Where the plants are only to remain one night, they need not be set in saucers, but only on paper or small carpets of the size of the bottom of the pot; but where they are to decorate the apartments for two or three days in succession, they should be set in saucers on a little gravel, and over the gravel, the saucer filled brimful with moss or fine green turf. This looks well, and the space occupied by the gravel admits of giving the plants daily a little water, which greatly refreshes them in this state of trial. The arrangement of the plants in the rooms is various, and depends on the kind of

rout or entertainment. In common cases, they are placed in recesses and on side-tables, and near glasses which may reflect them; and a few choice specimens are scattered over the floor as single objects. But in more select entertainments, a proportionate attention is paid to their arrangement. During dinner, a few pots of fruit-bearing shrubs, or trees with their fruit ripe, are ranged along the centre of the table, from which, during the dessert, the fruit is gathered by the company. Sometimes a row of orange trees, or standard peach-trees, or cherries, or all of them, in fruit, surround the table of the guests; one plant being placed exactly behind each chair, leaving room for the servants to approach between. Sometimes only one tall, handsome tree is placed behind the master, and another behind the mistress; and sometimes only a few pots of lesser articles are placed on the side-board, or here and there round the room.

The *drawing-room* is sometimes laid out like an orange-grove, by distributing tall orange trees all over it in regular quincunx, so that the heads of the trees may be higher than those of the company: seats are also neatly made over the pots and boxes, to conceal them, and serve the purpose of chairs. One or two cages with nightingales and canary-birds are distributed among the branches; and where there is a want of real fruit, that is supplied by art. Sometimes also art supplies the entire tree, which, during artificial illumination, is hardly recognised as a work of art, and a very few real trees and flowers interspersed with these made ones, will keep up the odour and the illusion to nature. Sometimes large *picture galleries* are laid out in imitation of parks in the ancient or modern style, with avenues, or with groups and scattered trees. At masqued routs, caves and grottos are formed under conical stages, and covered with moss and pots of trees, in imitation of wooded hills. In short, there is no end to the arrangement of plants at routs: and the reader is not to suppose

that only real plants with roots are necessary for this purpose; for, provided a few of these be judiciously introduced, all the rest can be effected by branches of box, laurustinus, laurel, juniper, holly, &c., decorated with artificial flowers and fruits, and fitted to stems or trunks to answer either as trees or shrubs; and besides these, whole pine and fir trees, the spruce especially, can be cut over, and thus admirable groves formed in a short time. Artificial supplies of odour of the rose, the orange, or the jasmine, are readily procured. Much romantic splendour may be produced, in this way, with little expense of greenhouse plants.

Next to the common domestic flower-stage, and a handsome plant placed here and there in spare places in the lobby, hall, staircase, &c., are a few choice specimens of tall plants in fruit or flower, distributed in the drawing-room: the orange, the camellia, the acacia, and tree heaths, are well adapted for this purpose.—*Green house Companion*, Second Edition, p. 246.

Sea-Fowl.

M. Chateaubriand, speaking of *sea-fowl*, says they have places of rendezvous where you would imagine that they were deliberating in common on the affairs of their republic; it is, in general, a rock in the midst of the waves. We used often to sit in the island of St. Pierre[1], on the coast opposite an islet, called by the natives the *Pigeon-House*, on account of its form, and because they repair to it in spring for the purpose of seeking eggs. We passed whole days and nights in studying the manners of the inhabitants of this rock: the nights are full of the secrets of Providence.

---

[1] At the entrance of the gulf of St. Laurence, on the coast of Newfoundland.

The multitude of birds that assemble at the Pigeon-House is so great, that we could frequently distinguish their cries amid the roaring of the most furious tempests. All these birds have extraordinary voices, resembling the sounds that issue from the sea: if the ocean has its Flora, it has likewise its Philomela. When the curlew whistles at sunset on the point of some rock, accompanied by the hollow roaring of the billows, which forms the bass to the concert, it produces one of the most melancholy harmonies that can possibly be conceived: never did the wife of Ceïx breathe forth such lamentations on the shores that witnessed her misfortunes. The best understanding prevailed in the republic of our birds. Immediately after the birth of a citizen, his mother precipitated him into the waves, like those barbarous nations who plunged their children into rivers to inure them to the fatigues of life. Couriers were incessantly despatched from this Tyre, with numerous attendants, who, by the command of Providence, dispersed over all the seas for the relief of the mariner. Some, stationed at the distance of forty or fifty leagues from an unknown land, serve as a certain indication to the pilot, who discovers them like corks floating on the waves; others settle on a reef, and in the night, these vigilant sentinels raise their doleful voices to warn the navigator to stand off; while others again, by the whiteness of their plumage, form real beacons upon the black surface of the rocks. It is for the same reason, we presume, that the beneficence of the Almighty has bestowed on the foam of the waves a phosphoric property, and has rendered it more luminous among breakers, in proportion to the violence of the tempest. How many vessels would perish amid the darkness, were it not for these miraculous beacons, kindled by Providence upon the rocks!

All the accidents of the seas, all the changes of calm and storm, are predicted by birds. The *thrush*

alights on a desolate strand, contracts her neck within her plumage, conceals one foot in her down, and, standing motionless on the other, apprizes the fisherman of the moment when the billows are rising; the *sea-lark* skimming the surface of the wave, and uttering a gentle and melancholy cry, announces, on the contrary, the moment of their reflux! lastly, the little *Procellaria* stations herself in the midst of ocean. The faithful companion of the mariner, she follows the course of ships, and prophesies tempests. The sailor ascribes to her something sacred, and religiously fulfils the duties of hospitality, when the violence of the wind tosses her on board his vessel: in like manner the husbandman pays respect to the *red-breast*, which predicts fine weather; in like manner he receives him beneath his thatch during the intense cold of the winter. These unfortunate men, placed in the two hardest conditions of life, have friends whom Providence has prepared for them. From a feeble animal they receive counsel and hope, which they would often seek in vain among their fellow-creatures. This reciprocity of benefits between little birds and unfortunate men, is one of those moving incidents which abound in the works of God. Between the red-breast and the husbandman, between the procellaria and the sailor, there is a resemblance of manners and of fortunes exceedingly affecting. O! how dry, how barren is Nature, when explained by sophists; but how productive and how rich, when a simple heart describes her wonders, with no other view than to glorify the Creator!

In this month, many invalids, as well as fashionable birds of passage, take their departure for more southern climes, there to hybernate—and to return, like the swallow, in the spring, with renewed health and vigour; others, more humble in their means, having made their little tours in different parts of France,

the Netherlands, or Swisserland, 'their shoes worn out, their money spent,' are now on their return to that country where both may be replenished. To whatever class our travellers may belong, few of them, we think, will fail to greet 'Old England' with a smile of satisfaction; and the more enlightened will readily commingle thoughts and feelings with the highly-gifted authoress of the following lines:—

The CLIFFS *of* DOVER.

[By Felicia Hemans.]

Rocks of my country! let the cloud
Your crested heights array;
And rise ye like a fortress proud
Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
Breasting the billow's foam;
Oh, thus for ever guard the land,
The severed land of home!

I have left sunny skies behind,
Lighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind,
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowr's
Have floated o'er my way;
The pilgrim's voice at vesper hours
Hath soothed me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
The purple heav'ns of Rome—
Yes, all are glorious; yet again
I bless thee, land of home!

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land;
And thine the guarded hearth;
And thine the dead, the noble band,
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze;
Their steps are on thy plains;
Their names, by old majestic trees,
Are whispered round thy fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea;—
Oh! be it still a joy, a pride,
To live and die for thee!

Forget-Me-Not.

Marine Pictures.

[Concluded from p. 307.]

A black rock rears its bosom o'er the spray,
The haunt of birds—
There shrilly to the passing oar is heard
The startled echo of the ocean bird,
Who rears on its bare breast her callow brood,
The feathered fishers of the solitude.

Standing upon the margent of the main,
Whilst the high, boiling tide came tumbling in,
I felt my fluctuating thoughts maintain
As great an ocean, and as rude within;
As full of waves, and depths, and broken grounds,
As that which daily laves her chalky bounds.

The coast lies as quiet as the sky,
The sands untumbled, the green waves untost,
When all is stillness, save the sea-bird's cry
And dolphin's leap, and little billow crost
By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

Deeply still, without a motion,
Lies the bosom of the deep;
While each breeze that roams the ocean
On its surface seems to sleep.
Scarcely swells a single wave,
All is silent as the grave.
But heaven grows brighter,
The clouds part asunder,
Loud murmurs the sea breeze
That slumbered before;
The ship spreads her pinions,
The billows break under
Her prow as she passes,
But, lo! 'tis the shore.

When the great ship
Sinks in the ocean depths, the gentle *halcyon*
In safety builds upon the reeling wave,
And slumbers through the tempest.

The Distant Ship.

[By Mrs. Hemans.]

The sea-bird's wing, o'er ocean's breast,
Shoots like a glancing star,
While the red radiance of the west
Spreads kindling fast and far;
And yet that splendour wins thee not,—
Thy still and thoughtful eye
Dwells but on one dark, distant spot
Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee!—o'er the slumb'ring deep
A solemn glory broods;
A fire hath touched the beacon-steep,
And all the golden woods:
A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
Burn with the amber light;—
What spell, from that rich pageantry,
Chains down thy gazing sight?

A chast'ning thought of human cares,
A feeling, linked to earth!
Is not yon speck a bark, which bears
The loved of many a hearth?
Oh! do not hope, and grief, and fear,
Crowd her frail world e'en now,
And manhood's prayer and woman's tear
Follow her vent'rous prow?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
The glitt'ring seas below;
But we are bound by cords of love
To kindred weal and woe!
Therefore, amidst this wide array
Of glorious things and fair,
My soul is on that bark's lone way,
For human hearts are there. *Literary Souvenir.*

Islands produced by Insects.

The whole group of the *Thousand Islands*, and indeed the greater part of all those whose surfaces are flat, in the neighbourhood of the equator, owe their origin to the labours of that order of marine worms which Linnæus has arranged under the name of *Zoophyta*. These little animals, in a most surprising manner, construct their calcareous habitations under an infinite variety of forms, yet with that order and re-

gularity, each after its own manner, which, to the minute inquirer, is so discernible in every part of the creation. But, although the eye may be convinced of the fact, it is difficult for the human mind to conceive the possibility of insects so small being endued with the power, much less of being furnished in their own bodies with the materials of constructing the immense fabrics, which, in almost every part of the Eastern and Pacific Oceans lying between the tropics, are met with in the shape of detached rocks, or reefs of great extent, just even with the surface, or islands already clothed with plants, whose bases are fixed at the bottom of the sea, several hundred feet in depth, where light and heat, so very essential to animal life, if not excluded, are sparingly received and feebly felt. Thousands of such rocks, and reefs, and islands, are known to exist in the eastern ocean, within, and even beyond the limits of the tropics. The eastern coast of New Holland is almost wholly girt with reefs and islands of coral rock, rising perpendicularly from the bottom of the abyss. Captain Kent, of the Buffalo, speaking of a coral reef of many miles in extent, on the south-west coast of New Caledonia, observes, that 'it is level with the water's edge, and towards the sea, as *steep to* as a wall of a house; that he sounded frequently within twice the ship's length of it with a line of 150 fathoms, or 900 feet, without being able to reach the bottom.' How wonderful, how inconceivable, that such stupendous fabrics should rise into existence from the silent, but incessant, and almost imperceptible labours of such insignificant worms!

> Compared with this amazing edifice,
> Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,
> What are the works of intellectual man?
> Towers, temples, palaces, and sepulchres;
> Ideal images in sculptured forms,
> Thoughts hewn in columns, or in domes expanded,
> Fancies through every maze of beauty shown;
> Pride, gratitude, affection turned to marble

In honour of the living or the dead;
What are they?—fine-wrought miniatures of art,
Too exquisite to bear the weight of dew,
Which every morn lets fall in pearls upon them,
Till all their pomp sinks down in mouldering relics,
Yet in their ruin lovelier than their prime
—Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale,
Compared with these achievements in the deep,
Were all the monuments of olden time,
In days when there were giants on the earth:
—Babel's stupendous folly, though it aimed
To scale heaven's battlements, was but a toy,
The plaything of the world in infancy:—
The ramparts, towers, and gates of Babylon,
Built for eternity,—though where they stood,
Ruin itself stands still for lack of work,
And Desolation keeps unbroken sabbath;—
Great Babylon, in its full moon of empire,
Even when its 'head of gold' was smitten off,
And from a monarch changed into a brute;—
Great Babylon was like a wreath of sand,
Left by one tide, and cancelled by the next:—
Egypt's dread wonders, still defying Time,
Where cities have been crumbled into sand,
Scattered by winds beyond the Libyan desert,
Or melted down into the mud of Nile,
And cast in tillage o'er the corn-sown fields,
Where Memphis flourished, and the Pharaohs reigned;—
Egypt's grey piles of hieroglyphic grandeur,
That have survived the language which they speak,
Preserving its dead emblems to the eye,
Yet hiding from the mind what these reveal;
—Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,
Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of granite,
But puny ornaments for such a pile
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,
Filled with dry mummies of the builder-worms.

Pelican Island.

Some remarks on this subject by Capt. Hall, in his voyage to the Island of Loo-Choo, are very curious. The examination of a *coral reef*, he observes, during the different stages of one tide, is particularly interesting. When the tide has left it for some time it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock, exceedingly hard and ragged; but as the

tide rises, and the waves begin to wash over it, the coral worms protrude themselves from holes which before were invisible. These animals are of a great variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers, that, in a short time, the whole surface of the rock appears to be alive and in motion. The most common worm is in the form of a star, with arms from four to six inches long, which are moved about with a rapid motion in all directions, probably to catch food. Others are so sluggish, that they may be mistaken for pieces of the rock, and are generally of a dark colour, and from four to five inches long, and two or three round. When the coral is broken about high-water mark, it is a solid hard stone; but if any part of it be detached at a spot which the tide reaches every day, it is found to be full of worms of different lengths and colours, some being as fine as a thread and several feet long, of a bright yellow, and sometimes of a blue colour; others resemble snails; and some are not unlike lobsters in shape, but soft, and not above two inches long.

The growth of coral appears to cease when the worm is no longer exposed to the washing of the sea. Thus a reef rises in the form of a cauliflower, till its top has gained the level of the highest tides, above which the worm has no power to advance, and the reef, of course, no longer extends itself upwards. The other parts in succession reach the surface, and there stop, forming in time a level field with steep sides all round. The reef, however, continually increases, and, being prevented from growing higher, extends itself laterally in all directions. But the growth being as rapid at the upper edge as it is lower down, the steepness of the face of the reef is still preserved. These are the circumstances which render coral reefs so dangerous in navigation; for, in the first place, they are seldom seen above the water; and, in the next, their sides are so steep, that a ship's bow may

strike against the rock before any change of soundings has given warning of the danger.—See some beautiful poetical illustrations of the subject in Montgomery's 'Pelican Island,' to which we are indebted for the above information.

DECEMBER.

THIS month was named, like the preceding ones, from the place it held in the Romulean Calendar. *Capricorn* is the sign given to it.

Remarkable Days

In DECEMBER 1828.

*3. 1826.—JOHN FLAXMAN DIED,

Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy. He was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and his mind seems to have been early imbued with that classic feeling and taste which it is essential for a historical sculptor to possess, and which laid the foundation of his future celebrity. He was admitted a student of the Royal Academy in 1770. In 1782, he married Miss Anne Denman, of a respectable family in London, not only an amiable, but a highly accomplished female, to whom he was greatly indebted, when designing from the Greek authors, for pointing out beauties which might have escaped him, and which told in his productions with admirable effect.

In 1787, Mr. Flaxman went to Italy, where he pursued his studies for seven years. While resident at Rome, he made for Mr. Hare Naylor about eighty designs from the Iliad and Odyssey. These were so highly approved, that he was afterwards engaged to illustrate, in the same manner, the works of Dante for Mr. Thomas Hope, and Æschylus for the late Countess Spencer. All these designs were made at Rome and engraved there by Thomas Piroli. The Ho-

mer was published in 4to, 1793, and again, with additional plates, in 1805; the Æschylus in 1795; the Dante in 1807. His illustrations of Hesiod were made after his return to England. The original drawings remain in the possession of his sisters; and engravings from them, by W. Blake, were published in 1816. These magnificent works established his fame throughout Europe, particularly among the critics and cognoscenti of Italy and Germany, with whom he is considered to have acquired a higher reputation than any artist of our country, excepting Sir Christopher Wren and Sir Joshua Reynolds. In 1794, Mr. Flaxman returned to England, and was elected, on his way, a Member of the Academies of Florence and Carrara. His first work on his return, and for which he received the commission before he left Rome, was the monument to Lord Mansfield, in Westminster Abbey.

Of the other numerous sepulchral monuments which he designed and executed, it may be sufficient to mention those to Earl Howe, Captain Miller, Lord Nelson, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in St. Paul's Cathedral; several in Westminster Abbey, and a variety of others in different cathedrals and churches in England[1].

For his present Majesty, Flaxman designed a model of the shield of Achilles. This exquisite performance is now well known to the public from the duplicate copy, sold among the plate of the Duke of York, for 1000 guineas, only half its original cost. It may be added, that Mr. Flaxman had made the designs for nearly all the sculpture for the exterior of the King's new palace, and was to have executed as much of it as he could undertake,—but the whole was to have been under his direction. These were the last drawings he touched, and are now invaluable.

[1] See these enumerated in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xcvii, part I, p. 274.

6.—SAINT NICHOLAS.

Saint Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, holding a place in the calendar on the 6th December, had the title of *Great*, and appears to have been honoured by public worship, ever since the sixthcentury. Historians are agreed, that nothing certain is recorded of the circumstances of the life or death of this saint; we know that he has supplied the place of the heathen deities worshipped by mariners, and that sailors pray to him in the frequent dangers of the seas, as the ancients invoked Neptune, and Castor and Pollux. Baillet, and all those who have related an account of the numerous miracles performed by Saint Nicholas, agree in saying that he calmed a sea-storm in a voyage he made to the Holy Land; and Ribadeneira adds that, during the same voyage, he brought to life a sailor, who was furling one of the sails in the fore-top, and fell dead upon the deck. Hence, no doubt, the origin of the particular veneration in which he is held by *mariners*. In all the churches and chapels dedicated to our bishop, we find St. Nicholas represented in his pontifical dress, with three naked young children at his feet, in a little tub. The following miracle is said to have given rise to this circumstance: A certain innkeeper having murdered three young scholars, cut them in pieces, put them into a salting-tub, and sold their flesh to his customers instead of other viands. St. Nicholas, by a process not often resorted to by these saints, quickly converted the salt meat into *fresh*, by uniting the pieces, and restoring the unfortunate boys to their pristine form and stature. Hence the origin, *it is said*, of the children in the pickling-tub.

The proverb of *Saint Nicholas que marie les filles avec les gas* (Saint Nicholas who marries young men and maidens) appears to be derived from the following circumstance related in his life:—that he went several times to the house of a person whom he knew

in the town of *Patare*, and threw bags of money into it, at the window, that his daughters, three young and pretty girls, who had been reduced by the misfortunes of their father to seek their maintenance by evil courses, might be enabled to find husbands, and abandon their wicked life.

Whatever may have been the origin of the circumstances we have recorded, it is certain that St. Nicholas is still held in great veneration in the ancient province of *Lorraine*, one town of which still bears his name, that of St. Nicholas, near the city of Nancy. He is, in this country, the patron Saint of *children*, of both sexes, and of adolescence in the male. At the age of ten or twelve years, the girls lose the protection of this great Saint, to pass immediately under the pious guardianship of Saint *Catherine*, their common patron; the boys, to the day of their marriage, remain devoted to the worship of St. Nicholas, whose fête is celebrated every year with feasting, and other pleasant meetings. The fathers and mothers, among the common people, instil into their children, from their earliest infancy, the notion, that on the night of the 6th of December, the day of the fête of Saint Nicholas, he descends into all the houses through the chimney, and leaves for every child some mark of his satisfaction or displeasure, according as the infant has been *good* or *naughty* in his behaviour. Saint Nicholas, they say, travels in the air, followed by an ass, laden with two panniers; one of them full of sugar-plums and good things,—and the other of *rods:* he leaves his ass at the top of the chimney, and descends alone into the room. That the Saint's opinion of the young family may be known, each of them is ordered to put, near the principal fire-place in the house, one or two of the shoes they are accustomed to wear; for it is there that the great distributor of rewards and punishments to children places his sweetmeats or his rods.

On the 5th of December, in the evening, all the

children, boys as well as girls, before they go to bed, bring a clean pair of shoes, and place them under the chimney; and the next morning, very early, every one runs with eagerness to receive the present of Saint Nicholas. The parents, who have for a long time previously to this day, threatened and promised the youngsters in the name of the great St. Nicholas, put something in the shoes, according to the behaviour of the children. They commonly fill the shoes with sweetmeats, pastry, dry confectionary, and other niceties; sometimes they put in money, or a particular toy for which the child has expressed a wish; and lastly, *rods*, the length and thickness of which are proportioned to the age of the child and the offences it has committed. Sometimes a sprig of *birch* accompanies the sugar-plums, to show that the Saint is still somewhat angry, and as a warning to the child to behave better in future. The moment of visiting the shoes, for the sake of discovering their contents, is always an interesting one to the parents, who watch with anxiety the joy of some, and the tears of others of their children.

This singular custom was, before the Revolution, observed by all classes of society, and the poor children who had no leather shoes, placed their sabots (wooden shoes) under their parent's chimney; who, instead of sugar-plums and sweetmeats, furnished the sabots with some fruit or cheap cakes. This was also the custom in *Holland*, as appears by a picture of Cornelius Troost's, a Dutch painter distinguished by his portraits and historical pieces. This painting was engraved in 1761, by the celebrated Jacob *Houbraken*, under the name of the Fête of Saint Nicholas. It represents the interior of a Dutch house, at the moment when four children come to examine their shoes, and receive the gifts of the great Saint Nicholas, in the presence of the father and mother. One of the children is crying, because he has found no-

thing but rods, while the others are sufficiently pleased with their toys and cakes.

Mad. de Genlis says, that in Swisserland, on St. Nicholas's day, playthings are hid among the flowers and fruits, and a part is put on the top of trees for the boys. We saw this amusement take place in a large garden, and the crowds of children assembled formed one of the most animating and pleasing sights.

A singular instance of superstition, as it respects St. Nicholas, lately took place in Devonshire:—see our last volume, p. 366.

7.—SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

HYMN *for this* DAY, *by* PROFESSOR MILMAN.

The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the Heavens with the burthen of Godhead are bowed.

The glory! the glory! by myriads are poured,
The hosts of the Angels to wait on their Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear!

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred:
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested Elders are met!
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!

Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
Creator! on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven!

Bp. Heber's Hymns.

8.—CONCEPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

This festival was instituted by Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, because William the Conqueror's fleet, being in a storm, afterwards came safe to shore.

13.—SAINT LUCY.

Lucy, a virgin martyr, was a native of Syracuse, who suffered in the year 305.

*14. 1826.—M. MALTE-BRUN DIED,

Author of 'Political, Physical, and Mathematical Geography,' in sixteen volumes octavo; 'A Summary of Universal Geography;' and other valuable and important works.

16.—O SAPIENTIA.

This is the commencement of an anthem, which, in the Romish church, used to be sung from this day until Christmas-eve: *O sapientia, quæ ex ore Altissimi prodisti,* &c.

17, 19, 20.—EMBER DAYS. *See* p. 50.

21.—SAINT THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

St. Thomas is said to have preached the Gospel in Media and Persia, and, about the year 73, to have been pierced through with a dart.

This is the *shortest* day, and is at London 7 h. 44 m. 17. s.; allowing 9 m. 5 s. for refraction.—Let us remember that *life* itself is but one *long day*, divided into the four portions of infancy, youth, manhood, and age; the *morning, noon, eve,* and *night,* of our earthly sojourn in this vale of tears. With what beauty and pathos does the amiable author of the '*Pelican Island*' dilate upon the different periods of life!

Life is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of being;
New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits in each;
In nothing, save in consciousness, the same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are alway moving onward, alway losing
Themselves in one another, lost at length,
Like undulations, on the strand of death.
The sage of threescore years and ten looks back,—
With many a pang of lingering tenderness,
And many a shuddering conscience-fit,—on what
He hath been, is not, cannot be again;
Nor trembles less with fear and hope, to think

What he is now, but cannot long continue,
And what he must be through uncounted ages.
—The *Child;*—we know no more of happy childhood,
Than happy childhood knows of wretched eld;
And all our dreams of its felicity
Are incoherent as its own crude visions:
We but begin to live from that fine point
Which memory dwells on, with the morning-star,
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing,
Or the first daisy that we ever plucked,
When thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and flowers,
Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild perfume.
Thenceforward, mark the metamorphoses!
—The *Boy*, the *Girl;*—when all was joy, hope, promise;
Yet who would be a Boy, a Girl again,
To bear the yoke, to long for liberty,
And dream of what will never come to pass?
—The *Youth*, the *Maiden;*—living but for love,
Yet learning soon that life hath other cares,
And joys less rapturous, but more enduring:
—The *Woman:*—in her offspring multiplied;
A tree of life, whose glory is her branches,
Beneath whose shadow, she (both root and stem)
Delights to dwell in meek obscurity,
That they may be the pleasure of beholders:
—The *Man;*—as father of a progeny,
Whose birth requires his death to make them room,
Yet in whose lives he feels his resurrection,
And grows immortal in his children's children:
—Then the gray *Elder;*—leaning on his staff,
And bowed beneath a weight of years, that steal
Upon him with the secrecy of sleep,
(No snow falls lighter than the snow of age,
None with such subtlety benumbs the frame)
Till he forgets sensation, and lies down
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother;
She throws a shroud of turf and flowers around him,
Then calls the worms, and bids them do their office:
—Man giveth up the ghost,—and where is He?

* * *

Heaven and earth
Shall pass away, but that which thinks within me
Must think for ever; that which feels must feel:
—*I am, and I can never cease to be.*

O thou that readest! take this parable
Home to thy bosom; think as I have thought,

And feel as I have felt, through all the changes,
Which Time, Life, Death, the world's great actors, wrought,
While centuries swept like morning dreams before me,
And thou shalt find this moral to my song:
—*Thou art, and thou canst never cease to be:*
What then are time, life, death, the world to thee?
I may not answer; ask eternity.

25.—CHRISTMAS DAY.

According to some authors, the festival of Christmas was first established by Pope Julius in 336, in opposition to the idolatrous worship which the heathens paid to the reviving sun, *Sol novus;* and Saint Augustin exhorts the faithful to celebrate this holy day, not as the Pagans did in honour of the sun, but to the glory of him who created this splendid luminary. In our previous volumes, we have recorded a great variety of old *English* customs that were practised at this joyful season; and we could now add to the collection:—for the sake of variety, however, we will take a trip—not to *Paris*, but to the *Provinces of France*, where, as we have already seen, a very considerable number of curious, and some of them pleasing customs, still exist at different periods of the year.

Ceremony of the Flambeaux.—Before the Revolution, a custom existed at *Dreux* only, which, there is no doubt, derived its origin from the sacred ceremonies of the ancient Druids. Every year, on *Christmas Eve*, the inhabitants of each quarter of the town met together, and went in procession to the town-hall; each person carrying a flambeau or flaming brand upon his shoulder, which he was very careful to keep dry and ready for this ceremony; the little children also had their torches, made of a dried plant and soaked in oil. The clergy, in their white albs, accompanied by the magistrates in full costume, proceeded also to the town-hall. At five o'clock in the evening, the different persons forming the procession being assembled, they set out with their

flambeaux, crying *Noël, Nolet,* (Christmas! Christmas![1]) They went three times round the market-place, and thence to St. Peter's church, which they also circumambulated, bawling out lustily, *Noël, Nolet, Nolet!* The shepherds and shepherdessos belonging to the different farms in the neighbourhood of the town, also contributed to form a part of the procession; they were all clad in white, and decorated with ribands and cockades. They carried very elegantly formed sheep-racks, and had with them a number of pretty lambs ornamented with ribands.

The procession round the church being finished, the clergy sang the Christmas hymns, and chanted the *Te Deum.* The inhabitants, preserving their distinction of quarters, formed one general circle, and constructed a pile of their flambeaux, leaving the part that was not lighted outwards. After the religious hymns were finished, every one took up the remains of his flambeau, threw it across his shoulder, and fell into the procession, each quarter of the city forming a distinct body.

During the whole of the ceremony, a large bell was tolled, which is still in the tower of the town-hall; it weighs from 6 to 8000 pounds, and appears to have been cast expressly for this custom, for the procession of the flambeaux is represented on the outside of it, and the dress of the people is very ancient. There was a regular endowment of ten crowns for the ringing of this bell at the ceremony just described. The procession was conducted with great decorum, considering the number of persons engaged in it[2]: this

[1] The word *Noël*, anciently written *Noüel*, is derived from *Novus*, new year. *Noüel* was formerly used in France as a cry of pleasure and joy; the people made the air resound with the cries of *Noël, Noël*, at all public rejoicings, baptisms, marriages, and coronations of their kings.

[2] The most distinguished persons solicited the honour of carrying a flambeau. M. de Penthièvre, his family, and the whole of the nobility, formed a part of the procession, and carried flambeaux on their shoulders in the same manner as the meanest citizen.

ceremony was held in so much veneration, that those who formed a part of it fasted during the whole of the time, eating nothing till about eight o'clock in the evening, the time of its completion. It was said that the flambeaux would not *burn* any one, and yet, says M. Cochin, we have seen many a dress and many a cap ignited by it; but, say the good folks, *this fire never hurts any body*. It is certainly surprising that no accidents have occurred, when we consider that the lofts over the market-place are always full of straw, and that there are from two to three thousand firebrands, at the least, carried about it and brandished in the air, in the immediate neighbourhood of these combustible materials. The remains of the flambeaux are considered *sacred*, and as preservatives against misfortune.

This custom, as we have said, is derived from the Druids, and from their belief that a virgin would, some day, be delivered of a child. Above the portal of the subterraneous church of Notre Dame, at Chartres, this Latin inscription is still seen—*Virgini pariturœ*. The Druids went up to the forest of Dreux, or Cotais, and brought back the mistletoe, which they burnt in honour of this unknown virgin: they had a black statue of her, which is believed to be the same as was found in the subterraneous church at Chartres. Every one, after the ceremony of the mistletoe, took up the remains of the pile, and returned home.

This custom of carrying flambeaux was observed only at Dreux, because, it is said, that at this place there was once a sacred college of the Druids, and that they performed their sacrifices in a temple they had at Fermincourt, and which then formed one of the quarters of the town of Dreux.

The CHRISTMAS LOG.—At Commercy, and throughout the ancient Lorraine, on the 24th of December, about six in the evening, it is the custom to put a very large piece of wood, the 'Christmas Log,' on the

hearth, between four and five feet in length, and to set fire to one end of it, so that the little children sit at the other end for the purpose of warming themselves. At the return of the midnight mass, every one partakes of a repast called *recinon*, or second supper, probably from the Latin word *re-cœnare*.

In many parts of France, on *Christmas Eve*, the father of the family, with his wife and children, and a blazing fire before them, sing the Christmas carols: the youngest child is ordered to go into a corner of the room, and say his prayers; and, in the mean time, the father places behind the hearth, or in a hole of the pile of wood, several parcels of sugar-plums and *lolly-pops:* the child comes to the fire with a stick in his hand, and strikes the piece of wood till the sugar-plums fly out, and hastily gathers them up from the log.

On Christmas Eve, before the midnight mass, it is the custom at *Bonneval*, in a great number of houses, particularly in the convents, to place on the hearth of the apartment most in use, the largest log they can find, and one that will burn for *three* days; hence the common name of *tréfué*, or three fires.

Superstitions on Christmas Eve.—About fifty years since, it was the general belief, in the Canton of *Bonneval*, that on Christmas Eve, while the genealogy was being chanted at the midnight mass, all hidden treasures would be discovered; and many persons, imbued with this prejudice, proceeded in silence to subterraneous passages, caves, and old ruined houses, in the confident hope of meeting with heaps of 'untold gold,' to repay them for the trouble of their search.

In the district of *Sologne*, it is still believed that on Christmas Eve, from twelve p.m. till the noon of the following day, the horses, cows, oxen, bulls, asses, &c. have the faculty of speech; but they do not tell us what language they talk: and these animals are

said, at this time, to complain of their masters, or to praise them, according to the treatment they have received. This gift of speech is not in operation till just before twelve at night, and finishes at noon on Christmas Day, or sooner, if the person who has the care of the animals be guilty of any mortal sin. If the Solognais wish to discover whether their servants are faithful to them, they send those whom they suspect to take care of these beasts; and if they refuse, they are ordered to go the next day.

The Solognese women also pretend that they must not send their horned cattle to graze before noon on Christmas Day, because they will butt one another and receive some dangerous wounds.

26.—SAINT STEPHEN.

Stephen was the first deacon chosen by the apostles: he was stoned to death, in the year 33.—On Saint Stephen's Day, about three centuries ago, an Italian monk was appointed to pronounce a long eulogium upon the Saint. As the day was pretty well advanced, the priests, who were getting hungry, and were apprehensive of a tedious panegyric, whispered to their comrade to be brief. The monk mounted the pulpit, and after a short preamble, said, 'My brethren, it is only about a year since I told you all I knew about St. Stephen. As I have heard nothing new with respect to him since that time, I shall add nothing to what I said before!' And so, making the sign of the cross, he walked off.

27.—JOHN EVANGELIST.—*See* p. 148.

28.—INNOCENTS.

This day, often called *Childermas Day*, is set apart to celebrate the slaughter of the Jewish children by Herod, mentioned by Saint Matthew, and confirmed by Macrobius.—An account of the manner in which the funerals of young children are generally conducted, in Catholic countries, is given in our last volume, p. 379.

On the Death of a Child.

[From Specimens of Polish Poets.]

Thou angel child! thy mournful dress before me
Throws bitterer sorrow o'er me;
Thy little ornaments of joy and gladness
Awake a deeper sadness,
Never again to wear your splendours—never;
All hope is fled for ever.
A sleep, a hard and iron sleep hath bound thee,
Dark night hath gathered round thee.
Thy golden belt is dim; thy flower-wreathed tresses
Scattered—Thy summer dresses
Which thy poor mother wrought; she had arrayed thee
For love—and we have laid thee
In the tomb's bridal bed; and now thy dower
Is a funereal flower,
A little shroud, a grave. Sweet child! thy father
Some odorous hay shall gather,
To pillow thy cold head. Death's dormitory
Holds thee, and all thy glory. BOWRING.

31.—SAINT SILVESTER.

Silvester was Bishop of Rome, succeeding Miltiades in 314: he died in 334.

On the last day of the month, in December, the children, in the environs of Bonneval, are told that if they hang up their hats, caps, or shoes in the chimney, the *Goodman* YEAR will come early in the morning, and leave some presents for them; and it is so managed, that the parents put something in the shoes for their children, as a little money, or some sugar-plums. They also give them what is called their *cochelins*, or little cakes made in the human shape, with a head, body, arms, &c. The children afterwards go about from house to house, carrying the image, and demanding their *guillanneu*, or new year's gift, saying, 'Good morning, good year,' &c. &c.

*31. 1827.—WILLIAM GIFFORD DIED.

He was born at Ashburton in Devonshire; and when eight years of age, was placed at a free-school, where he made little progress: three years afterwards

his father died, leaving his mother in penury, with the task of supporting her two sons. In less than a year she followed her husband to the grave, and the children were left destitute. The furniture of the mother was seized for debt by a remorseless creditor, who was afterwards stimulated, by the reproaches of the town, to put his godson, young William Gifford, to school. He was then thirteen. The younger child, aged about two, was sent to the alms-house. In three months, the godfather became tired of the expense of the lad's schooling, and put him to the plough. From the plough he was removed to a small coasting vessel, belonging to Brixham, in Torbay, as a ship-boy. The fish-women continually spoke of the wretched state of this unfortunate lad, and the reproaches of the inhabitants of Ashburton against the godfather induced him once more to put the boy to school. His progress was now rapid, and at the age of fifteen, the godfather told him that he had learned quite enough, and apprenticed him to a *shoemaker*. The apprentice possessed but one book in the world—*A treatise on algebra*—but of paper, ink, slate or pencil, he was totally destitute; nor had he a penny to buy any. Being partial to the mathematical sciences, he sat up, night after night, at his studies, and beat out small pieces of leather to a smooth surface, upon which he contrived to work his algebraic problems. But Crispin found out this practice, and conceiving it both a loss of time and of leather, severely chastised the votary of the sciences. Some doggrel verses of the lad had attracted the attention of Mr. Cookesley, a surgeon. This gentleman set about 'a subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar.' The majority of the subscribers put down 5*s*, and none subscribed more than half-a-guinea. Gifford now studied assiduously, and in two years, being then 22 years of age, he was pronounced fit for the uni-

versity. A gentleman of the county procured for him the place of Bible Reader of Exeter College, Oxford; and in 1781, Mr. Cookesley opened a subscription at Ashburton for Mr. Gifford's publishing a translation of Juvenal. But immediately after, this benevolent gentleman died; and Mr. Gifford was again left poor and unfriended. A most happy accident shortly after created Mr. Gifford's fortune.—He had acquired the acquaintance of a gentleman at Oxford, with whom he corresponded, directing the letters under cover to Lord Grosvenor. One day he had inadvertently omitted the direction upon the inclosed letter, and Lord Grosvenor, imagining it to be intended for himself, naturally opened and perused it. There was something in it which attracted his Lordship's notice, and he begged of his friend that the writer might be introduced to him.

'On my first visit (says Mr. Gifford in the autobiographical sketch prefixed to his Juvenal), he asked me what friends I had, and what were my prospects in life; and I told him that I had no friends, and no prospects of any kind. He said no more: but when I called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this simple exposure of my circumstances had sunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me that he charged himself with my present support, and future establishment; and that till this last could be effected to my wish, I should come and reside with him. These were not words of course—they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go and reside with him; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption from that hour to this—a period of 20 years!

'In his Lordship's house, I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called upon to accompany his son (one of the most amiable and accomplished young noblemen that this country, fertile in such characters,

could ever boast) to the continent. 'With him, in two successive tours, I spent many years—years of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection that a friendship was then contracted, which time and a more intimate knowledge of each other have mellowed into a regard that forms, at once, the pride and happiness of my life.'

Mr. Gifford had already acquired great celebrity as the author of 'The Baviad' and 'The Mæviad,' though he does not himself notice those successful productions of his muse. The former satire was published in 1794; and the object of its attack was what was called the Della Cruscan school of poetry. This school had first originated in 1785, when, says Mr. Gifford, 'a few English of both sexes, whom chance had jumbled together at Florence, took a fancy to wile away their time in scribbling high panegyrics on themselves, and complimentary canzonettes on two or three Italians, who understood too little of the language to be disgusted with them.' These trifles would, in themselves, have been unworthy of the notice of Gifford; but being published in England in the daily paper called 'The World,' which then enjoyed a large circulation, they became fashionable and popular, and were imitated from one end of the kingdom to the other. The appearance of the Baviad effectually routed this tribe of poetasters, and laid, on the ruins of their popularity, the foundation of the more elevated fame of Gifford.

The 'Mæviad,' which appeared in the following year, was more particularly directed to the state of dramatic poetry, and was equally successful in obtaining for itself the applause of the public, if not in correcting its theatrical taste. The Baviad and Mæviad have been frequently republished together, accompanied by an Epistle to Peter Pindar.

Mr. Gifford's Translation of Juvenal first appeared in 1802, in 4to. Of the strictures of the Critical Review, Mr. Gifford published an 'Examination,' in

1803, and a 'Supplement' to that Examination in 1804. A second edition of the Juvenal was published in 8vo, in 1806.

As the editor of the Anti-jacobin newspaper, Mr. Gifford greatly added to his celebrity; and on the first establishment of the *Quarterly Review* in 1809, he was, in a happy hour for its proprietor and the public, chosen to conduct that publication, of which he continued the editor till within a year of his death.

In the notes to his Juvenal, Mr. Gifford had displayed an extensive acquaintance with the early English poets; and throughout his life he prosecuted, at his leisure hours, that interesting study. In 1808 he published an edition of the Plays of Massinger, in 4 vols. 8vo; in 1816 the Works of Ben Jonson, in 9 vols. 8vo; and during the few latter years of his life, he had been preparing the Works of Ford and Shirley. The former is published in 2 vols., and the latter is in a forward state.—Some interesting anecdotes of the private Life of Mr. Gifford, together with his Elegy on Mr. Cookesley, are given in the LITERARY GAZETTE for 1827, p. 362.

Introduction of Tea into England.

From a single sheet found in Sir Hans Sloane's Library, in the British Museum, and printed by Mr. Ellis in his Original Letters, *Second Series*, it appears that Tea was known in England in the year 1657, though not then in general use. The author of this paper says, 'That the vertues and excellencies of this leaf and drink are many and great, is evident and manifest by the high esteem and use of it (especially of late years) among the physicians and knowing men in France, Italy, Holland, and other parts of Christendom; *and in* ENGLAND it hath been sold in the leaf for *six pounds*, and sometimes for TEN *pounds* the pound weight, and in respect of

its former scarceness and dearness, it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657.'

Secretary Pepys, in his Diary, vol. i, p. 76, without saying where he had his drink, makes the following entry:—'Sept. 25th, 1660. I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never had drank before, and went away.'

In a letter from Mr. Henry Savill to his uncle, Secretary Coventry, dated from Paris, Aug. 12, 1678, and printed by Mr. Ellis, the writer, after acknowledging the hospitalities of his uncle's house, quaintly observes, 'These, I hope, are the charms that have prevailed with me to remember (that is to trouble) you oftener than I am apt to do other of my friends, whose buttery-hatch is not so open, *and who call for* TEA instead of pipes and bottles after dinner; *a base unworthy Indian practice,* and which I must ever admire your most christian family for not admitting. The truth is, all nations have grown so wicked as to have some of these filthy customs.' In 1678, the year in which the above letter is dated, the East India Company began the importation of tea as a branch of trade; the quantity received at that time amounting to 4713lbs. The importation gradually enlarged, and the government, in consequence, augmented the duties upon tea. By the year 1700, the importation of tea had arrived at the quantity of 20,000lbs. In 1721 it exceeded a million of pounds. In 1816 it had arrived at 36,234,380lbs. Something more than thirty millions of pounds is probably the present average of importation: some allowance must be made for tea damaged and spoiled upon the passage.—See more on this subject, well worthy of perusal, in Mr. Ellis's Letters, *Second Series,* vol. iv, pp. 57, et seq.

Astronomical Occurrences

In DECEMBER 1828.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Capricorn at 22 m. after 7 in the morning of the 21st of this month; and he rises and sets, during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

December	Sun rises		Sets	
1st,	56 m. after	7.	4 m. past	4
6th	1	8	59	3
11th	5	8	55	3
16th	7	8	53	3
21st	8	8	52	3
26th	7	8	53	3
31st	5	8	55	3

Equation of Time.

When it is required to find true time from apparent, or that which is indicated by a good sun-dial, it is only necessary to employ the numbers as directed in the following Table, and to find those for the intermediate days, as in other instances. Those below correspond to noon of the given days.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Monday Dec. 1st,	from the time by the dial *sub.*	10	27
Saturday .. 6th		8	35
Thursday.. 11th		6	20
Tuesday .. 16th		3	56
Sunday.... 21st		1	28
Friday.... 26th	to the time by the dial *add*	1	2
Wednesday 31st		3	28

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon,	7th day, at	14 m. after	4	in the morning
First Quarter	13th	39	9	at night
Full Moon..	21st	28	6	in the morning
Last Quarter	29th	41	1	.....

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the first meridian at the following times this month, when her transits may be observed, if the weather be favourable: viz.

December	1st,	at 21 m. after	7	in the morning
	2d	.... 4	8	.....
	3d	.... 50	8	.....
	4th	.... 39	9	.....
	11th	.... 10	4	in the afternoon
	12th	.... 3	5	.....
	13th	.... 55	6	.....
	14th	... 45	6	.....
	15th	.... 34	7	in the evening
	16th	.... 24	8	.....
	17th	.... 14	9	.....
	18th	.... 5	10	.....
	19th	.... 56	10	.....
	29th	.... 46	5	in the morning
	30th	.... 29	6	.....
	31st	.... 15	7	.....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

If the numbers inserted at pp. 19-20 of this volume be added to or subtracted from the following numbers, the time of high tide for various other places will be obtained.

TABLE OF TIDES.

		Morning.		*Afternoon.*
Dec. 1st,	at	55 m. after	8	25 m. past 9
6th	....	21	1	48 1
11th	....	3	5	24 5
16th	....	47	9	20 10
21st	....	11	2	32 2
26th	....	0	5	17 5
31st	....	48	8	13 9

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The following is the proportion of the phases of this planet at the present time:—

Dec. 1st { Illuminated part = 8·82761
Dark part..... = 3·17239 ,

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Jupiter is too near the Sun this month for any of these eclipses to be seen.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

Dec. 4th, with Venus, . at 1 in the morning.
5th .. Mercury .... 3 in the afternoon
10th .. β in Capricorn 9 in the morning.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 1st of this month, and will be in conjunction with Jupiter at 5 in the morning of the 10th.

Phenomenon at the Cape of Good Hope.

Table Mountain.—A very striking phenomenon is observed at the Cape of Good Hope, when the wind blows from the south-east. Beyond the city, as viewed from the bay, there is a mountain of great elevation, called, from its extended flat summit, the *Table Mountain*. In general, its rugged steeps are seen rising in a clear sky; but when the south-east wind blows, the whole summit becomes enveloped in a cloud of singular density and beauty. The inhabitants call the phenomenon the *spreading of the table-cloth*. The cloud is composed of immense masses of fleecy whiteness. It does not appear to be at rest on the hill, but to be constantly rolling onward from the south-east; yet, to the surprise of the beholder, it never descends, because the snowy wreaths seen falling over the precipice towards the town below, vanish completely before they reach it, while others are formed to replace them on the other side. The reason of this phenomenon is, that the air constituting the wind from the south-east having passed over the vast southern ocean, comes charged with as much invisible moisture as its temperature can sustain. In rising up the side of the mountain it is rising in the atmosphere, and is therefore gradually escaping from a part of the former pressure; and on attaining the summit, it has dilated so much, and has consequently become so much colder, that it lets go part of its moisture. This then appears as the cloud now de-

scribed; but its substance no sooner falls over the edge of the mountain, and again descends in the atmosphere to where it is pressed, and condensed, and heated as before, than the water is re-dissolved, and disappears: thus the magnificent apparition dwells only on the mountain top.—*Arnott's Physics.*

As a suitable close to the Astronomical Occurrences of the present year, we shall insert the following Questions and Answers, by *Mr. Montgomery*, which we do with the greater pleasure, as they bear directly upon the path along which we are always anxious to conduct our youthful readers,—'Through Nature, up to NATURE'S GOD.'

Stars, wherefore do you rise?
— To light thy spirit to the skies.

Fair *Moon*, why dost thou wane?
— That I may wax again.

O *Sun*, what makes thy beams so bright?
— The word that said 'Let there be light.'

Planets, what guides you in your course?
— Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.

Nature, whence sprang thy glorious frame?
— My Maker called me, and I came.

What is yon arch, which every where I see?
— The sign of omnipresent Deity.

TIME, whither dost thou flee?
— I travel to eternity.

Eternity, what art thou,—say?
— Time past, time present, time to come—*to-day*.

The Naturalist's Diary

For DECEMBER 1828.

Winter! I love thee, for thou com'st to me
  Laden with joys congenial to my mind,
Books that with bards and solitude agree,
  And all those virtues which adorn mankind.
What though the meadows, and the neighb'ring hills,
  That rear their cloudy summits in the skies—
What though the woodland brooks, and lowland rills,
  That charmed our ears, and gratified our eyes,
In thy forlorn habiliments appear?
  What though the zephyrs of the summer-tide,
And all the softer beauties of the year
  Are fled and gone, kind Heav'n has not denied
Our books and studies, music, conversation,
And ev'ning parties for our recreation;
And these suffice, for seasons snatched away,
Till Spring leads forth the slowly-length'ning day.

Table Book.

DECEMBER, like its predecessor, is usually a wet, cold, and gloomy month: storms of wind and rain confine us to the house, and admonish us in the morning to seek amusement in the well-furnished library or museum, and to devote our evenings to music and the charms of intellectual society. With these powerful antidotes to melancholy thoughts, naturally inspired by the sombre character of the season, we may listen to the 'pitiless pelting of the storm' without, and be grateful for the security and accommodation we enjoy. Few persons, we suppose, have ever reflected upon 'the *pleasures* of a rainy day;' and fewer have penned an essay on the subject. But 'there is good in every thing;' and in turning over the leaves of a contemporary publication, we were pleased to find that an ingenious writer had treated this matter in a very agreeable and profitable way. As the paper will, possibly, be new to many of our readers, we shall make no apology for transferring it to our pages.

The Pleasures of a Rainy Day.

The clouds consign their treasures to the field,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.

THOMSON.

'There is no season nor description of weather that has not its attendant pleasures, and the most delightful is indebted for a portion of its charms to that to which it has succeeded. Much has been said, and deservedly, in praise of more southern climates, yet is the variableness of our atmosphere productive of sources of delight fully equivalent, if not superior, to those of the unruffled azure of Italy. The monotony of a blue and sunlit sky may become as tedious and oppressive as a sandy desart, or ocean under a protracted calm. Spring would not be pleasant but for the winter which has preceded it. The glowing and shadowless sheen of to-day is indebted for half its beauty to the clouds and the showers of yesterday. I am not prepared, therefore, to yield the palm of superiority, even in *this* particular, to a foreign country.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies
That call the full spirit of fragrancy out.

There is a pleasure, as you set yourself to repose in a gusty December evening in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea, in listening to the lashing of the billows, and the wailing and roaring of the rising or subsiding wind, when the spirits of the storm seem mingling their hundred voices in angry dissonance. There is a pleasure in sailing over the crested waves when the thunder is rolling along the muffled sky, occasionally lit up by the vivid and quivering lightning. A rainy day, too, has many pleasures peculiarly its own, especially such an one as this on which I am writing, when the sky is robed in universal drab, and

the rain knows no cessation, and scarcely any variation of quantity. Let him be melancholy who has no resources within his own mind, nor in books—transcripts of the minds of others. I have had the summer ornaments removed from my brightened grate, and a good fire kindled in their stead. I have refreshed my memory by reading the favourite passages of my favourite authors. I have turned over my whole collection of prints. I have assorted into bouquets the flowers which were gathered before the dappled sky of the morning gave place to the heavy clouds, or rather cloud, which has succeeded it. And thus, having once more experienced *the pleasures of a rainy day*, I have drawn my elbow chair to the fire, and have put my ink-glass in requisition, in order to write a few lines on the subject; and although the wind, carrying the rain-drops with it, ever and anon rattles a menace against the window, I draw my chair nearer to the fender, raise the glowing fuel into a cheering blaze, and grasp my pen with all the resolution of a hero.

'Reader, thou hast no doubt witnessed a wet day in the *metropolis;* thou hast beheld the deserted pavement and the streaming kennel; the coated, caped, and hay-banded hackney coachman, leaning forward on his seat, that his broad brimmed hat may protect his neck from the falling deluge. Thou hast shed perhaps, if thou be'st tender-hearted, a tear for his haggard and smoking cattle. Thou hast beheld, too, the frothing and hissing gutter-spout, and the laden stage coach, rattling and splashing on beneath its canopy of sopped umbrellas; but didst thou ever experience a wet day in the *country?* Didst thou ever, when tired with gazing on the bare walls and oaken floor of a farm-house, stalk (it may be with thy hands in thy pockets) to the window? hast thou, with a heavy eye, beheld the dripping eaves and branches—bubbles forming and breaking on the surface of a puddle, or a pig-trough—cows apparently ruminat-

ing on the badness of the weather (and who knows what beside?) beneath the shelter of an out-house—fowls crowding and shivering together, and fixing on thee a gaze as melancholy as thine own—ducks waddling, and feasting, and uttering their characteristic monotone, apparently well pleased with that which has made their neighbours all so dismal? Hast thou experienced all this? and when thou askedst for books with which to cheat the leaden hours, did they present thee, as their whole stock, with *Johnson's Dictionary*, *Clater's Farriery*, and *Abercromby's Gardener?* and wert thou therefore spiritless, idealess, dejected?—If thou wert I pity thee.

'It was in a situation such as I have described, that I once experienced *the pleasures of a rainy day.* There had been a long succession of fine ones, and the morning appeared to indicate a continuance of them; but suddenly the atmosphere became shadowed, the clouds formed themselves in dense and denser masses, till, at length, the heavy rain came dancing down to the thirsty earth, which sent up from its parched surface a light cloud of incense, as if in gratitude for the welcome boon. I derived more gratification that morning by reading, than I have ever done since; yet it could not have been that anything remarkable attached to the work itself, for I have never perused it a second time, and do not even recollect its title; but I remember I considered myself particularly fortunate in finding the set to be complete—*with the exception of the first volume.* I began, therefore, with the second, and soon became totally absorbed in the story, and identified with the characters pourtrayed. I scarcely laid aside the book until I had finished it. I think, indeed, this sort of weather is generally found to be favourable for undivided application to any description of study. In fine weather the mind is wandering abroad; it is occupied and attracted by the array of outward objects. Flowers basking in the sunshine, and flinging their odours in

at the open window; birds singing around it; the gaiety and gladness which pervades all nature, set the spirits in a dance, and draw off the mind from the object of its contemplation. But when all is clouded and dark without, 'the world shut out,' it is then that the mind becomes its own universe; and is driven, in its full energy of restless activity, entirely on its own resources, or on the resources supplied it by other minds. Lacking the one, and incapable of appreciating the other, is it extraordinary that so many, in such a situation, should become sad and melancholy? But are there not, even in a rainy day, rich stores of thought for the contemplative man? Will he not expatiate on the wisdom and providence of the Deity? Will he not recognise in the descending moisture that, without which the genial sun would become but a blighting and withering destroyer; without which the flower would lose its fragrance—the meadow its greenness—and no harvest would wave its golden sheaves to gladden the heart of man.'—*Spirit and Manners of the Age*, vol. i, p. 353.

In this month the oak, beech, and hornbeam, in part retain their leaves; while other trees are entirely denuded of their beautiful dress, their 'leafy honours' being strewed in the dust, and returned to their parent earth: yet some attractions are still left for us; the numerous tribes of *mosses* solicit our attention, and will afford sufficient amusement and occupation for the inquiring *botanist*.—See an excellent paper on this subject, by Mr. ANDREW KERR YOUNG, in our last volume, p. 341. Consult also *Drummond's First Steps to Botany*, second edition.

To DECEMBER.

The passing year, all grey with hours,
Ends, dull month, with thee;
Chilled his summer, dead his flowers,
Soon will his funeral be:
Frost shall drink up his latest breath,
And tempests rock him into death.

How he shivers! from his age
All his leaves have faded,
And his weary pilgrimage
Ends, at last, unaided
By his own sun, that dims its ray,
To leave him dark in his decay.

Hark! through the air the wild storm bears,
In hollow sounds, his doom;
While scarce a star its pale course steers
Athwart the sullen gloom;
And Nature leaves him to his fate,
To his grey hairs a cold ingrate.

She goes to hail the coming year,
Whose spring flowers soon shall rise—
Fool, thus to shun an old friend's bier,
Nor wisely moralize
On her own brow, where age is stealing,
Many a scar of time revealing:—

Quenched volcanoes, rifted mountains,
Oceans driven from land,
Isles submerged, and dried-up fountains,
Empires whelmed in sand,—
What, though her doom be yet untold,
Nature, like time, is waxing old!

New Monthly Magazine.

Towards the end of the month, woodcocks and *snipes* become the prey of the fowler. The jack-snipe *(Scolopax gallinula)*, which visits us at this period, is a *decided species*, with marked and singular habits. See T.T. for 1824, p. 319.

The insect-swarms which delighted us with their ceaseless hum, their varied tints, and beautiful forms, during the summer and autumnal months, are retired to their winter quarters, and remain in a state of torpidity, till awakened by the enlivening warmth of spring. See T.T. for 1826, p. 321, 322, and our last volume, p. 390, on the dormant state of spiders and crickets.

The Green-House.

A green-house, which fifty years ago was a luxury not often to be met with, is now become an appendage to every villa, and to many town residences:—not, indeed, one of the first necessity, but one which is felt to be appropriate and highly desirable. Man is fond of living beings, and after assembling those plants around him which he found necessary for food, he would select such as were agreeable to the eye, or fragrant to the smell. A flower in the open parterre, though beautiful and gay, has yet something less endearing, and is less capable of receiving especial regard, than a plant in a pot, which thus acquires a sort of locomotion; and becomes, as it were, thoroughly domesticated. After choice things were planted in pots, rare ones would be planted in them; and from these to plants rare, foreign, and tender, the transition would be natural and easy. Tender, rare plants in pots would be taken into the house for shelter, and set near the window for light; and hence the origin of the green-house.

In what age of the world, and in what country a green-house first appeared, it is impossible to determine; it is sufficient to have shown that a taste for this appendage to a dwelling is natural to man; to experience that it adds to his enjoyments; and to feel that it bestows a certain claim to distinction on its possessor. A green-house is, in a peculiar degree, the care of the *female* part of a family, and forms an interesting scene of care and recreation to a mother and her daughters, at a season of the year when there is but little inducement to walk in the kitchen-garden, and nothing to do in the parterre or the shrubbery. The progress of vegetation, interesting in all scenes, and at all seasons, is more especially so in a green-house during winter. There the objects are of limited number, brought near the eye by their position, and rendered striking by their contrast with the

cold, naked, and dreary scenes which are shut out: then it is that the genial climate, the life and growth, the deep tone of verdure, and the prevailing stillness of repose within, cause this winter garden to be felt as a luxuriant consecration to man.

Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,
While the winds whistle and the snows descend.
The spiry *myrtle*, with unwithering leaf,
Shines there, and flourishes. The golden boast
Of Portugal and western India there,
The ruddier *orange*, and the paler *lime*,
Peep through their polished foliage at the storm,
And seem to smile at what they need not fear.
The amomum there with intermingling flowers
And cherries hangs her twigs. *Geranium* boasts
Her crimson honours, and the spangled bean,
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
All plants, of every leaf, that can endure
The winter's frown, if screened from his shrewd bite,
Live there, and prosper.

* * *

Nor taste alone and well-contrived display
Suffice to give the marshalled ranks the grace
Of their complete effect. Much yet remains
Unsung, and many cares are yet behind,
And more laborious; cares on which depend
Their vigour, injured soon, not soon restored.
The soil must be renewed, which, often washed,
Loses its treasure of salubrious salts,
And disappoints the roots; the slender roots
Close interwoven, where they meet the vase,
Must smooth be shorn away; the sapless branch
Must fly before the knife; the withered leaf
Must be detached, and where it strews the floor
Swept with a woman's neatness, breeding else
Contagion, and disseminating death.
Discharge but these kind offices (and who
Would spare, that loves them, offices like these?)
Well they reward the toil. The sight is pleased,
The scent regaled, each odoriferous leaf,
Each opening blossom freely breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks him with its sweets.

But all green-houses do not yield the enjoyments which a green-house is calculated to produce; because all are not well contrived, or judiciously managed for that purpose. Some do not know what a green-house will, and what it will not afford; and others expect all its peculiar enjoyments without their accompanying cares. Some erect a green-house of such a form and position, that the plants within can never prosper; others in such a situation, relatively to the house, that if they prosper they can never be enjoyed; and not a few think they have done every thing when they have completed the construction, stocked it with plants, and committed it to the future care of a house servant or mere out-door labourer.

But a green house, to be of any value to the owner, must not be trifled with in this manner. It is entirely a work of art: the plants inclosed are in the most artificial situation in which they can be placed, and require constant and unremitting attention to counteract the tendency of that artificial state to destroy them. It is a common notion that a plant in a pot is in a safer state than a plant in the open ground; but this is a most erroneous notion, and directly the reverse of the fact. Placing plants in pots is often more convenient for the cultivator; but it always checks and counteracts the natural habits of the plant: it checks the extension of the roots, and, by consequence, of the shoots; and it subjects these roots to be alternately deluged by water, and dried up for want of it,—and all this under the best management. Under a careless gardener, if the pots are not properly drained, and this drainage kept in repair, the soil will be soaked in water till the roots are rotted; or by neglecting to shift the plants to pots of a larger size at proper seasons, the roots will get matted so as to derive no benefit from the soil, preclude the water from entering, and thus first

stint, and then kill the plant. But plants in a green-house are not only in an artificial and injurious state as to the soil, but also as to their climate, and especially as to heat, light, and air. These requisites to vegetation require also to be particularly attended to, so as partly to imitate nature, and partly to effect particular purposes of art on natural principles. Finally, it must be obvious, that where there is so much art, there must be a greater tendency to disease and accident than in ordinary nature; and consequently, that no small degree of vigilance is required in this respect.

But let not our readers be alarmed at these obstacles, or imagine that, by a moderate degree of care and attention, all these evils may not be avoided, and the enjoyments of a green-house fully obtained. An excellent work, called the *Green-House Companion*, to which we are indebted for the above remarks, will furnish a great deal of valuable information respecting green-houses: it is, indeed, an indispensable guide to every one who undertakes the management of this agreeable appendage to a house and grounds.

The Winter Nosegay.

What nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has, in a measure, supplied,
And winter is decked with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flowers have the charms of the spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,—
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime:
While earth wears a mantle of snow,
These pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely survived
The frowns of a sky so severe;
Such Mary's true love, that has lived
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late blowing rose
Seem graced with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shows
The truth of a friend such as you.

Oranges.

Bear me to the *citron* groves;
To where the *lemon* and the piercing *lime*,
With the deep ORANGE, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. THOMSON.

The migration of oranges into England, about this time, will, no doubt, render some account of this universally admired fruit acceptable to our readers: it is extracted from *Mr. Phillips's Pomarium Botanicum*. The China, or sweet oranges, with which this country is now so amply supplied, and at such moderate prices that all classes of society enjoy them as perfectly as if they had been indigenous to the climate, were introduced into Europe about the eleventh or twelfth century. At this time, several varieties of the orange were cultivated in Italy, whence they were taken to Spain and Portugal. The orange is now grown to so great an extent in Italy, that there are almost *forests* of them. Prince Antonio Borghese, at his palace near Rome, has upwards of seventy sorts of orange and lemon trees, among which are some very rare kinds: it is a fruit so much esteemed in Italy, where it thrives well, that apples, pears, and cherries, have almost become extinct in that country. The delightful perfume of an orange-grove is such as to scent the air for miles: and the tree gives a succession of flowers during the whole summer, on which account it is cultivated in all green-houses, and large orangeries have been built

for the express purpose of housing these trees: the most magnificent one is that of Versailles, built by Louis XIV. A fine orange-tree in this collection is called the 'GREAT BOURBON,' and is more than *four hundred years old!*

O! of what follies, vice, and crime,
Hast thou, in thy eventful time,
Been made beholder!
What wars, what feuds—the thoughts appal!
Each against each, and all with all,
Till races upon races fall
In earth to moulder.

Whilst thou serene, unaltered, calm,
(Such are the constant gifts and balm
Bestowed by Nature!)
Hast year by year renewed thy flowers,
And perfumed the surrounding bowers,
And poured down grateful fruit by showers,
And proffered shade in summer hours
To man and creature. H.

Oranges were known in this country in the time of Henry VIII; but it does not appear that they were cultivated prior to Queen Elizabeth's reign. Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I, had an orange-house and orange-garden at her mansion, Wimbledon Hall, in Surrey; and when this property was sold by order of the parliament in 1649, we find that *forty-two* orange-trees, 'bearing fayre and large oringes,' were valued at *ten pounds* a tree one with another; and a lemon-tree at twenty pounds. Orange-trees have been grown in the southern parts of *Devonshire* for more than 100 years past. When trained to walls, they produce large handsome fruit, but not of equal value to the lemons grown in the same situation. Most of these were raised in this country from seeds, and they are thought to be more hardy than trees imported; but the orange-trees which are brought every year from Italy, and sold principally at the Italian warehouses in London, are as large as those of our own growth would be in twenty years. With proper care, these trees will have good heads,

and produce fruit in about three years. The Mandarin orange was not cultivated in England until 1805. We have lately seen orange-trees imported from the south of France, which have arrived in small tubs; and so well packed, that the fruit and blossoms remained on the trees when they reached the neighbourhood of London.

In the Philosophical Transactions, No. 114, there is a very remarkable account of a tree standing in a grove near Florence, having an orange stock, which had been so grafted on, that it became in its branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit, three-formed: some emulating the orange, some the lemon or citron, and some partaking of both forms in one. These mixed fruits never produce any perfect seeds: sometimes there are no seeds at all in them, and sometimes only a few empty ones. The Maltese graft their orange-trees on the pomegranate-stock, which causes the juice to be of a red colour, and the flavour to be more esteemed. The Rev. Mr. Hughes, in his Natural History of Barbadoes, mentions the golden orange as growing in that island. He describes the fruit as a large fine orange, of a deep colour within, from whence it derives the name of *Golden Orange*. He adds, 'this fruit is neither of the Seville or China kind, though it partakes of both, having the sweetness of the China, mixed with the agreeable bitterness and flavour of the Seville orange.'

An agreeable drink called *orangeade*, may be made of orange-juice, water, and sugar, which is often given to people in a high fever; the juice of the orange, alone, affords a pleasing acid, and is excellent for allaying the thirst. The *Seville* orange, however, is esteemed far preferable for medicinal purposes, and the blossoms of this species are the most odoriferous: the leaves are also used in medicine. The yellow rind of these oranges, separated from the white fungous matter under it, is a grateful, warm, aromatic bitter, often used as a stomachic and corroborant.

It is warmer than the peel of lemons, of a more durable flavour, and abounds more in a light, fragrant essential oil, which is lodged in distinct cells on the surface of the peel. The rind of the China orange has a weak smell, and is seldom employed for medicinal purposes. Seville oranges also produce the best marmalade, and the richest wine: it is from the flowers of this kind of orange, that orange-flower water is distilled. These oranges are often preserved whole as a sweetmeat, and are justly admired. The *seeds* of the orange kind will be found, on nice examination, different from the seed of any other fruit. They have been anatomized by the curious, and, with the aid of a good miscroscope, are discovered to be almost as wonderful in their formation as the human frame when dissected.

Culture of the Orange and Lemon Tribe in England.

They require to be planted in a loamy soil well enriched with decomposed dung, and the pots sufficiently drained; as they are apt to collect dirt on the leaves, they should be frequently watered over the top, in the evenings, in mild weather, and even washed, leaf by leaf, with a sponge. They are also subject to the attacks of an insect called the *orange bug*, a sort of turtle shaped scale of about an eighth of an inch in length or more, which may sometimes be seen on the leaves and small shoots. The best way to get rid of these vermin is to brush them off with a small painter's brush, and then wash the plant well with a sponge and common water: some use soap-suds and sulphur, but, in the hands of ordinary practitioners, *water* is safer, and does just as well. When the fruit begins to set, they ought to be thinned, and only a few left on each plant. When this is neglected, and the trees carry as many as they may be able to nourish, the consequence is a deficiency of shoots and blossom-buds for the following

year, and the tree becomes so weak by maturing such a quantity of fruit, that it ceases, for a year or two, to show either blossoms or fruit.

The orange is best propagated by grafting or budding on *lemon* or *shaddock* stocks; but as we cannot recommend this mode for renewing or keeping up a stock in a villa green-house, unless where a complete gardener is kept, we shall not enter into details. Orange trees endure for many years, even centuries, if well taken care of, so that they seldom require renewal. The Citrus tribe is also propagated by cuttings and layers; but it can seldom happen that either of these modes will require to be resorted to in a small green-house. However, as some may be disposed to amuse themselves in this way, we shall describe Henderson of Woodhall's mode of growing the orange from cuttings; and we believe no British gardener has ever been more successful.

Henderson has raised the orange and lemon from cuttings for forty years past, and considers it as by far the quickest mode of getting plants, either for bearing or grafting on. His directions are as follow: 'Take the strongest young shoots, and also a quantity of two year old shoots, and cut both into lengths from nine to eighteen inches. Take the leaves of the lower part of each cutting to the extent of about five inches, allowing the leaves above that to remain untouched; then cut right across under an eye with a sharp knife, so as to leave a smooth unfractured section: when the cuttings are thus prepared, take a pot and fill it with sand, sort the cuttings so that the short ones may be all together, and those that are taller by themselves. Then with a small dibble plant the cuttings about five inches deep in the sand, and give them a good watering overhead, to settle the sand about them; let them stand a day or two in a shady place, and then plunge the pots to the brim in a frame with bottom heat. Shade them well with a double mat till they have struck root;

when rooted, take the sand and cuttings out of the pot, and plant them into single pots in proper soil: plunge the pots again into a frame with bottom heat, and shade them with mats for four or five weeks, or till they are taken with the pots, when they may be gradually exposed to the light.'—From various experiments, Henderson found that pieces of two years' old wood struck quite well; and in place, therefore, of putting in cuttings six or eight inches long, he has taken off cuttings from one to two feet long, and struck them with equal success. At first, he put in cuttings only in the month of August; but now he puts them in at every season of the year, except when the plants are making young wood. With a gentle bottom heat, and close covering with hand glasses or frames, they generally root in seven weeks or two months. The citron he finds the easiest struck and freest grower; and he frequently strikes shoots of citron and lemon eighteen inches long, and as soon as they are transplanted, and taken with the soil in the small pots, he grafts other sorts on them. He strikes cuttings, engrafts, and buds the citrus tribe at any season.

Nothing can be easier than to raise young orange or lemon trees from the seeds found in those imported. Sow in pots and cover two inches, and they will soon come up with, or without bottom heat. The succeeding spring transplant into small pots, and the end of that season, or the third summer, send for a skilful gardener to bud on them whatever sorts may be desired. This is an easy, expeditious, and agreeable way for ladies, and other amateurs, to obtain young plants.—*Green-house Companion*, second edition, p. 80.

We must now conclude our lucubrations for the present; and we cannot take a better farewell of our readers, than in such terms as 'gentle poesy' would dictate: we present them, therefore, with some lines by an amiable female and talented writer; the sen-

timents are in unison with our own, and we trust that our readers will feel and appreciate their value: they tend to promote an acquaintance with the works of Nature, and simply, but beautifully point out the superiority of this study over all other worldly pursuits, whether surrounded with the lustre of wealth, or the fascinations of power.

The Close of the Year.

[Written for Time's Telescope, by Mary Howitt.]

Silence and the grey cloud are on the hills;
The dim-mists, as a circling veil, are thrown
Over the vallies, which have found a tone
In the loud tumult of the mountain-rills:
The damp, brown fern bows not before the breeze,
Nor rustles to the tread of the fleet deer;
Black to the morning rise the forest-trees,
And every leaf is sere.

The bird is silent—or to balmy skies
Has flown, to dwell in brightness: she has done
Her task. The bee, that in the golden sun
Toiled, a brisk labourer, with blithe revelries,
And all fair flowers—the odorous, the bright,
The children of summer,—have gone down
To the cold earth, from dimness, waste, and blight,
And the hoar winter's frown.

Oh you, that in the bright, but short-lived time,
Fled from the tumult and the crowd away,
From fettering cares, that make the soul a prey,
To fields and skies, in the fair season's prime,
Ye saw the bud, the blossom, and the fruit,
All the glad creatures under the pure heaven,
And heard the summer voices. These compute
As sterling treasure given!

Better than *gold*, which frets the miser's soul;
Better than *power*, which is but added care;
For when ye went forth in the breezy air,
To the calm solitudes, the mind grew whole:
Then joy sprang up—the soul woke as to being:
The cloudless hope of youth's pure morning burned
Unveiled, you saw mysterious heaven's decreeing,
And *peace* and *faith* returned.

Addenda.

Page 44. CARNIVAL TIME.

Ceremony of the Bailiff of Carnival-time (Carême-prenant[1]) *at the town of Alluyes.*

ALLUYES, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Loire, and surrounded by woods, was formerly (as we may judge from the remains still existing) a small town, designated in the charters of the 13th and 14th centuries, as *Alluyes la belle.* Destroyed in part, like many other towns, at the period of the long and disastrous wars which desolated France, it was reduced to one-half its ancient size—such as it remains at the present day. From time immemorial, and even to the period of the Revolution, it was the custom to perform a singular ceremony under the title of the *Bailli de Carême-prenant.* It commenced on Shrove Tuesday, immediately after the service of the church; and the man who was last married in the country was, by right, the *Bailli de Carême-prenant;* his registrar (Greffier) was the person who had held the office of bailiff in the preceding year.

The bailiff kept his court in the market-place, from 11 o'clock in the morning till sun-set, near a large stone, in the form of a round table, about four feet in diameter; and in the centre of which a round hole had been excavated, which served as the gauge for the pint measure of Alluyes. Formerly, this was filled with wine; the bailiff drank out of it, and all those

[1] This signifies the three days before Lent; and also one who runs about the streets with a mask on, in Shrove-tide. The French have a proverb, in allusion to this time: *Il faut faire carême-prenant avec sa femme, et pâques avec son curé;* a man in Shrove-tide may take his pleasure with his wife, but he must, at Easter, go to confession and receive the Sacrament.

whom he invited, were compelled to follow his example: but afterwards a pint measure and a glass were used; and the cavity was appropriated to the reception of the fines collected during the ceremony. The bailiff had the right of claiming, from all the innkeepers and bakers, as much bread and wine as were necessary for the day's consumption, and paid his tradespeople with *ivy-leaves:* the same acquittance was also given to those who paid their fines. Ropes were put up at the ends of the streets, to prevent the people from passing; and they were obliged to salute Mr. Bailiff, who offered them a glass of wine. When they first saw him, they were compelled to say, 'Good morning to you, Mr. Bailiff, and all your good company.' If, before drinking their wine, they omitted to greet him in these words, they were fined seventeen sous six deniers (8½*d.* and a fraction); and if the person whom the bailiff had invited to drink took the liberty of hob-and-nobbing with him, he was fined double. The money was rigorously exacted; and if the person refused, they seized his hat, or his coat, and even his ass or horse, if he had one: these things were immediately put up to auction; but the highest bidding was not to exceed the amount of the fines incurred; and these were increased seventeen sous six deniers for every time any bad or abusive language was used, or for every refusal to pay the fines after they had been demanded. The person to whom the property was knocked down, immediately paid the money for it, and took what he had bought: and the original proprietor was only entitled to redeem it by giving the price for which it had been sold.

Parties of pleasure are made throughout the neighbouring country, who come to the town with the express intention of paying the fines, the produce of which enables the actors in this singular ceremony, at the close of the day, to retire to some public house, and 'enjoy themselves' for the remainder of the evening. All those who have been married during

the year, form the cortége of the bailiff, and lend their assistance in maintaining his rights. Among the archives of the bailiwick of Alluyes, some deeds were found authorising this ceremony, which was once a feudal right; for the Count de Montboissier, intending, one Shrove Tuesday, to go through the town of Alluyes in his carriage, was not allowed to pass; and, refusing to pay the fine, his coach and horses were sold for seventeen sous six deniers, and he was compelled to pay this fine before he could proceed on his journey. This gentleman, however, preferred a complaint to the bailiff of the district, who informed him that it was an established custom, and that the only way to avoid the imposition was to purchase the domain: the complainant took his advice, and shortly afterwards became its seignior.

Page 221. SEPTEMBER 4, 1827.—FIRE AT ABO.

The capital of Finland was nearly destroyed by a dreadful fire, which broke out on the above day. Of the whole of the rich and celebrated University of Abo, only the observatory remains. The academical building, the valuable library of 40,000 volumes, the cabinet of medals, the collection of astronomical and philosophical instruments, all became the prey of the flames. The palace of justice and its archives, and the town-hall, were also consumed. Above seventy persons perished.

Page 258. VINEYARDS IN ENGLAND.

A controversy arose some years since, relative to the culture of the vine in England. Agard first started a doubt, whether by *vineæ* we were not to understand *orchards*. The lovers of paradox encouraged the interpretation, which was patronized by Sir Robert Atkyns, in his 'History of Gloucestershire,' and pursued at considerable length by Barrington, first in his Observations on the Statutes, and afterwards in the Archæologia of the Society of Antiquaries. Dr. Pegge, however, considered the question still further,

and proved, from undeniable authorities, that by the term *vineæ*, true and proper vineyards only could have been intended. The Domesday Survey furnishes, at least eight and thirty times in the different counties, *entries of vineyards*, which are usually measured by the arpent (something less than an acre): in four instances they are measured by the acre. In the *village of Westminster*, at Chenetone in Middlesex, and at Ware in Hertfordshire, vineyards recently planted occur. They are likewise found at *Holeburne* in Middlesex, in Wiltshire, Worcestershire, and Essex. The Monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, had also vineyards, which were extremely productive. Vopiscus carries the antiquity of the vine in England at least as far back as A.D. 280. He informs us, that the Emperor Probus, towards the latter part of his reign, restored the privilege of the vineyard to most of the provinces towards the North and West. We have the authority of Bede for the existence of the vine among us in the eighth century: and vineyards are noticed in the laws of Alfred. From a passage in Malmesbury, 'de Gestis Pontificum,' it appears that the difference between the vineyard and the orchard was sufficiently known in the Norman times. Speaking of *Gloucestershire*, he says, 'The public roads are lined with fruit trees' (as they are, at this day, in Normandy and other parts of France), 'and this district is more celebrated than any other in England for its numerous vineyards, their abundant produce, and the excellent flavour of the grapes. They who drink the wine (he adds) will not complain of its acidity, or make wry mouths after they have swallowed it; for it wants but little of the sweetness of the French wine.' In another passage, relating to *Thorney*, he describes the very *growing of the vine:* 'Not a patch of ground (he says) is unoccupied; in one part, the earth is covered with fruit-trees, and in another with *vines*, which either grow upon the ground, or are trained round poles.'

From the entries in Domesday, and from other authorities we learn that, in the Norman times, few of the great monasteries were without their vineyards. *Vinitor*, a vine-dresser, once occurs in the Survey. In the register of Spalding Priory (preserved among the Cole MSS. in the British Museum), is the following short character of Prior John, the Almoner, who lived in the *thirteenth century*. 'We must not omit to notice his conduct in his elemosynary office. By the permission of the Prior he purchased lands, built houses and a chapel, laid out a garden, planted a *vineyard* and orchards, assembled the poor together, and gave them that food of which they were so much in need.'

The compiler of the Life of Bulleyn, in the last edition of the Biographia Britannica, says, 'It is affirmed we have still upon record some *Treaty of Peace between France and England, in which it is stipulated, that we should root up our vineyards, and be their customers for all our wine.* If such extirpation of the English vineyards was not owing to this, it might be to the falling of Gascony into the hands of the English, whence wine was imported cheaper and better than we could make it!' Other proofs, besides those which Domesday affords, might certainly be brought, that wine of native growth was formerly used in England[s].

Metrical Essays

On SUBJECTS *of* HISTORY *and* IMAGINATION.

We have much pleasure in bringing our readers acquainted with a small volume of poetry, under the above title; it contains many beautiful pieces, which (had we seen them earlier) we should have assigned to their respective places in our Register of varied information; as it is, however, we cannot refuse our-

[s] The above valuable information has been selected and abridged from an elaborate and highly curious '*Introduction to Domesday*,' by HENRY ELLIS, Esq. 4to, 1816, pp. 62-65, to which we refer the Antiquary for the original citations from Domesday and the early English historians.

selves the satisfaction of making some excerpts from a work which possesses so many attractions for the lover of genuine poetry. The author is a young *Swain*, who has paid his addresses to the nymphs of Helicon with very considerable success: we advise him to persevere in his suit to these capricious ladies, and at no very distant period, perhaps, his endeavours will be crowned with the success he so ardently aspirates, and so eminently deserves.

Capsalis.

[Almost all the families of Missolonghi were divided into two parts; those who remained in expectation of death, and those who were on the point of rushing forth to vengeance and to new dangers. The hardiest warriors were subdued to tears; and the bravest hearts quailed at the approaching separation. All these preparations were, however, rendered abortive by the infamous treachery of a Bulgarian soldier, who had deserted to Ibrahim and disclosed the whole plan. The Turks suddenly attacked the town, and bathed themselves in Christian blood. The scene that followed was hideous. 'But one voice was heard among the despairing women,' says M. Fabri: "To the sea! to the sea!" Many precipitated themselves into wells, into which they first threw their children. But the wells at length became full, and it was a long way from the ramparts to that part of the harbour which was sufficiently deep for the purpose of death. The conquerors, anxious for slaves, followed close on their victims. Several women, and even children, had the address and the good fortune to escape servitude by throwing themselves on the naked swords of the Arabs; others plunged into the flames of the burning houses; and *twelve hundred*, who could find no way of destroying themselves, fell into the hands of the enemy. The attention of the conquerors was soon drawn to the powder magazine. The size and the solidity of the building induced them to believe that the wealth of the inhabitants had been there deposited. It contained, however, only *women* and *children*, and Capsalis (one of the primates of the town), who, having obstinately refused to accompany the garrison in their projected sortie, conducted to the powder-magazine a crowd of women and children, saying, "Come, and be still; I will myself set fire to it." They wept not; they had no parting to apprehend; the grave was about to unite them for ever. The mothers tranquilly pressed their infants to their breasts, relying on Capsalis. In the meanwhile, the enemy crowded round their asylum: some attempted to break open the doors; some to enter by the windows; some climbed the roof, and endeavoured to demolish it. At length, Capsalis, perceiving that a vast multitude had assembled, uttered a brief prayer, familiar to the Greeks—"*Lord, remember me!*" and applied the match. The explosion was so violent that the neighbouring houses were thrown down, large chasms were produced in the earth, and the sea, moving from its bed, inundated one part of the town. *Two thousand barbarians were blown up with Capsalis.* Such was the catastrophe of this terrible drama!]

Voices upon the seas
Of wildness and despair;
One common cry of agony
Fills all the circling air.

Age, with snow-honoured head,
Manhood, with ardent eye,
Youth, with its light of loveliness,—
All seek one hope—to die!

A shout upon the land,
A flash and ring of arms;
A gathering rush of barbarous men
Shakes earth with dread alarms.

Like the avalanche their speed;
Like the tempest in its wrath;
Like the Simoom's fatal sweep
Is their red and deadly path.

The virgin's sacred breast,
Where love might but preside,
Lies, like a crushed yet beauteous flower,
Bathed in its pure life-tide.

The wan and aged head
Sinks there, to rise no more;
The sightless eyes are dull and cold,
The white hairs dashed with gore.

Seek thousands, as a boon,
Death's sullen sanctuary;
For who, when life is shame, would live?
When death is bliss—not die?

Ye dead, ye noble dead!
From your still, gory sleep,
A voice shall pass to stir men's souls,
Far as the wild waves sweep.

A light, as of the morn,
Through this dim night shall break;
Valour shall burst the Moslem chain!
And slumb'ring Freedom wake!

The soul that would be free
Will drag no fettered limb;
Sooner may man the sun's course turn,
Than throw slave-bonds on him.

Call up the splendid past,
From rock, from plain, from sea;
Each hath its tale of stirring deeds
Of stainless chivalry.

Call up the gallant bands
That died with conquest won;
Proud spirits of Thermopylæ,
Brave hearts of Marathon.

Lost hath the warrior's son
The charm that roused his sire?
Is there no bright though failing spark
Of the old patriot-fire?

Yes, Capsalis! in thee
That pure flame is not dead,
Which lit the shrine of Liberty,
For which thy fathers bled!—

Thou speak'st—and at thy voice
The eye regains its glow;
The heart, as at some gladd'ning sound,
Shakes off its weight of woe.

A multitude to thee;
In their last hope, press now—
Thou lead'st them on,—is it to death?
With that calm glorious brow:—

Is it to death? the heavy gates
Close on the martyr-train;
Gaze they their last upon that earth
They ne'er may see again.

They breathe beneath the walls
Of the war-stored magazine;
The flaming torch is in the grasp—
Yet no dismay is seen.

Fiercely the din of arms
Is heard the walls without:
Two thousand of the Turkish horde
Send up their hellish shout.

They scale the gloomy roof
The pillared sides entwine;
Now, now, heroic Capsalis,
Revenge, revenge, is thine!

Jesu! what sounds arose,
What horrid cries sprung there,
As twice three thousand souls thus died,
Dashed through the bleeding air!

The dark alarmed sea
Wildly its bed forsook,
And fearful chasms yawned around;—
Earth to her centre shook!

O many a heart shall mourn
The evil of that day;
And eyes shall weep those bitter tears
No hand may wipe away!

Yet through these sombre clouds,
Of woe, and waste, and war,
I see a morn of beauteousness
Far rising, like a star.

As from the grave the soul,
Enfranchised, mounts the skies,
So from the ashes of the brave,
Shall Liberty arise!

Hear it, thou far spread land—
Record it, oh, thou sea—
Not vainly Freedom's martyrs bleed—
No! Greece shall yet be free!

Evening; *a* Sonnet.

The moon upon the cloudless heaven moved slow,
The pale flowers gathered up their leaves to sleep;
In silence lay the lonely vale below,
In silence spread the venerable deep;
The ancient mountains dreamed in loneliness,
A languor seemed even in the moonlight ray,
The fresh, clear stream, that gurgled through the day,
Now passed in calm and holy quietness;
The last light from the cottage casement fled,
The late bird's wings lay folded in sweet rest,
The Spirit of the Evening all things blest,
Bird, flower, vale, mountain, and the cotter's bed!—
Gradually yielding to the night's mild sway,
As music on the seas, faint, fading, far away!

Memory.

What is Memory? 'tis the light
Which hallows life—a ray profound
Upon the brow of mental night;
An echo—time the passing sound;
A mirror—its bright surface shows
Hope, fear, grief, love, delight, regret;
A generous spring; a beam which glows
Long after sun and star have set;
A leaf—nor storm, nor blight can fade;
An ark on Time's bereaving sea;
A perfume from a flower decayed;
A treasure for Eternity!

Thought.

What is thought? it is a mine
Whose gems are of a land divine:
A power no tyrant may control;
An emanation of the soul!—
A spark of a celestial fire,
To favoured man in mercy given;
Spirit of an immortal sire!
A plant whose flower is Heaven!
O! not *beneath* the sky's array
May highest thought with man unite;
'Tis but a gleam of that fine light
Whose glory shines through an eternal day.

The Village Church.

It stands within a solitary vale
Shadowed by ancient trees, which year on year
Still live—as relics Time and Death revere—
Unhurt by lightning's scathe, by winter gale:—
Around each low, calm grave the wild flower pale,
Like Pity, bends with many a balmy tear;
There, too, pride's 'scutcheoned monuments appear,
With high ancestral name and lofty tale!
Dull is the mind—oh, more than cold the breast
That lonely Village Church may not incline
To deep and holy musings—from its rest
A warning spirit speaks with voice divine:—
Pass thou few days—few months perhaps at best—
A shroud—a grave—an epitaph is thine!

Miscellaneous Customs, &c. *in* France.

The Week and Sunday.

The Athenians, and the inhabitants of Delphos, kept the *seventh* day of the month sacred in honour of Apollo, decorating themselves with crowns of laurel. The Jews religiously celebrated their day of *Sabath*, a word signifying seven,—the root of the word *Septem:* they sang to the God of Glory under the name of *Sabaoth*, a word, says Boulanger, which may be translated 'Lord of Times and Seasons,' as well as 'Lord of Hosts;' because among the ancients 'time' and an 'army' are expressed by the same word.

The Romans did not do any work on their festival days, but consecrated them to their gods; considering these days of bad omen, they would not commence any journey or business on them; and even carried their superstition so far as to remain at home the day after a festival, to reflect on their affairs, wishing to make an interval between their holidays and the days devoted to labour. In this resting-time, may we not trace the origin of the idleness of mechanics and labourers immediately after a holiday, and of their disinclination to work on *Saint Monday?*

The first, third, and fifth Sundays of every month are considered more solemn and holy by the common people in *France* than the others,—a circumstance which owes its origin to the ancient celebration of the festivals of the new and full moon.

Friday.

The Romans had their *lucky* and *unlucky* days, and on the latter would not undertake any business, for fear it should have a bad conclusion: they considered them as unhappy and of bad omen. The French have also an unlucky or unfortunate day, and this is *Friday.* On this day, they will not undertake any business of importance, for fear of its turning out badly; or a long journey, lest it may abound with distressing accidents: a marriage is seldom contracted on this day, lest it should be unhappy. But where shall we seek for the origin of this opinion? May it not have taken its rise in the christian religion, and in the crucifixion of our Saviour on this day? a day of fear and trembling, of darkness and earthquakes. The fast ordained by the church contributes to perpetuate these mournful ideas; and hence, perhaps, the notion of unhappy or unfortunate attributed to this day.

The days on which we have lost our fathers, our relations, and our friends (says a French Antiquary), are to us days of sorrowful remembrance; the anni-

versary of their death is always a subject of grief: Friday is this day for the Christians.

The Village Fête.

The fêtes of the Pagans were accompanied by rejoicings and banquets, of which cakes formed a part; and afterwards public games and dances took place in the streets: the *primitive Christians* found themselves mixed with them, and could not well escape from commingling in their pastimes; hence the origin of the village fête, with its various dances and games. The *Compitalia* of the Romans bear a close resemblance to the pastoral festivals of the present day: they were celebrated in honour of the *Lares*, which they crowned with flowers; the altars were decorated with garlands, and dancing and banquets were held in the public streets and squares. In many little towns in *France*, at the present day, on the festival of the peculiar saint of the place, certain streets are ornamented with flowers and foliage, and the statue of the saint, which is usually placed in a niche in a house, is also decorated with pots of flowers and garlands.

Among the Romans, not only every street, but every house had its gods or *Lares*, in whose honour a particular festival was held; thus, says a French author, we have our family fêtes, for we have preserved many of the usages of our ancestors, but have given a new direction to them: in the 'guardian angels' we recognise the *Penates* and the *Lares;* just as we find in the fêtes of the streets and villages, the *Compitalia* of the Romans, and the banquets of paganism and of the ancients.

The Birth-Day.

Juno Lucina was invoked, in Greece, by women who consecrated their eyebrows to her; and on the *seventh* day after their birth the *children were named*, a ceremony always attended by a festival. Polydore Vergil relates, that it was the custom, among the Per-

sians, for every one to keep his birth-day with ceremonies and sumptuous banquets, according to his means, a practice which was in use among the Romans. But with the latter these festivals were preceded by religious ceremonies. The goddess *Nundina* presided at the birth; and over the commencement of the life of infants: they invoked and implored her, when they purified the children, by certain words and ceremonies, and gave them a name. *Water* was the basis of these lustrations; sea-water was preferred to every other, and it was only when this was not to be had, that water from rivers and fountains was used; and then salt or sulphur was put into it, to make it resemble sea-water. In this they plunged a burning brand taken from the altar where sacrifice was offered, and hence it became the *lustral water*, for which the ancients had great veneration, using it in all their purifications. A priest having dipped a sprig of vervain in the water, sprinkled the infants, in order to purify them. The Gauls practised these customs in part; they paid great attention to certain days in the year; and at the birth of their children, they set up a table in a separate chamber, and put meat and bottles upon it, with three covers and some small presents, with the intention of inducing *les Maires*, the subterranean spirits, to honour them with a visit, and to be favourable to them. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the custom still observed, in many houses in France, on Christmas and Easter Night, to leave bread and wine on the table, that, as the people say, the *little Jesus* may come and eat and drink if he pleases. Hence also the custom of laying out a table in the chamber of a lying-in woman, during the first weeks of her confinement, and of the feasts at christenings.

Among the French, they name the child at its birth, and celebrate this ceremony the first time with much solemnity. The anniversary of the day, however, is not preserved, for instead of comme-

morating the return of the day on which the infant received its name, they now keep the day of the saint whose name it bears: just as our own King's birth-day is kept, not on the 12th of August, but on the 23d of April, or St. George's Day; his name-day.

Signs of Good-Luck to New-born Children.

Whence is the origin (says a French Antiquary) of the custom of giving children, when they enter a house for the first time, *eggs* and a small packet of *salt?* Why is this offering considered a sign of good-luck, and its omission almost an injury? Presents of this kind do not appear at all appropriate to a new-born infant. It is not able to make use of the gifts offered to it; it cannot nourish itself with the egg, and *sugar* would be far more suitable for it than salt: we must, then, give a figurative meaning to these presents, and thus seek their relation to the child. The egg, from its form, was always considered as the emblem of the duration of time; and is used at Easter, to represent the past year, and that which is to come. Hence, perhaps, the reason of giving an egg to an infant whose career has just commenced; and the concealed meaning of this gift would be, to wish the child life without end, or as long as possible, in conformity to the shape of the egg, of which we can neither see the beginning nor the end. *Salt* is equally an emblem of the duration of life, as it prevents putrefaction: it is used in ablutions as purifying; it is given in the first act of catholicity, as an emblem of wisdom; and is as much a moral emblem as the egg is a physical one. If we wish the infant a long life, we also hope that it will be wise and good; hence, without doubt, the offering of the two emblems, of a life of long duration, and without blemish. Alexander ab Alexandro says, that the Greeks offered salt to a stranger, before a repast, in token of friendship: this fresh signification would also be favourable to the new-born; after having wished it a long life and

wisdom, we desire that it may be *happy*, and thus offer it the symbol of friendship[1].

The Oath.

The form of the Oath among the Greeks and the Romans, was to call the gods to witness to the certainty of any thing, and to swear, by them, the truth. The manner of taking an oath with us (observes a French antiquary), is very different, consisting in an expressive gesture peculiar to us; and it is among our ancestors only that we must look for the origin of this custom. When the ancient Franks undertook, with an oath, to perform or observe any thing, they drew their swords, and brandished them; and the same practice is still in use in the army, when an oath is taken; but in the courts of law the hand alone is raised. Under the first race of kings, the judge, to remind the witnesses of the importance of the oath they were about to take, gave them a box on the ears. This custom is still preserved in the *Catholic Church at confirmation*, where the catechumen who goes to take upon himself the vows made in his name at his baptism, receives *a slight box on the ear*, not only as a mark of humiliation, but to make him reflect upon the nature of his vow.

The Salutation.

To have the hair cut close, says St. Foix, was a mark of degradation. The first race of kings let their hair grow long; it was the royal prerogative. The nobility wore their hair a little shorter, and the people had their's cut quite close, as we still see among the peasants, who were commonly serfs, or slaves. The ecclesiastics, still further to mark their humility, or spiritual servitude, entirely shaved the head, ex-

[1] Hutchinson, in his History of Northumberland, says, that children in that county, when first sent abroad in the arms of a nurse to visit a neighbour, are presented with an *egg*, *salt*, and fine bread. The egg was a sacred emblem, and seems well adapted to infancy.—*Brand's Antiquities, by* Ellis, vol. ii, p. 15.

cept a little patch of hair on the occiput, called the *tonsure*, from *tondere*, to clip, or shave. It was formerly the custom to swear by the hair; as we do now by our honour; witness Alaric and Clovis, who swore to preserve peace by their *beards*; and for any one to cut them was the highest degradation. To drive Theodoric from the throne, Childeric II had him shaved and placed in a convent of monks at St. Denis; for the same reason, Clodian received the honorary name of *Chevelu*, or long-haired.

In saluting any one, nothing was considered more polite than to pluck out a hair, and present it to him; as much as to say, that the person who made the offering was devoted to the service of the other: the man, indeed, who was made a slave, cut off his hair and presented it to his master, as a homage due to him. Clovis plucked a hair from his beard and gave it to St. Gremier, to manifest his veneration and respect; each courtier also gave one to this bishop, who returned to his diocese quite delighted with the politeness of the court.

In this custom (continues our French Antiquary) we trace the origin of our manner of salutation; we uncover the head, bend forward as if we would offer our hair, put the hand to the forehead as if to pluck one, and again incline towards the person whom we salute, as if to present him with this offering. M. Dulaure, in his History of Paris, remarks, that at the ceremony of the entry of the parliament into Paris, at Martinmas, the presidents and counsellors passed before one another, and *curtsied* to each other, in the same manner as females do.

Swallows.

The nests of swallows, built under eaves of windows, are held sacred, and are never disturbed by the servants; being considered to foretel good luck to the inmates of the house which is frequented by the birds.

Customs at Death.

Among the customs observed in France, immediately after death, are the taking off or stopping of the pendulums of clocks, and the covering up of looking-glasses and portraits. The last hour has sounded; time no longer exists for him who has been struck by the hand of death; he enters into eternity, and for him the hours cease to be marked; hence the custom of stopping clocks and watches on the decease of any one. The custom of *veiling* the looking-glasses is equally emblematical and proper. The individual has disappeared; he is carried to the bosom of the great family; he will not appear again on earth. Thus his portrait, the glasses which represent only his mortal remains, become useless when the soul which animated them is no longer among us, but has flown to infinite space, and reposes in the bosom of its Creator. For the same reason that the glasses are veiled, many persons, particularly the *Jews*, empty all the water from the vessels in the house; and the country people in France assign as a motive for doing so, that they are afraid the soul, in departing from the body, will be drowned while washing itself in the water!

Alexander the Great.

[From Swain's Metrical Essays.]

The bravest of the mighty dead!
That glorious name I sing,
Linked unto immortality,
As sunlight to the spring:
The name before which nations bowed,
As though a God it owned;
The name on fame's bright page beheld
With hundred conquests 'throned!—

Thou heard'st it, gorgeous Babylon,
A spell it was of fear;
Dark and distasteful to thine eye,
And humbling to thine ear.
Thou heard'st it, O! Jerusalem,
And in thy quailing heart
There came that pulse of bitterness
With which 'tis bliss to part.

Victory seemed proud to grace his brow,
Fortune to lead his car;
His sword was light upon the land,
Upon the waves, a star!
The earth bestowed her splendid wealth;
And the vast realm of seas
Gave up, as to her rightful lord,
Her golden argosies.

Sad—silent—is the regal hall,
Its gardens of the rose
So beautiful, the eye might gaze
And never wish to close;—
The richest carpets woo the feet,
The banquet board is spread,
But he, alas! for whom they shine—
Their lord—their king—is dead!

Hear ye those sounds—loud as the storm
O'er the dark forest sweeps;
Wild as the giant cataract
From rock to valley leaps;
Hear ye those martial strains which swell
Like floods when thunders fall?—
It is the gathering of a host—
A monarch's funeral!

It comes—that brave solemnity;
And glorious 'tis to see
The flash of arms, the wave of plumes,
The silver panoply;
All rich accoutrements of war:
The banners' stately fold,
The funeral car, the raven steeds,
The throne of burnished gold!

Great Alexander! e'en of all,
O'er which his banners wave,
He hath—he cannot claim—but this
One narrow spot—his grave!
And is it thus the mightiest pass
They, on whose lightest breath
Hundreds attend? then, what is pride
'Fore its high master,—Death?

A morning sunbeam on the lake,
Slave to each tyrant shade;
A bubble, only blown to burst,
A flower, ere night to fade.
The only things on which 'tis wise
To fix the heart and eye
Are deeds and words of nobleness,
For these shall never die!

To Correspondents.

Observations on the appearances of Nature in every month, in England, as well as in different parts of the world, especially in North and South America, *will be very desirable; and accounts of obsolete or existing customs, and sketches of neglected or contemporary biography, will be always acceptable: these should be addressed to the Editor, to the care of* Messrs. Sherwood, Gilbert and Piper, Paternoster Row, London; *and transmitted before the 1st of July* 1828.

If one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards the *Phenomena of Nature*, with a constant reference to a SUPREME INTELLIGENT AUTHOR. PALEY.

When Spring unlocks the flowers, to paint the laughing soil;
When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In GOD the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars, their Master's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of Nature, expectant of the sky,—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No,—let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love; and, SAVIOUR, honour Thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither,—the hope of Summer fade,—
The Autumn droop in Winter,—the birds forsake the shade,—
The wind be lulled—the sun and moon forget their old decree,
But we in Nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to Thee.

BISHOP HEBER.

Natural History is no work for one that loves his chair or bed. Speculation may be pursued on a soft couch, but Nature must be observed in the open air. I have collected materials with indefatigable pertinacity. I have gathered glow-worms in the evening, and snails in the morning; I have seen the daisy close and open; I have heard the owl shriek at midnight, and hunted insects in the heat of noon.

JOHNSON.

LIBRARY OF THE

Index to Time's Telescope
For 1828.

Abo, fire at, 389
Adams, Mr. 247
Advent, custom in, 319, 320
——— Sunday, 319
African marigolds, 253
——— sketches, 188
Alexander the Great, a poem, 403
Alder, 134
All Fools' Day, 83—customs in France, *ib.*
— *Saints'* Day, 308
— *Souls*, 308
— Saints' cherry, 253
Alluyes, custom at, 387
Almond-tree, 102
Althea frutex, 253
Amaryllis lutea, 253
America, effects of frost in, 72
——— wild pigeon of, 300
American cowslip, 76
Anemone, 102
Angler, the, a Poem, 138
Annunciation of B. V. M., 67
Anthesteria, 309
Ants, 79
Aphides, 162
Apple-tree, 102
Approach of Winter, a Sonnet, 25, note
April explained, 83
——— fish, 83
Apricot, 102
Aquarius, 1
Arbutus, 253
Arctic expedition, 229
——— land expedition, 276
Aries, 62
Arum, 134
Ascension Day, 119
Ash, 80, 102
Ash-Wednesday, 46
Asparagus, 181
Assumption of B. V. M., 194
ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES in January 1828, 16; February, 51; March, 69; April, 92; May, 121; June, 153; July, 175; August, 206; September, 242; October, 281; November, 324; December, 366
Astronomy illustrated by poetical citations, 16, 95, 124, 178, 208, 369
Atherstone, 306
Audebert, M. 300
August, explained, 191
Auriculas, 76
Aurora Borealis, 245-248
Autumn, reflections on, 326, 327
——— poetically described, 331
Azalias, 253
Bacchanalia, 44
Backwoodsman, 168, 169
Barberry, 134
Barker v. Ray, 90
Barton, Bernard, 148
Bathing, lines on, 300
Bats, 81
Becket, Thomas à, 171
Bede, Venerable, 121
Bee, anecdotes of, 73
Bees in Egypt, 163—superstitions respecting in France, *ib.*
Beech-tree, 102, 129
Beethoven, L. Von, 68
Beetles, 161
Bell-flower, 179
Belladonna, 181
Ben-Nevis, 213
Benger, Eliz. O., 10
Bevan, Dr. 73
Birds, lines on, 133
——— nests, 97
Birth-days, 1, 398
Black-bird, 79
——— Kings, day of, 9
Blaps mortisaga, 101—obtusa, *ib.*
Bloodworms, 81
Blue-bottle, The, a sketch, 211
Bode, Professor, 51
Bonneval, customs at, 46, 48, 62, 67, 85, 112, 148, 163, 191, 220, 308, 358
Bowring, Mr. 32, 76, 110, 150, 300
Box-tree, 102
Brandon, Rich. 13
Breathings of Spring, a poem, 99
Brimstone butterfly, 80
Brou, custom at, 46
Brussels, jubilee at, 172

Bryony, 134, 160
Buck-wheat, 181
Bulbs in water-glasses, management of, 295
Bullfinch's nest, 98
Burghley, Lord, 224
Burnet-saxifrage, 254
Burns, Gilbert, 116
Buttercup, 134
Butterflies, 80, 100, 129, 211, 256
Byng, Admiral, 64
Byron, Lord, 22, 193
Cabbage-butterfly, 100
Calais, particulars of, 321
Calm at sea, 305
Camberwell beauty, 80
Camelopard, 198
Cancer, 141
Candlemas-day, 35
Canning, Rt. Hon. Geo. 102
Cape of Good Hope, phenomenon at, 368
Capricorn, 347
Capsalis, a poem, 392-395
Carême-prenant, 387
Carna, 141
Carnations, 179
Carnival ceremonies, 44-46, 387
Caterpillars, manufacture by, 286
Cereus, Night-blowing, lines on, 107
Chartres, custom at, 3
Chateaubriand, M. 97, 288, 338
Chelones, 253
Cherry, garden and wild, 102
Chervil, 134
Chestnut-tree, 129
Chevauchée, 220
Child, lines on the death of, 360
Childermas-day, 359
Children, signs of good luck to, 100
Chimney-sweepers' carnival, 108
China asters, 253
——— roses, 253
Christian Guardian, 107
Christmas Day explained, 355—customs in France, 355-357
——— Eve, customs on, 358, 359
——— rose, 32
Circumcision, 1
City feasting in the time of Queen Elizabeth, 169
Clare, John, 72, 73, 80, 167, 331
Clarence, H. R. H. Duke of, 105
Clay hair-worm, 81
Clear frost, a sonnet, 30
Cliffs of Dover, a poem, 341
Climbing Boy, a poem, 109
Close of the Year, lines on, 386
Clover, 134, 160
Coleoptera, 101
Colchicum, 253—variegated, 296
Coleseed, 134
Colours of plants, 134
Coltsfoot, 76
Columbines, 134
Commerce, customs at, 111, 117, 149, 357
Comfrey, variety of, 256
Compitalia, 398
Conception of the Virgin Mary, 352
Conder, Mrs. Josiah, 75
Constable, Archibald, 171
Constellations, lines on, 284
Convolvulus, 180, 254
Coot, the, 31
Coral islands and reef, 344-347
Corchorus japonica, 134
Corn-flag, changeable, 136
Corpus Christi, 141
Course of time, 224
Cowslip, 103
——— American, 76
Crab-tree, varieties of, 253
Crocus, autumnal, lines on, 253
Crocuses, 60, 75, 253
Cromwell, Lord, prayer of, 199
Crown-imperial, 102
Cuckoo, 99
——— point, 134
——— spit insect, 161
Currant-tree, 102
Curtis's Entomology noticed, 80, 256
Daffodils, 76, 103
Dahlia, 253
Daisy, field, 80, 105
——— garden, 75
Dale, Mr. lines on time, 147
Davis, Wm., 148
Day-break, a sonnet, 29
Death-watch, 100
Death's-head moth, 181, 286
Deaths, customs at, 403
December explained, 347
——— lines to, 370, 374

Delta of Blackwood's Magazine, poetry by, 25 *note*, 29, 168, 178, 179, 208, 329
Desolation of Eyam, 223
Dial, lines on, 146
Dignum, Charles, 67
Dionysia, 310
Distant Ship, a poem, 343
Dog-days, 170
—— rose, 160
Domesday, Introduction to, 389-391
Dragon-fly, 100, 161
Dreux, custom at, 355
Drummond, Dr. First Steps to Botany noticed, 104 *note*
Duck-meat, 182
Ducket, Lionel, 169
Early Morning; a sonnet, 137
Earth-worms, 34
Easter Monday, 36—ceremony at Poitiers, 86—at La Motte du Pougard, 36, 37
Easter-day, 85
——— eggs, 85-87
——— week, customs in France, 85, 86
——— Tuesday, 86
Edmund, K. and Martyr, 310
Edward, K. of the West Saxons, 67
Eggs, customs respecting, 85-87
Egypt, bees in, 163
Elia, 1, 108
Elizabeth, Q. particulars of, 270-276
Ellis, Mr. 270 *note*, 391 *note*
Elms, 101, 102, 134
Ember days, 50, 121, 224, 353
Ephemera, 161
Epiphany, 8
Equinoctial gales, 81
Eta beta pi, invitation to, 50
Etrennes, 2, 83
Evans, Dr. John, 12
Evening, a poem, 95—a sonnet, 137, 395
——— scene, 187
——— star, lines on, 156
Fair of St. Gilles, 220
Fall of the leaf, 292
Faux, Mr. 72
February, explained, 35
——— sonnet on, 54
Femmes folles, 43
Fern-owl, 127
Field-daisy, 70, 105
Fieldfare, 79, 288
Fifth Sunday in Lent, 67
Fir, Scotch, 129
Fir-tribe, 102
Fireside, British, 24
Flaxman, John, 347
Flesh-fly, 100
Flower-de-luce, 164
——— glasses, 296
Flowers, time of their appearance, 104—odours of, 105—variety of, 157—lines on, 158—holy, 164
Fly-catcher, spotted, 127
Fonnereau, Rev. Mr. 285
Fool-pope, 3
Foolish women, 45
Fools, feast of, its origin, 2
Forest trees, 81
Forests, beauty of, 249
Forget-me-not, 164
Foscolo, Ugo, 223
Four-o'clock flower, 104
Foxglove, 161
France, customs in, 2, 3, 8-10, 11, 44, 47, 48, 62, 64, 67, 68, 83, 85, 111, 148-151, 163, 194, 209, 220, 309, 319, 350, 355, 359, 387-396
——— hail-storm in, 182
Franklin, Captain, 276
French wines, 260
Friday, customs on, 397
Frost, a continued one described, 26
Frozen rain, 72
Fury, Rebecca, 87
Gad-fly, 161
Garden-cherry, 102
——— daisy, 75
Gemini, 108
Genista, 210
Geranium, 210
Ghost-moth, 130
Gifford, William, 360
Giraffe, 198
Glow-worm, 130
Gnats, 34
Goatsucker, 127
Godiva pageant, 120
Golden-green beetle, 161
——— rod, 179, 252
Goldfinch, 75, 210

Good, Dr. J. M., 4
Good-Friday, 84—hymn for, *ib.*
Goodman year, 360
Gooseberry-bush, 102
Goosegrass, 181
Grape-vines of America, 255
Grass-hopper lark, 100
Greaves, J. P. 44
Green-houses, 333, 376—lines on, 377
Ground-ivy, 102
Guelder-rose, 134, 163
Guernsey lily, 253
Gull, brown-headed, 59
Gulls, 31
Gypsy-wort, 181
Habenstrect, M. 286
Hail-storm in France, 1?2
—— storms, prevention of the effects of, 184
Hair-worm, 81
Hallowe'en, 308
Harebell, 103
Harvest-home in France, 209
Hawker, Dr. 113
Hawkmoth, eyed, 129
Hawthorn, 80, 134
Hazel, 80
Head, Captain, 215
Heartsease, 252
Heber, Bp. Hymns noticed, 36, *note*
Hemans, Felicia, 158, 159, 263, 341, 343
Hemiptera, 291
Hepaticas, 60, 75
Hertford, Lady Catherine, 12
Hervé, Peter, 142
Hoar-frost described, 28—lines on, 55 *note*
Holloway, Thomas, 51
Hollyhock, 252
Holy Cross, 224
—— flowers, 161
Honeysuckle, 129—Tartarian, 131—Japanese, 136
Honneur aux braves, 143
Hood, Thomas, 218, 218
Horehound, 181
Horse-chestnuts, 101
Houbraken, Jacob, 351
Hounds-tongue, 76
House-pigeon, 79
——— wren, 100
Howitt, Mary, 164, 253, 386
——— Richard, 76, 137, 139
——— William, 54
Humanity at home, a poem, 110
Hyacinth, 89
Hyssop, 179
Indian storm, lines on, 215
Innocents, 359
Insects, lines on, 162, 330
Invention of the Cross, 113
Iris, 164
Islands produced by insects, 343
Iulus terrestris, 100
Ivy, 252
James, William, 121
January explained, 1
Janus, 1
Jessamine, 179, 210
Jews in London, 174
Jones, John, 11
Jonquil, 102
July explained, 169
—— poetical pictures in, 180
June explained, 141
—— morning in, 165, 167
—— poetical pictures in, 167
Kelly, Michael, 267
King of the Bean, 9
King Charles I, martyr, 13
—— Charles II, died, 36
—— George III, died, 13
———— IV born, 194
———— accession, 13
———— proclaimed, 15
———— crowned, 171
—— Henry VIII, character of, 90
—— James I, characters of, 144, 145
—— Philip and Queen Mary, characters of, 152, 153
—— William landed, 308
Kitchiner, Dr. Wm. 48
Körner, poem by, 187
L. E. L., poems by, 125, 299
La Motte du Pougard, 86
La Place, Marquis de, 63
La Tombe, customs at, 45, 48
La Vendée, custom in, 209
Laburnum, 134
Lady-bird, lines to, 211
—— smock, 103
Lambs, 81
Lammas Day, 191
Lansdowne MSS., extract from, 89

Lapland, 245
Lapwing, 210
Larch, 102
Lark, 75
—— the, a sketch, 130
—— grasshopper, 100
Last of autumn, 331
—— tree of the forest, a poem, 251
Lavender, 179
Leaf, fall of, 292
Leaves, colour of, 293, 294
—— and Flowers, a poem, 61
Lent, anecdote respecting, 47
—— first Sunday in, 47; second, 352; fifth, 67
Leo, 169
Libra, 220
Lichens, 60
Life, lines on, 353
Lightning, wonderful effects of, 184
Lights and shadows of Scottish life, 213
Lilac, 134
Lilies, 179
Lily of the valley, 129
—— white, 164
Linnets, 75, 210—extraordinary flight of, 79
Lion and Camelopard, a poem, 198
Literary Fund Society, 121
Little Oakley, migration of birds at, 79
Loaves of the dead, 308
London burnt, 221
—— plague in, 222
Longest day, 146
Lord Mayor's day, 309
Loughdery, ceremonies at, 65
Low Sunday, 87
Loxia tribe, nests of, 190
Lupercalia, 309
Lychnidea, 163
Lychnis, scarlet, 179
Madeira, spring in, 106
—— moonlight views in, 166
Magnolia conspicua, 101
Malcolm & Gray, Messrs., 101
Malte-Brun, M., 353
Manufacture by caterpillars, 286
Maple, 134
March explained, 62—custom on the 1st of March, *ib.*
Marigolds, 103, 163, 179, 252, 253
Marine pictures, 262-266, 301, 342
Marsh marigold, 103
Marvel of Peru, 253
Mary Magdalen, 171
Mary Queen of Scots beheaded, 37
Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 196
Matthison, lines from, 137
Matrimony, encouragement of, 142
Maundy Thursday, 84
Mawman, J., 224
May explained, 108
—— Day, 108
—— Day in France, 111, 112
—— Fly, angler's, 161
—— morning, lines on, 125
Meadow-grass, 134
Medeterus regius, 256
Meeting of ships, 305
Memory, lines on, 242, 395
Mermaid of Margate, 218
Michaelmas daisy, lines on, 252
Midlent Sunday, 64
—— Thursday, 67
Midsummer Day, 148
—— Eve customs, 148
Mignionette, 252
Migration of birds, 79, 330
Millar, Dr. James, 172
Mills, Charles, 266
Milman, H. H., 84, 352
Mitford, Miss, 125, 140, 178, 249, 252
—— William, 42
Mole-cricket, 100
Moles, 34
Montgomery, J., 103, 108, 109, 127, 133, 369
Moon, lines on, 124
Moonlight, a sonnet, 30
—— views in Madeira, 166
Moon-rise, by Delta, 178
Moralizing, a poem, by Delta, 179
Morning, poetical description of, 167, 187
Moscow crab, 253
Mountain-ash, 134, 179, 210, 253
Mulberry-tree, 129
Music of Nature, 128
Name of Jesus, 192
Naples, sea-view near, 266
Narcissus, 79

Nasturtium, 252
Nativity of the Virgin Mary, 223
NATURALIST'S DIARY for January 1828, 22; February, 54; March, 72; April, 96; May, 125; June, 156; July, 178; August, 209; September, 248; October, 284; November, 326; December, 370
Navy, British, early state of the, 195
Nectarine, 79, 102
Nests of birds 97, 190 *note*
New Year, lines on, 4
—— Year's Day, 1—lines on, 2—customs on, at Paris, 2, 3; at Chartres, 3
—— Year's gifts, 2, 3
Newcastle, custom at, 142
Nichols, John, 311
Nicomede, 141
Nightingale, 99
Nightshade, 160, 181
Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, hymn for, 268
Noble, Rev. Mark, 120
Noche Serena, a sonnet, by Delta. 208
Noël explained, 356, and *note*
North Wales, religion in, 227
Northern lights. 245
Norwich dragon, 146
Nosegays, 298
November explained, 308
———— poetical description of, 331
Nuthatch, 210
O. Holy Rood, 227
O. Michaelmas-day, 268
O. Mart. 274, 311
O. Sapientia, 353
Oak, 129
Oath, the, 401
Ocean, bottom of the, 261, 262
———— lines on, 262
October, explained, 266
Œnotechny, 259
Opium and opium-eater, 160, 161
Orange and lemon tribe, culture of in England, 383
Oranges, migration of into England, 380
Orchis, 132
Otters, 81
Overbeck, 34
Oxyacantha, 253
Palm Sunday, 67
Pampas of South America, 215
Paragrèles, 184
Paris, New Year's Day at, 2
Parker, H. M. 61, 143, 215
Parry, Capt. 229
Passion-flower, 210
————Sunday, 67
Patrick's purgatory, 65
Peach, 79
Pear-tree, 102
Peas, 81
Peasant children, a sonnet, 139
Pemecan, 232 *note*
Penny, Mr. 214
Peony, single, 136
Peonies, 163
Perigueux, ceremony at, 149
Perished flowers, a poem, by Delta. 329
Percival, Dr. 262, 305
Pestalozzi, M. 43
Phalæna russula, 256
Phloxes, 253
Pigeon, wild, 300
Pimpernel, 160
Pinks, 163, 179
Pisces, 35
Plague in London, 222
Plants in chambers, management of, 335
——— at routs, 336
Pleasures of a rainy day, 371
Plough Monday, 10
Plum, 102
Poitiers, ceremony at, 86
Pollok, Rev. R. 224
Polyanthus, 102
Polypi, 264
Pondweed, 182
Pope of fools, 3
Poplars, 101
Poppies, 179
Poppy, cultivation of, 160
Porteous, Capt. 221
Powder Plot, 308
Pretender, song in favour of, 114
Primroses, 34, 75, 103, 158
Pringle, T. 188, 198
Privet hawk-moth, 256
Puffin, 210
Purification of B. V. M., 35
Pyrus japonica, 101

Quail, 291
Quinquagesima Sunday, 43
Rainy day, pleasures of, 371
Ranunculus, 102
Red-ant, 100
—— breast, 252, 288
—— start, 100
—— wing, 79, 288
Reed-mace, 131
Religion in North Wales, 227
REMARKABLE DAYS in January 1828, 1; February, 35; March, 62; April, 83; May, 108; June, 141; July, 179; August, 191; September, 220; October, 266; November, 308; December, 317
Richard, Bp. 84
Richardson, G. F. 187
———— Dr. 276
Richmond, Rev. Legh, 115
Ring-ouzel, 100, 288
Rogation Sunday, 117
———— week, customs in, 117
Rooke, Major, 250
Ropes, Igneous, 253
Rose, lines on, 159—varieties of the, *ib*
—— Hibiscus, 136
—— thornless, 80
Rosemary, 32
———— wreath, 32
Roses, 103
Royston crow, 288
Rozel, song of the maids of, 112, 113
Rowlandson, T. 87
Rumex, 131
Rural scene, 140
Rush, flowering, 254
Rye, 134
Saffron crocus, 253
Sagittarius, 308
Saint Monday, 607

Saints.

Agatha, 36
Agnes, 12
Alban, 142
Alphage, 87
Ambrose, 85
Andrew, 319
Anne, 172
Anthony, 11
Augustine, 198
Austin, 120
Barnabas, 142
Bartholomew, 193
Benedict, 67
Blase, 36
Boniface, 142
Britius, 310
Catherine, 311
Cecilia, 310
Chad, 62
Clement, 311
Crispin, 269
Cyprian, 227
David, 62
Declan, 171
Denys, 266
Dunstan, 119
Ethelfreda, 269
Eunerchus, 221
Fabian, 12
Faith, 266
George, 88
Giles, 220
Gregory, 61
Hilary, 11
Hubert, 309
Hugh, 310
James, 171
James the Less, 108
Jerome, 227
John Baptist, 139, 108
John Evangelist, 113, 139
Jude, 270
Lambert, 221
Lawrence, 194
Leonard, 300
Lucian, 10
Lucy, 353
Luke, 269
Machutus, 310
Margaret, 171
Mark, 88
Martin, 170, 309
Matthew, 227
Matthias, 48
Michael, 297
Nicholas, 310
Patrick, 65
Paul, conversion of, 12
Perpetua, 64
Peter, 151
Philip, 108
Prisca, 11
Remigius, 266

SAINTS *(continued.)*
Richard, 84
Silvester, 360
Simon, 272
Stephen, 359
Swithin, 171
Thomas, 353
Valentine, 42
Vincent, 12

Salutation, the, 401
Samouelle's Entomology noticed, 30
Sans-vert game of, 111
Sap, 80
Scabious, 210
Scolytus destructor, 101
Scorpio, 266
Scott, Sir Walter, memoir of the Duke of York, 5
——————— hymn, 43
——————— character of K. James I, 145
——————— letter to Sir Adam Ferguson, 201
Sea, on hearing the roaring of, at midnight, a poem, 81
—— ervngo, lines on, 265
—— fowl, 338
—— kale, 81
—— polypi, 208
—— shore, walk by the, 261, 307
—— views, 265
—— weed, sonnet to, 304
Second Sunday in Advent, hymn for, 352
Sedge-bird, 128
Sementinæ, 117
September, explained, 220
Septuagesima Sunday, 35
——————— hymn for, 36
Sexagesima Sunday, 49
Sheffield, anniversary at, 108
Shell-snail, 100
Shepherd's Calendar noticed, 331
Sherwood forest, 251
Shrove Tuesday, 44
Shrovetide ox, 46
Skylark, 75, 252
Slug, black, 100
Smallage, 254
Smilax, laurel-leaved, 250
Snow-drift, 23
——— drop, 32, 60
——————— lines on, 60 *note*
Snow-storm, a sonnet, 20
Solanum, 181
Sologne, customs in, 67, 112, 358
Sorbus family, 253
Sotheby, Mr. lines by, 56 *note*
South Africa, sketches in, 168
——— America, pampas of, 215
Spain, custom in, 149
Sparrows, 81
Speedwells, tribe of, 132, 179
Spiders, 100
Spirit and Manners of the Age noticed, 76
Spring, lines on, 127
——— evening, lines on, 137
——— shower, lines on, 96
Spurge, 210
Stag-beetle, 101
Star of Bethlehem, 103, 163
Stinging-fly, 100
Storm, a great one described, 93
——— among the mountains, 213
——— Indian, lines on, 215
Strafford, Earl of, lines written by, 118
Strawberry, 129
Stray Leaves noticed, 35 *note*
Streams, 2
Suffolk Correspondent, 170
Sulphur-butterfly, 95
Sumach, Virginian, 179
Summer storm, 215
Sunday explained, 396
Sun-flower, 210
Sunset, by Delta, 168
Swain's Metrical Essays, 301, 403
Swallow, the, 90
——————— lines on, 284
——————— migration of, 285, 288
——————— custom respecting, 102
Swallow-tailed butterfly, 129
Sweet-briar, 164
—— pea, 252
—— william, 163
Swift, 100, 210
Switzerland, custom in, 352
Sycamores, 101, 102
Tabley Lodge, 143
Tangier pea, 252
Tartarian crab, 253
Taxis, Mde., 200
Taurus, 83
Tea, introduction of into England, 364
Thaw, great, described, 54, 55

Thornless rose, 80
Thought, lines on, 396
Throstle, 75, 288
Thyme, 160
Tigridia pavenia, 253
Time, lines on, 146
Tineæ, 287, 291
Tonfaun, 215
Torch Sunday, 47
Torches, festival of, 68
Tortrices, 291
Town green-houses, 333
Transfiguration, 191
Translation of Saint Martin, 170
——— of Edward, K. of W. Saxons, 146
——— of Edward the Confessor, 269
Treasures of the deep, 263
Trees, antiquity of, 250
Trefusis, Hon., 42
Trinity Sunday, 141
Trouts, 81
Trumpet-flowers, 255
Tulip-root, lines on planting, 102
——— tree, 129
Tulips, 70, 102, 134
Twelfth-Day, customs on, in France, 8-10
Twilight, description of, 166
——— an American scene, 168
Ugo, Foscolo, 225
Valentine, 42
Valerian, 163
Venison feasts, 160
Vernal equinox, 80
——— grass, sweet-scented, 160
——— squill, 103
Vicissitude, a sonnet, 30
Village church, a sonnet, 396
——— fête, origin of, 398
Vineyards in England, 389
Vinigar, 257
Violet, lines on, 76—the handful of violets, 77
Violets, 103
Viper, 79
Virgin Mary, nativity of, 223
——— conception of, 352
Virginian sumach, 179
Virgo, 191
Vivian Grey, 166
Volta, Alessandro, 62
Wales, religion in, 227
Wall-cress, 75
Walnut-tree, 132
Wasp, the, 211
Water-crowfoot, 181
——— flea, 81
——— fowl, 31, 288
——— hen, 289
——— lily, fringed, 181
Waterloo, battle of, 143
Way-faring tree, 134
Weather-breeders, 34
Webbe, C., 209
Weeds, 136
Week, the, explained, 396
Wheatear, 79
Whit-Monday, 120
—— Sunday, 120
White, H. K. lines by, 58
Whitethroat, 100
Wiffen, J. H., 113, 205, 242
Willow, 80
——— spiked, 179
——— leaves, a poem, 209
——— wren, 100
Wind, violence of, 57
——— at midnight, lines to, 58
Wine, etymology of, 257
—— history of, 257
—— art of making, 259
—— nomenclature, 259
Winter, lines on, 22, 25 *note*, 56, 370
——— six sonnets on, 29, 30
——— nosegay, a poem, 370
Wolsey, Cardinal, 91
Wood anemone, 102
—— ant, 100
—— cock, 70, 288
—— lark, 252
—— pigeon, 291
—— sorrel, 103
Worm, the, a poem, 34
Wren, 180
——— yellow, 100
——— willow, 100
——— golden crowned, 75
Wryneck, 99
Yew-tree, 81
York, H. R. H. Duke of, 5
Young, Andrew Kerr, 34, 60, 265 *note*, 331, 374
Zizyphus, 250

To be had of the Publishers of the present Volume, price 9s. each in bds. (all except that for 1814 embellished with elegant frontispieces).

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1814, *(third edition)*, containing a POPULAR VIEW OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, the CALENDAR OF JULIUS CÆSAR, and METEOROLOGICAL REMARKS, with Twelve descriptive Engravings on Wood.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1815, *(second edition)* with an Introduction containing the PRINCIPLES OF ASTRONOMY, and an Account of the FASTS AND FESTIVALS OF THE JEWS.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1816, with an Introduction containing the ELEMENTS OF BOTANY, a Description of BRITISH FOREST TREES, and a HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1817, with an Introduction containing the PRINCIPLES OF ZOOLOGY, SKETCHES OF COMPARATIVE CHRONOLOGY, and *General Index to the first four Volumes.*

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1818, with an Introduction containing the OUTLINES OF GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY, and Index.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1819, with an Introduction containing a COMPENDIUM OF CHEMISTRY, and a Description of BRITISH FRUIT TREES.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1820, with an Introduction containing the OUTLINES OF ENTOMOLOGY.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1821, with an Introduction containing the ELEMENTS OF BRITISH ORNITHOLOGY.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1822, *(second edition)* with an Introduction, containing OUTLINES OF CONCHOLOGY.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1823, *(second edition)* with an Introduction on the HABITS, ŒCONOMY, and USES of BRITISH INSECTS.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1824, with an Introduction containing OUTLINES OF HISTORICAL AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, by T. MYERS, LL.D.—*Prefixed to this Volume is a Medallion Portrait of Captain Parry, engraved by* Charles Heath.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1825, with an Introduction containing a BRIEF HISTORY OF ENGLISH SACRED POETRY, by MR. RICHARD RYAN.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1826, with an Introduction on the PHYSICAL POWERS, INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES, and MORAL PERCEPTIONS of MAN, by T. MYERS, LL.D.—N. B. The Frontispiece to this volume is a highly finished Engraving of *Correggio's Madonna and Child*, in the National Gallery, Pall Mall.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1827, with a Series of Papers on SCOTTISH BOTANY, by Mr. ANDREW KERR YOUNG, of Paisley; and a DESCRIPTION OF RARE AND REMARKABLE INSECTS, by Mr. CURTIS, Author of the British Entomology.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016